

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1920

## THE NEWER JUSTICE

BY LOUIS BARTLETT

### I

IF we were transported to the shores of Borneo, we might see a group of natives gathered together under the tropical palms, watching two men sitting on their haunches, facing each other across an earthenware dish containing lime-water. Each holds a clam in his raised hand, and, at a signal, drops it into the lime-water. It would not occur to us that this is a Court of Justice, that the two men leaning over the dish are litigants, and that he whose clam first winces on falling into the lime-water loses the case. The people of Borneo believe that their gods give this as a sign to show who is in the right.

This seems a curious method; yet less than a thousand years ago our ancestors tried their cases according to the same principle. They did not dip clams in lime-water, but used other means of getting what they thought to be an expression of the Divine will. For example, in trying a man accused of theft, a long pointed stick was placed between the pages of the psalm-book at the words, 'Thou art just, O Lord, and thy judgment is right.' Two persons held the stick between them, with the psalter hanging down; and at the upper pointed end there was a wooden needle, like that of a compass, carefully bal-

anced that it might turn. The accused was made to stand before them, and one of those holding the stick said to the other, three times, 'He has this thing,' and the other replied, 'He has it not.' Then the priest said, 'May He deign to make this clear to us by whose judgment all things in Heaven and earth are given. Thou art just, O Lord, and thy judgment is right; turn away the iniquities of mine enemies and thy truth scatter them.' Then, if the needle turned in the course of the sun, the accused was held guiltless; if it turned the other way, he was punished for the crime.

These two illustrations, one from Borneo and the other from the France and Germany of the Middle Ages, typify the primitive method of arriving at justice. It is crude and bears no relation to the matter in dispute. Men looked for a Divine sign to tell them who was right. They did this in the early days of all civilizations.

When we think of 'justice,' our minds picture immutable principles of right, innate in our consciences, which have been recognized by mankind since the earliest days. There is a court scene in one of Racine's plays, where the young lawyer rises to propound a thesis which he believed had had the approval of

mankind from earliest days. 'Before the beginning of the world,' he begins; and is interrupted by the judge who says, 'Pardon me, young man, but let us pass on to the Flood.'

In truth, men's ideas of justice have changed from the earliest times; and we are witnessing to-day greater and more rapid changes than have previously occurred in the world's history. The first stage is illustrated by the trial in Borneo; the second by the fixed and formal procedure of *The Merchant of Venice*. Shylock may have his exact pound of flesh, but

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of  
flesh;

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscated  
Unto the state of Venice.

The third stage, which began in England during the sixteenth century, was in the direction of doing away with the rigid formulas and allowing the Lord Chancellor to do equity, that is, to consider the facts and decide as he personally thinks in accord with moral ideas. Theoretically this is a good plan, but it soon developed as great abuses as the system it supplanted. To be successful, it presupposes a judge of great learning, of great probity, and great wisdom — qualifications very difficult to find in practice. And it was found that decisions, instead of being equitable, reflected the bias of individual judges, as they were no longer in accordance with rule. The next movement was in the direction of making rules for the guidance of the courts through legislation. We all lament the great volume of law passed annually or biennially by all state legislatures. It is, in large part, a codifying of the prevalent ideas of right conduct. It marks a tendency back to the second stage of development, — a stage of rules and formulas,

— but now leavened with the moral sense of the community. The fundamental ideas of this stage of legal development are equality before the law, and security of persons and property. And this security is based on property and contract as fundamental ideas.

This system is the one under which our generations grew up. Its contribution to the science of administering justice is through working out the idea of individual rights. They are put at the foundation of the legal system, and these rights are largely of property and contract.

From the point of view of this stage of legal development Joseph H. Choate was entirely justified when he said in his argument in the Income-Tax cases that a fundamental object of the law was the preservation of the rights of private property. This system exalts property and lowers the value of the person. In the last quarter of the last century, and even in the first decade of this, it was the commonly accepted theory of promoting justice. An extreme case of this was the decision by Justice Field, which is still the law in California, that a woman is not entitled to a divorce for failure to provide, even if her husband has contributed nothing to her support, if in the meantime she has earned a living for herself. For her earnings are community property, over which the husband has control, and if he allows her to keep them and live off them, he is supporting her! We still have (though in diminishing numbers) the strict and upright judge who aims to decide each case in the cold and pure light of the law. His conscience is always clear; and he retires each night serene in the knowledge of duty well done, first looking under the bed to make sure that no idea of social betterment lurks there, to disturb his peaceful slumbers.

Within the last few years a tendency

has become manifest to inquire whether this strict insistence upon the right of property and contract does really promote justice. We are turning again toward moral ideas; but this time moral ideas have taken on a new form. The social sciences are teaching us the interdependence of all people in the community, and that the enforcement of a contractual right may work an injury upon the community. The old theory of freedom of contract is found to be practically false. A man working for a mining company, the sole employer in a given locality, is theoretically free to accept employment on the terms offered; but practically there is no such freedom. Starvation is the alternative to accepting a job on the company's terms. The law is therefore stepping in and taking away the so-called freedom to contract, by such laws as minimum-wage laws; by abolition of the company stores; by acts requiring payment in money at stated intervals, exempting certain property from execution, and so forth. It is being seen more and more clearly that the community as a whole is interested in the welfare of each individual, and that, as the condition of one class improves, the condition of the entire community is bettered. We have not gone very far along this road, but the dependence of all upon each is being more clearly recognized each day. We see that causes operating injuriously to one class will presently affect all. The world is in the situation of the man who, when his wife had indigestion, took a pill, on the sound theory that, having eaten the same thing, he would have the indigestion sooner or later.

## II

Justice has been thought of largely in the past tense, as being a matter merely of court administration; and the courts never have been well equipped

to control future conduct or prevent future injustice. To illustrate: if a man were injured through the negligence of a common carrier, a judgment in such amount as the jury considered a fair compensation for the injury was supposed to do justice to the injured man. But in practice this is not so. The injured person has to employ an attorney, so that from a third to a half of what he receives goes for expenses of litigation. A large part of his own time is spent in waiting on his attorney and the courts, and this is a loss for which he receives nothing. The strain under which he labors during the period of litigation probably prevents him from rehabilitating himself and fitting himself for a new occupation. The long delay before receiving his money may force his young children to earn a living instead of completing their educations, and preparing for better and more useful positions in life. It is evident that this law of damages does not in any sense bring about a just result, either to the man himself, or to his children from whom opportunity has been taken. It is a failure in a social sense. It takes the facts as of the date of the injury, and does not consider the daily change in circumstances that occurs to every human being and those who are dependent upon him or who have relations with him.

The Roman law-writer Ulpian expressed a much broader view of justice in his definition that 'justice is the constant and perpetual desire to give every man his due.' If we understand the expression 'his due' to mean the satisfaction of his reasonable wants, due regard being had to its effect upon the reasonable wants of his neighbor, we get a definition more nearly in accord with the trend of present-day thought.

The modern idea of justice regards life as a growing organism, constantly changing its form, and endeavors to mould the course of the future as well

as to pass judgment on the past. To cite a recent illustration — we have in California a Corporation Commissioner whose business it is to see that securities are not offered to the public unless they comply with certain minimum requirements that make for the safety of the investment. He does not guarantee that an investment is sound, but many elements of fraud and of risk are removed. The old plan, under the legal doctrine of *caveat emptor* (let the purchaser beware), left the burden of inquiry entirely upon the investor, who, nine times out of ten, was not qualified to make the necessary inquiry and had not the necessary data to form a judgment. If he made a mistake, he was left with a right of action which might be valueless because of the difficulties of proof, or of the insolvency of the promoters. A judgment might have no value. Justice in the sense of giving him his due could not be obtained.

This illustration brings home to us very forcibly that justice is not merely the enforcement of rights by the courts. It is not a matter of merely remedying past conduct or of redressing wrongs that have been committed. It should consist also in ordering life so that injuries do not occur.

A generation ago, the great lawyer was the man who swayed juries or whose clear reasoning obtained favorable judgments from the court. The office-lawyer is now the more successful man, judged by his income; and he is also the more useful man, if we consider his real function to be promoting justice. The old jibe that the successful lawyer is the one who best advises his clients to break the spirit of the law, while obeying its letter and remaining immune from prosecution, has a basis of fact; but that sort of thing is occupying a smaller and smaller place in the activities of the office-lawyer. His business is to make business work smoothly

— to do away with the causes of contention which mean lost motion and inefficiency in the business world. He is becoming a business adviser as well as a legal adviser. By removing friction and by mapping out better methods, he is coming to occupy more and more the position of one who makes a real contribution to the production of the world's wealth. He is the lubricant in the machine of business. And when he comes to realize that business is not concerned merely with property and contract, but deals in human values, and that its welfare and that of the community are indissolubly bound together, he will return to the position of leadership in the community that was his in the middle of the last century.

The new conception of justice is emerging from the conflict between capital and labor, and both sides of the controversy are making definite and positive contributions. The labor-union movement, which has been groping its way for many decades, arose or became powerful when we were making a god of property and contract rights; when the theory that men are free to contract as they will was pushed to such an extreme that it threatened the welfare of the race. Sweatshops, forcing women and children to work long hours, sapping their vitality, denying them leisure and opportunity for education and advancement, were the normal thing under the old theory of freedom of contract. Now we see that this principle, like all principles of law, must be modified in the social interest. Whenever rights of property or contract are seen to work harm instead of good, a change has been, or will be, made in the direction of 'giving every man his due,' or permitting him to satisfy his reasonable wants, without interfering with a like privilege in his neighbor.

It is a noteworthy fact that extreme cases of disregard of the human values



have been responsible for the two periods in our history when the United States Supreme Court was in disrepute. The Dred Scott case precipitated the Civil War; and the income-tax decision in the nineties, preventing the government from taxing people according to their means, lowered the respect of the people, not only for that court, but for all courts.

One of the fundamental difficulties in adjusting the conflict between capital and labor is the insistence, by capital, on the supremacy of property and contract rights; while labor urges that these should be limited and modified in the social interest. Labor is gradually making headway; and that headway will be much accelerated by the growing knowledge that what is in the social interest is also good business and productive of dividends.

The recent draft law taught us a great deal about the importance of proper living conditions. It brought about a partial inventory of the human resources of the country; and it was found that about 30 per cent of the young men of the country between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, when they should have been at their best, were unfit for strenuous military service. Of these, the major part were unfit because of social conditions. I do not mean by this to say that they were products of the slums. And while I have no exact data on the subject, my observation as member of an exemption board leads me to the belief that if this 30 per cent of unfit had been brought up in the proper surroundings, with wise parents to guide their development, very few of them would have failed to pass the most rigid tests. In other words, their defects had been caused largely by their surroundings or conditions in life.

Now the effect upon the industry of the nation of this high percentage of subnormal lives is bad — distinctly bad,

judged even by the most cold-blooded, calculating material standard. For the industrial product of these people is necessarily inferior. Capital is learning this, and a very serious effort is now being made to improve the quality of labor and to reduce the labor turnover. Better working conditions are the order of the day. Progressive employers are voluntarily offering more favorable conditions to their employees. They are themselves recognizing the wisdom of framing their contracts in the social interest. This change has come about through the pressure of labor-unions, which has aroused public opinion, which in turn has forced legislation, and which is finally educating the employers, so that the more intelligent and farseeing of them accept this type of law gladly, and find that in the long run it is 'good business.' A few years ago one never heard of a playground for the employees of an industrial plant. To-day, as we ride from the suburbs into the larger cities through manufacturing districts, we see the employees playing volley-ball or quoits on playgrounds outfitted by the factories. Some of them operate schools and gymnasiums as well.

### III

We are witnessing to-day the beginning of a new movement, which may go far. I mean the government control of business in the public interest. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been functioning for over thirty years, limiting the freedom of contract between the railroads and the shipper, by fixing rates and the character of service, and preventing discrimination between different patrons of the road. 'Innkeepers' must afford accommodations to all who apply; and in California they must furnish nine-foot sheets. During the war the government fixed the price of wheat, of steel, and of many

other commodities. This was done 'to win the war' — which is another way of saying 'for the common good.'

How far will this principle be applied? It is hard to say. But that it will go further, there is no doubt. Recently, here in Berkeley, an attempt was made to have milk declared a public utility, over which a more complete public control could be exercised. The attempt failed; yet if we look over what has been done by law to regulate that business, by introducing the tuberculin test in our dairies, and by prescribing standards of cleanliness in producing and distributing milk, we cannot fail to be impressed with the length to which the law has gone within the last few years, in invading what used to be thought of as the sacred rights of property.

Curiously enough, this regulation of business is an ancient principle of the common law, though it has survived in the last few centuries only in such departments as common carriers, who must serve on equal terms all those who apply, and innkeepers, who must afford entertainment to all comers so long as accommodations are available. The ancient 'Year Books,' which contain the earliest records of court decisions in England, reveal to us that some centuries ago business was generally regarded as of public interest. The 'common farrier' must shoe any horse brought to him; the 'common mill' must grind everybody's grain; the 'common shaver' must barber everyone.

But gradually these occupations lost their public character, and became private businesses, run (supposedly) in the sole interests of their owners. Even the 'common scold' disappeared with the abolition of the ducking-stool.

There is a marked reaction now going on; a real tendency to return to this ancient principle. I am not referring to extreme cases, — such as declaring milk a public utility, — but to the means ap-

plied by business itself to make money; to what is considered 'good business.' 'Service' is now the watchword. We see it blazoned on the billboards at night; and the newspapers are full of it by day. Advertising men have taken Truth as their motto. It pays.

Now what does this really mean, in terms of the relation of business with the public? It means that business recognizes that, to be successful, it must supply the reasonable wants of the public, continuously, with a standardized product that can be depended on, year in and year out; it does away with individual bargaining, and sells to all comers alike, at fixed prices that are reasonable to the public and yield a fair profit to the manufacturer. It is not such a far cry from the 'common farrier' who shod each horse offered at a fixed price, because that was the condition of his trade. Does it not fit in with Ulpian's definition of justice — the constant and perpetual desire to give each man his due?

#### IV

We seem to have wandered far from the courts, in our search for justice in this modern world. And rightly, too. For the courts have been engaged, primarily, in dealing with the past — with acts that leave consequences, perhaps, but consequences ordinarily must be judged as of the date of the acts themselves. And as we think about it, we see that, when the courts' decisions come, they often seem like an unhealed graft upon the tree of life, instead of a stately branch that has grown there. We have been accustomed to think of the courts as the only public instruments of justice; and in truth it has been largely so. Not strictly, in a historic sense, for exceptions may be found; but one of the most significant developments of the last generation — a development that is in its infancy —

is the growth of institutions that parallel the courts, and that ultimately will have the greatest influence in promoting justice.

I have said that the courts act upon what is past. That is not true in an exact sense, because some of the processes of the court, such as injunctions and decrees of specific performance, control future conduct. But it may be said that the regulation of future conduct is very imperfectly done by them. They may paint the signpost, but they do not turn the horse's head into the right road. And, after all, justice consists, not in correcting or punishing past injustice, but 'in the constant and perpetual desire to satisfy the reasonable wants of every man.'

Institutions to do this are springing up on every hand. Some are volunteer organizations, not endowed by the state with any public functions — as, for instance, advertising associations, chambers of commerce, labor unions, and other bodies, which do a great deal to create 'just' conditions by moulding public opinion and laws and by bargaining. But as the need for solving specific and clearly seen problems arises, the state provides an agency for performing them. Let us glance back a moment, and see how.

Toward the end of the last century, — the period which Roscoe Pound calls that of the 'maturity of the law,' — emphasis was placed upon individual rights: security and the inviolability of property and contract. At the same time, in America at least, court procedure was so slow and expensive that great dissatisfaction was felt with the administration of the law. So that, when changes were made in the substantive law, by socializing it, by limiting the rights of property and freedom of contract, other agencies than the courts were created to enforce them. Our Industrial Accident Board is an instance

of this. The principle of law that was grafted upon our institutions was that the employer insures his employees against industrial accidents, and is liable for a predetermined compensation, even though he be without fault. And instead of leaving this to be adjudicated by the courts, we create a new body whose duty it is, not only to determine the compensation, but to prevent, or reduce the number of accidents by appropriate regulation of industry. We have connected the past with the future; we remedy, in a way, the injury sustained, realizing the while that so-called 'compensation' is always inadequate, and that the real cure for industrial accident is its prevention, through safety devices and the proper training of employers and employees. Our courts are not equipped to do this. They still need to be vastly improved before the 'justice' they render — even in the limited sphere allotted to them — is at all adequate. If we compare an action for damage for personal injuries against a railroad, with its long delays, new trials, appeals, and heart-breaking expense, with the speed and certainty of an award by the Industrial Accident Board to an employee injured in the same accident, we cannot fail to be impressed with the failure of the court and its legal rules and processes. Our new agency not only looks to the future and prevents injuries in untold cases, but substitutes easily applied and certain rules of compensation and a summary procedure for the legal refinements and slow processes of the courts. A great deal of the speed and certainty is due, doubtless, to having experts to make the decisions; but the more certain rules of law and the simplified procedure account for most of it.

This principle, of having a body of specialists to pass on existing facts and lay down rules of future conduct having the force of law, is one that is receiving

wide application. The Interstate Commerce Commission was its first conspicuous success in this country. Its business is primarily to find out what are 'reasonable' rates for interstate transportation, and to enforce them.

And what is that but an endeavor 'to give each man his due'? The ultimate test of a rate is: is it fair — fair to the railroad, to its security-holders, to the shippers, and to the public? Our state public utility commissions do the same with intrastate commerce, and regulate the rates that may be charged by all public utilities and the service they render the public, at the same time controlling the capital that goes into them and the manner of its expenditure.

These are two, merely, of the agencies created to equalize opportunities — for by equalizing them we more closely satisfy the reasonable wants of all. In some European countries 'Commerce Courts,' where matters of business are speedily and summarily decided, work differently, but toward the same end. I shall not attempt to catalogue the business institutions, official and unofficial, that have this for their aim; it is sufficient to point out that these agencies have made good, and are promoting justice through their control of future conduct. They promote justice largely in the sense that it is more just to educate a man to avoid crime, than to tempt him or let him fail through his ignorance, and then punish him for it.

## V

An equally important change is happening within the courts themselves. I mean the change typified in the Juvenile Courts, Courts of Domestic Relations, and so forth. The significant thing about them is not that those brought before them are not treated as criminals; it is that their delinquencies or failures are related to their surround-

ing and their lives. They are treated as social beings. We all remember when the boy who stole was imprisoned with confirmed criminals, without inquiry into his antecedents, his family, or his surroundings. Sometimes he was sent to a reform school, which was anything but what its name implies. We do differently now. In the more progressive states — and fortunately California is included in the number — we have probation officers, visiting nurses, and social workers, who find out why the boy has done wrong, and help to remove the causes, and to create conditions favorable to right living. Domestic Relations Courts, where they exist, operate in the same way. And latterly, through psychopathic clinics and sympathetic handling, it has become possible to fit the delinquents into some place in life where they can develop the good that is in them, secure from the temptations to which they yielded. In other words, these 'Courts of Justice,' with their technically trained assistants, no longer spend their time deciding whether crime has been committed; they are engaged in moulding lives into greater usefulness, and in giving opportunities and training that those who come before them have not had. 'Justice' wears a changed aspect there. It is more like Janus — looking backward, it is true, to find out what happened; but looking forward, also, with the wisdom of experience, and confidently facing a brighter future.

A very significant thing about this, and one which to my mind portends a great change in the administration of our Anglo-Saxon laws, is that in the Juvenile Court, the Domestic Relations Court, and the special tribunals, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the method of ascertaining the facts is departing more and more from that sanctioned by law in the courts. We are all tempted to laugh when the

trial-lawyer jumps up to remark that a question is 'irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial.' And yet that objection is responsible for a great many new trials, appeals and reversals, and failures of justice. The objection amounts to this: that the evidence, if given, should be disregarded in rendering a decision. And the distrust of our courts seems to have reached the point that we fear that, if the answer is given, the judge or jury will not have sense enough to disregard it.

Now the judge of the Juvenile Court listens to everything; finds out all about the child, his parents, his surroundings, and knows a lot about the relation of the child with others that he could never have learned sitting as a trial judge in a criminal case. And he is wise enough to use some of that knowledge, too. He is working for the future of the child, as well as judging his past. He is trying to fit him into society, and does it better for all this latitude in questioning. Another thing. The court itself collects in an expert way much of the evidence on which it acts, instead of depending on the testimony brought to it. The psychopathic expert, the social worker, the probation officer are trained observers. Our Railroad Commission, through its engineering staff, collects most of the data on which it acts. It wastes little time in lawyers' wrangles over facts it has itself ascertained. These methods make for speedy judgments and fair ones. On the other hand, expert opinion, as used in the courts, is almost a byword; it is furnished by the interested parties, and experience has shown that, generally speaking, it is unreliable.

This new method of getting information is sound common sense. It is the way we act in our ordinary affairs in reaching judgments; and used by trained minds, it presents little danger

of injustice. It is the method of taking testimony used in Continental Europe, where the Roman Law furnishes the basis of the judicial systems. And we find that it is used in practice in our inferior courts, when the record is not taken by a court reporter, and that it promotes speed and, in the hands of able men, justice also.

It is probable that this method of ascertaining the facts will find wider application as time goes on.

The limits of this article do not permit a consideration of the subject of justice for the poor, which is rightly receiving the increasing attention of jurists. Ex-President Taft said in an address to the Virginia Bar Association, 'Of all the questions which are before the American people I regard no one as more important than the improvement of the administration of justice. We must make it so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an equal opportunity in litigation with the rich man, and under present conditions, ashamed as we may be of it, this is not the fact.' We have reasonable grounds to believe that the Conciliation and Arbitration Courts, the Small Claims Courts, Public Defenders, and other experiments now being tried, will help to remedy this inequality and gradually effect a new standard in this field.

Thus the changes that are taking place in our conception of justice, both as to substantive law and on the side of its administration, are in the direction of humanizing it, of making the remedies available to all, of recognizing the dependence of people upon each other, and of making the law fit the changing needs of the individual and the community. They are bringing closer the day when justice will be what Ulpian called it, 'the constant and perpetual desire to give each man his due.'



# PETER

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

‘WHAT are you thinking of, Peter?’

At the sound of the voice Peter’s tail moved slightly. Peter’s meditations were not to be disturbed by idle questions. They were too profound — far more profound than the speaker imagined. They had nothing to do with material things.

Like his master, Peter was a philosopher. There the likeness ceased. The master’s philosophy ended in perplexity, Peter’s in serenity; for he was the only living creature that had seen its god.

There was not the slightest doubt about it. Every earthly pleasure, every material satisfaction, was traceable to that strange being sitting hour after hour in the leather chair with the big folio open on his knees. Nothing had ever thrown the faintest shadow of doubt on Peter’s conviction. Nothing the being in the chair might do in the future could invalidate his divinity; and in this knowledge was supreme content.

Peter made no pretence of understanding his god. Long since he had acknowledged that his ways were past finding out. He was under no obligation to explain the amazing futility of his actions. It was enough for Peter that the master was the dispenser of good and evil; that he was asleep by his fire, would presently walk with him in the wood, and sup with him on their return.

Nor did it matter to Peter that he was misunderstood. He was not bothered by what he did not know. He

took life and god as they were given him. It was well that he had not mastered all the accents of language — the pity and the vanity of the question addressed to him. For Peter, in the belief of the master, was a rank materialist, credited only with sordid thoughts of supper, foolish thoughts of the squirrel that had mocked him from the oak, animal thoughts of the fire’s warmth and the rug’s softness. Whereas Peter was thinking of none of these things. They counted for nothing in comparison with the friendship and companionship of his god. For Peter had found what man had been seeking ever since he emerged from the slime; what he had prayed to before priests were born. How many images he had fashioned in tears and broken in scorn! how many puppets lifted to thrones and dragged in dust! Peter had had no *via dolorosa*. He was born with an organized judgment, superciliously designated by the master as instinct. Peter *knew*. He would sleep a little longer, till the folio was closed, and the voice said: ‘Arise, and follow me.’

Peter was not blind to his privileges. He only had free entrance to the Holy of Holies. In this respect he took precedence over Tom and Mary. He had a tolerant affection for Tom and Mary, though they often offended his dignity. That he was distinctly superior to both was indisputable. There was also a woman who came occasionally into the temple, sharing his rights. But Peter was discriminating. She was not

a god — only a worshiper, like himself. Peter gave her his left-over love. She was kind, not masterful, and possessed the power of rendering him uneasy, even jealous. Peter could fight for a bone. That was a trivial matter. The precious thing was the master's affection — not to be divided. His nearest approach to intimacy was the master's knee. The woman had his arms. A vague sense of injustice troubled Peter's serenity. His objections to tramps were of a different order. Life after all was a mystery, the woman the greatest of all. Peter's sense of right and wrong was keen. He accepted the master's whip without flinching. He knew he had no business to flush that partridge. But the woman's punishments were unmerited, besides being ridiculous, and her praise unearned; the master's, rare, worthy of a god.

But of death, the greatest of mysteries, Peter knew nothing.

For his associates Peter entertained a tolerant contempt. What the woman did not know, he knew: that the cat was a fawning egoist, selfish to the core and incapable of self-abnegation. The master was not so easily deceived. The poultry he took under his protection, as every fox on the hillside was aware. Peter loved authority, but used it tactfully, shutting his eyes when the puppy raided the hennery and ran riot among silly folk who did not know the difference between malice and fun. His only real acquaintance was the master's horse. Deep down in his consciousness as the spiritual sign of distinction was the fact that he was of a superior race — the only race in the animal kingdom which preferred the society of man to that of its own kind.

Peter opened his eyes.

The light was failing fast. All hope of the comradeship and freedom of the open air was over. He gave a long

sigh and closed his eyes again. The master had forgotten. The enemy of all joy was still on the knee. A fleeting memory crossed Peter's brain, of a day of wrath, when he had scattered his enemy in mouthfuls over the floor. Jolly days those, in spite of the whacks! Now were the sober years of discretion. Not for him to question the doings of a god.

He knew precisely what was to happen. Mary and Tom would come in to be kissed good-night. Next they would roll with him on the rug and pull his ears. He did not mind that overmuch. He had been a puppy himself, and love was love in all its forms. Then the woman would come in.

Peter gave a low growl.

The master looked up.

'What's the matter, Peter — dreaming?'

No, Peter was not dreaming. He rose, nosed the folio from the knee, and rested his head in its place — his own place. The master laid his hand on the head, smoothing back the silky ears. Peter's eyes were mute, as human tongues sometimes are, for sheer happiness.

Then came night, exile, when the woman had her way, and he went on guard.

Peter was conscious of his faults. They had been pointed out to him times innumerable, whereby his virtues had become a second nature of which he was not conscious at all. The master extolled his patience, obedience, politeness. Peter would have laughed in his sleeve, if he had had one. Certain things were inexpedient to do. But character, unacquired native virtues, inherited from ancestral experience under the law of the jungle, were his. He was proud, without vanity. He lapped the water at the spring without seeing the reflection, and passed the woman's long mirror with superb

indifference. He was thus ignorant of the gray hairs gathering about his eyes.

Of abstract time he had no knowledge. Memory and anticipation were his. He could put two and two together, but not two and four. He knew, but he did not know that he knew. That something was happening, he was painfully aware — something sinister, unaccountable, which warned him that it was better to creep under the four bars he used to take with one flashing leap; to seek the flat stone warmed by the sun — something intangible, persistent, which neither growl of protest nor curling lip, revealing white fangs, intimidated.

The evidence was unmistakable. Tom and Mary were growing rough, the woman less hospitable, and his friend the horse inconsiderate. Time was when he ran two miles afield for the road's one. Every leaf-strewn lane, every sun-flecked valley on the hills Peter knew by heart — but not the Valley of Shadows. At its gate he entered, uneasy, but fearless, comforted and secure in the unfailing loving-kindness of his god.

There came an evening when Tom and Mary passed all bounds. Such hugs and kisses and tears! Peter bore this uneven distribution of affection with his customary courtesy, shook his ruffled garments into form, turned three times deliberately, and lay down — no longer in his once favorite position, hind legs outstretched, nose between paws. That had long since been abandoned out of respect for the craven enemy that tormented him. Peter's remedies against hidden foes, too cowardly to fight in the open, were few — the field-grass, and sleep — always sleep. Sleep now was not even forgetfulness. Proud as ever, the semi-conscious whine of sleep was his last capitulation to the enemy.

Flat on his side, he heard far away the subdued murmur of conversation, opening his eyes at the sound of his name — to close them again. They were speaking *of* him, not *to* him.

Then, suddenly, the master rose, with decision, put on his hat and coat and spoke.

'Come, Peter.'

Peter, wincing, bounded to his feet, wide-awake in a second. His friend the horse was at the door. It was humiliating to be lifted to the seat. There were tears in the woman's eyes, which usually happened when the master went on a journey. Peter curled himself up on the seat. If the master was going on a journey, he was going.

Peter knew every road-turning with his eyes shut — but not this road, nor its ending. The place and its tenant were strangers. That the master should leave him with this stranger was something unprecedented. But Peter followed obediently. Was not the friend of the master his friend also?

The room whose door closed upon him was a strange one — straw for carpet. Where was the furniture? Peter sniffed, suspiciously. There was a strange odor. Peter was a judge of odors. This one, attached to no personality, was disquieting. He listened, — the sound of wheels was dying away, — then barked furiously. For the first time in his life he felt utterly lonely. He so far forgot himself as to howl. But betrayal never entered his mind. He took three uncertain steps, — the room was growing dark; his legs wobbled, — steadied himself with an effort, then tumbled over on his side, seeing visions, visions of wood and stream, of rug and fireside, — and master, — stretched out the traitor legs and gave a long low sigh.

Going on his last journey, Peter took his god with him.

## ‘THESE WILD YOUNG PEOPLE’

BY ONE OF THEM

(John F. Carter, Jr.)

FOR some months past the pages of our more conservative magazines have been crowded with pessimistic descriptions of the younger generation, as seen by their elders and, no doubt, their betters. Hardly a week goes by that I do not read some indignant treatise depicting our extravagance, the corruption of our manners, the futility of our existence, poured out in stiff, scared, shocked sentences before a sympathetic and horrified audience of fathers, mothers, and maiden aunts — but particularly maiden aunts.

In the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared an article entitled ‘Polite Society,’ by a certain Mr. Grundy, the husband of a very old friend of my family. In kindly manner he

Mentioned our virtues, it is true,  
But dwelt upon our vices, too.

‘Chivalry and Modesty are dead. Modesty died first,’ quoth he, but expressed the pious hope that all might yet be well if the oldsters would but be content to ‘wait and see.’ His article is one of the best-tempered and most gentlemanly of this long series of Jeremiads against ‘these wild young people.’ It is significant that it should be anonymous. In reading it, I could not help but be drawn to Mr. Grundy personally, but was forced to the conclusion that he, like everyone else who is writing about my generation, has very little idea of what he is talking about. I would not offend him for the world, and if I apostrophize him somewhat brutally in the following paragraphs, it is only because I am talking of him generically;

also because his self-styled ‘cousin’ is present.

For Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould has come forward as the latest volunteer prosecuting attorney, in her powerful ‘Reflections of a Grundy Cousin,’ in the *August Atlantic*. She has little or no patience with us. She disposes of all previous explanations of our degeneration in a series of short paragraphs, then launches into her own explanation: the decay of religion. She treats it as a primary cause, and with considerable effect. But I think she errs in not attempting to analyze the causes for such decay, which would bring her nearer to the ultimate truth.

A friend of mine has an uncle who, in his youth, was a wild, fast, extravagant young blood. His clothes were the amazement of even his fastest friends. He drank, he swore, he gambled, bringing his misdeeds to a climax by eloping with an heiress, a beautiful Philadelphian seraph, fascinated by this glittering Lucifer. Her family disowned her, and they fled to a distant and wild country. He was, in effect, a brilliant, worthless, attractive, and romantic person. Now he is the sedate deacon of a Boston Presbyterian church, very strong on morality in every shape, a terror to the young, with an impeccable business career, and a very dull family circle. Mrs. Gerould must know of similar cases; so why multiply instances? Just think how moral and unentertaining *our* generation will be when we have emerged from the ‘roaring forties’! — and rejoice.

There is a story, illustrative of Californian civic pride, about a California funeral. The friends and relatives of the departed were gathered mournfully around the bier, awaiting the arrival of the preacher who was to deliver the funeral oration. They waited and waited and waited, but no preacher appeared. Finally, a messenger-boy arrived with a telegram. It was from the clergyman, and informed them that he had missed his train. The chief mourner rose to the occasion and asked if anyone would like to say a few kind words about the deceased. No one stirred. Finally a long, lanky person got up, cleared his throat, and drawled, 'Wa-a-al, if no one else is goin' to speak, I'd like to say a few things about Los Angeles!'

I would like to say a few things about my generation.

In the first place, I would like to observe that the older generation had certainly pretty well ruined this world before passing it on to us. They give us this Thing, knocked to pieces, leaky, red-hot, threatening to blow up; and then they are surprised that we don't accept it with the same attitude of pretty, decorous enthusiasm with which they received it, 'way back in the eighteen-nineties, nicely painted, smoothly running, practically fool-proof. 'So simple that a child can run it!' But the child could n't steer it. He hit every possible telegraph-pole, some of them twice, and ended with a head-on collision for which *we* shall have to pay the fines and damages. Now, with loving pride, they turn over their wreck to us; and, since we are not properly overwhelmed with loving gratitude, shake their heads and sigh, 'Dear! dear! We were so much better-mannered than these wild young people. But then we had the advantages of a good, strict, old-fashioned bringing-up!' How intensely *human* these oldsters are, after all, and how fallible! How they always

blame us for not following precisely in their eminently correct footsteps!

Then again there is the matter of outlook. When these sentimental old world-wreckers were young, the world was such a different place—at least, so I gather from H. G. Wells's picture of the nineties, in *Joan and Peter*. Life for them was bright and pleasant. Like all normal youngsters, they had their little tin-pot ideals, their sweet little visions, their naïve enthusiasms, their nice little sets of beliefs. Christianity had emerged from the blow dealt by Darwin, emerged rather in the shape of social dogma. Man was a noble and perfectible creature. Women were angels (whom they smugly sweated in their industries and prostituted in their slums). Right was downing might. The nobility and the divine mission of the race were factors that led our fathers to work wholeheartedly for a millennium, which they caught a glimpse of just around the turn of the century. Why, there were Hague Tribunals! International peace was at last assured, and according to current reports, never officially denied, the American delegates held out for the use of poison gas in warfare, just as the men of that generation were later to ruin Wilson's great ideal of a league of nations, on the ground that such a scheme was an invasion of American rights. But still, everything, masked by ingrained hypocrisy and prudishness, seemed simple, beautiful, inevitable.

Now my generation is disillusionized, and, I think, to a certain extent, brutalized, by the cataclysm which *their* complacent folly engendered. The acceleration of life for us has been so great that into the last few years have been crowded the experiences and the ideas of a normal lifetime. We have in our unregenerate youth learned the practicality and the cynicism that is safe only in unregenerate old age. We have been forced to become realists



overnight, instead of idealists, as was our birthright. We have seen man at his lowest, woman at her lightest, in the terrible moral chaos of Europe. We have been forced to question, and in many cases to discard, the religion of our fathers. We have seen hideous speculation, greed, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, unmasked and rampant and unashamed. We have been forced to live in an atmosphere of 'to-morrow we die,' and so, naturally, we drank and were merry. We have seen the rottenness and shortcomings of all governments, even the best and most stable. We have seen entire social systems overthrown, and our own called in question. In short, we have seen the inherent beastliness of the human race revealed in an infernal apocalypse.

It is the older generation who forced us to see all this, which has left us with social and political institutions staggering blind in the fierce white light that, for us, should beat only about the enthroned ideal. And now, through the soft-headed folly of these painfully shocked Grundys, we have that devastating wisdom which is safe only for the burned-out embers of grizzled, cautious old men. We may be fire, but it was they who made us play with gunpowder. And now they are surprised that a great many of us, because they have taken away our apple-cheeked ideals, are seriously considering whether or no *their* game be worth *our* candle.

But, in justice to my generation, I think that I must admit that most of us have realized that, whether or no it be worth while, we must all play the game, as long as we are in it. And I think that much of the hectic quality of our life is due to that fact and to that alone. We are faced with staggering problems and are forced to solve them, while the previous incumbents are permitted a graceful and untroubled death. All my friends are working and working

hard. Most of the girls I know are working. In one way or another, often unconsciously, the great burden put upon us is being borne, and borne gallantly, by that immodest, unchivalrous set of ne'er-do-wells, so delightfully portrayed by Mr. Grundy and the amazing young Fitzgerald. A keen interest in political and social problems, and a determination to face the facts of life, ugly or beautiful, characterizes us, as it certainly did not characterize our fathers. We won't shut our eyes to the truths we have learned. We have faced so many unpleasant things already, — and faced them pretty well, — that it is natural that we should keep it up.

Now I think that this is the aspect of our generation that annoys the uncritical and deceives the unsuspecting oldsters who are now met in judgment upon us: our devastating and brutal frankness. And this is the quality in which we really differ from our predecessors. We are frank with each other, frank, or pretty nearly so, with our elders, frank in the way we feel toward life and this badly damaged world. It may be a disquieting and misleading habit, but is it a bad one? We find some few things in the world that we like, and a whole lot that we don't, and we are not afraid to say so or to give our reasons. In earlier generations this was not the case. The young men yearned to be glittering generalities, the young women to act like shy, sweet, innocent fawns — toward one another. And now, when grown up, they have come to believe that they actually were figures of pristine excellence, knightly chivalry, adorable modesty, and impeccable propriety. But I really doubt if they were so. Statistics relating to, let us say, the immorality of college students in the eighteenthies would not compare favorably with those of the present. However, now, as they look back on it, they see their youth through a mist of muslin,

flannels, tennis, bicycles, Tennyson, Browning, and the Blue Danube waltz. The other things, the ugly things that we know about and talk about, must also have been there. But our elders did n't care or did n't dare to consider them, and now they are forgotten. We talk about them unabashed, and not necessarily with Presbyterian disapproval, and so they jump to the conclusion that we are thoroughly bad, and keep pestering us to make us good.

The trouble with them is that they can't seem to realize that we are busy, that what pleasure we snatch must be incidental and feverishly hurried. We have to make the most of our time. We actually have n't got so much time for the noble procrastinations of modesty or for the elaborate rigmarole of chivalry, and little patience for the lovely formulas of an ineffective faith. Let them die for a while! They did not seem to serve the world too well in its black hour. If they are inherently good they will come back, vital and untarnished. But just now we have a lot of work, 'old time is still a-flying,' and we must gather rose-buds while we may.

Oh! I know that we are a pretty bad lot, but has not that been true of every preceding generation? At least we have the courage to act accordingly. Our music is distinctly barbaric, our girls are distinctly *not* a mixture of arbutus and barbed-wire. We drink when we can and what we can, we gamble, we are extravagant — but we work, and that's about all that we can be expected to do; for, after all, we have just discovered that we are all still very near to the Stone Age. The Grundys shake their heads. They'll *make* us be good. Prohibition is put through to stop our drinking, and has n't stopped it. Bryan has plans to curtail our philanderings, and he won't do any good. A Draconian code is being hastily formulated at Washington and elsewhere, to prevent

us from, by any chance, making any alteration in this present divinely constituted arrangement of things. The oldsters stand dramatically with fingers and toes and noses pressed against the bursting dykes. Let them! They won't do any good. They can shackle us down, and still expect us to repair their blunders, if they wish. But we shall not trouble ourselves very much about them any more. Why should we? What have they done? They have made us work as they never had to work in all their padded lives — but we'll have our cakes and ale for a' that.

For now we know our way about. We're not babes in the wood, hunting for great, big, red strawberries, and confidently expecting the Robin Red-Breasts to cover us up with pretty leaves if we don't find them. We're men and women, long before our time, in the flower of our full-blooded youth. We have brought back into civil life some of the recklessness and ability that we were taught by war. We are also quite fatalistic in our outlook on the tepid perils of tame living. All may yet crash to the ground for aught that we can do about it. Terrible mistakes will be made, but *we* shall at least make them intelligently and insist, if we are to receive the strictures of the future, on doing pretty much as we choose now.

Oh! I suppose that it's too bad that we are n't humble, starry-eyed, shy, respectful innocents, standing reverently at their side for instructions, playing pretty little games, in which they no longer believe, except for us. But we are n't, and the best thing the oldsters can do about it is to go into their respective backyards and dig for worms, great big pink ones — for the Grundy tribe are now just about as important as they are, and they will doubtless make company more congenial and docile than 'these wild young people,' the men and women of my generation.

## FAMILIAR LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. III

EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY JAMES

[THE letters which have been selected for this number of the *Atlantic* were all written during the last ten years of William James's life.

In 1899 he went abroad. When he sailed he had no conception of the point of exhaustion to which the previous years of unremitting work had brought him, and he expected to spend a few months at a German watering-place and then write out the lectures on 'Natural Religion,' which he had agreed to deliver on the Gifford Foundation in Edinburgh. A heart-strain, due to over-exertion in the Adirondacks just before he sailed, brought on a general collapse as soon as he was out of harness. The Gifford lectures were postponed until 1901 and 1902, and James led the life of an exile and completely inactive invalid for two years. To certain friends at home who wrote to him fully and often he was touchingly grateful; and though he could do no work, he sometimes wrote, and more often dictated to his wife, replies that were remarkably copious. The first letter that follows was sent from Professor Charles Richet's Château de Carqueiranne, near Hyères on the south coast of France. Professor Richet had put his country place at the disposal of William James and of F. W. H. Myers, who also had been 'invalided south,' and for a few weeks the two were together under the same hospitable roof.

Francis Boott was nearly a generation older than James, and was spending his last years in Cambridge. He was the subject of one of James's papers, which may be found in *Memories and Studies*.]

To Francis Boott

[Dictated]

CHÂTEAU DE CARQUEIRANNE,  
Jan. 31, 1900.

DEAR OLD FRIEND, —

Every day for a month past I have said to Alice, 'Today we must get off a letter to Mr. Boott'; but *every* day the available strength was less than the call upon it. Yours of the 28th December reached us duly at Rye and was read at the cheerful little breakfast table. I must say that you are the only person who has caught the proper tone for sympathizing with an invalid's feelings. Everyone else says, 'We are glad to think that you are by this time in splendid condition, richly enjoying your rest, and having a great success at Edinburgh' — this when what one craves is mere pity for one's unmerited sufferings! *You* say, 'It is a great disappointment, more I should think than you can well bear. I wish you could give up the whole affair and turn your prow toward home.' That, dear sir, is the proper note to strike, 'La voix du cœur qui seul au cœur arrive'; and I thank you for recognizing that it is a case of agony and patience. I, for one, should be too glad to turn my prow homewards, in spite of all our present privileges in the way of simplified life and glorious climate.

What would n't I give at this moment to be partaking of one of your *recherchés déjeuners à la fourchette*, ministered to by the good Kate. From the bed on which I lie I can 'sense' it as if present — the succulent roast pork,

the apple sauce, the canned asparagus, the cranberry pie, the dates, the To Kalon<sup>1</sup> — above all the *rire en barbe* of the ever-youthful host. Will they ever come again?

Don't understand me to be disparaging our present meals, which, cooked by a broad-built sexagenarian Provençale, leave nothing to be desired. Especially is the fish good, and the artichokes, and the stewed lettuce. Our *commensaux*, the Myerses, form a good combination. The house is vast and comfortable and the air just right for one in my condition, neither relaxing nor exciting, and floods of sunshine.

Do you care much about the war? For my part, I think Jehovah has run the thing about right, so far, though on utilitarian grounds it will be very likely better if the English win. When we were at Rye an interminable controversy raged about a national day of humiliation and prayer. I wrote to the *Times* to suggest, in my character of traveling American, that both sides to the controversy might be satisfied by a service arranged on the principle suggested by the anecdote of the Montana settler who met a grizzly so formidable that he fell on his knees, saying, 'O Lord, I hain't never asked ye for help and ain't a-going to ask ye for none now. But for pity's sake, O Lord, don't help the bear.' The solemn *Times* never printed my letter, and thus the world lost an admirable epigram. You, I know, will appreciate it.

I hope you are getting through the winter without any bronchial trouble, and I hope that neither the influenza nor the bubonic plague have got to Cambridge yet. The former is devastating Europe. If you see dear Dr. Driver, give him our warmest regards. One ought to stay among one's own

<sup>1</sup> An American claret in which James as well as his correspondent discovered great merit.

people. I seem to be mending, though very slowly; and the least thing knocks me down. This noon I am still in bed; a little too much talking with the Myers yesterday giving me a strong pectoral distress which is not yet over. This dictation begins to hurt me, so I will stop. My spirits now are first-rate, which is a great point gained.

Good-bye, dear old man; we both send our warmest love and are,

Ever affectionately yours,

WM. JAMES.

[The next letter is included in its entirety. The reader is not expected to be particularly interested in the way in which the members of the Harvard Philosophical Department divided up the departmental work in the year 1900, but the first page of the letter is too expressive of the warmth of James's interest in the College and his colleagues to be omitted.]

To George H. Palmer

CARQUEIRANNE, Apr. 2, 1900.

GLORIOUS OLD PALMER, —

I had come to the point of feeling that my next letter *must* be to you, when in comes your delightful 'favor' of the 18th, with all its news, its convincing clipping, and its enclosures from Bakewell and Sheldon. I have had many impulses to write to Bakewell, but they have all aborted — my powers being so small and so much in *Anspruch genommen* by correspondence already under way. I judge him to be well and happy. What think you of his wife? I suppose she is no relation of yours. I should n't think any of your three candidates would do for that conventional Bryn Mawr. She stoneth the prophets, and I wish she would get X — and get stung. He made a *deplorable* impression on me many years ago. The only comment I heard

when I gave my address there lately (the last one in my 'Talks') was that — had hoped for something more technical and psychological! Nevertheless, some good girls seem to come out at Bryn Mawr. I am awfully sorry that Perry is out of place. Unless he gets something good, it seems to me that we ought to get him for a course in Kant. He is certainly the soundest, most normal all-round man of our recent production.

Your list for next year interests me muchly. I am glad of Münsterberg's and Santayana's new courses, and hope they'll be good. I'm glad you're back in Ethics, and glad that Royce has 'Epistemology' — portentous name, and small result, in my opinion, but a substantive *discipline* which ought, *par le temps qui court*, to be treated with due formality. I look forward with eagerness to his new volume.<sup>1</sup> What a colossal feat he has performed in these two years — all thrown in by the way, as it were. Certainly Gifford lectures are a good institution for stimulating production. They have stimulated me so far to produce two lectures of wishy-washy generalities. What is that for a 'showing' in six months of absolute leisure? The second lecture used me up so that I must be off a good while again. No! dear Palmer, the best I can possibly hope for at Cambridge after my return is to be able to carry one half-course. So make all calculations accordingly. As for Windelband, how can I ascertain anything except by writing to him? I shall see no one, nor go to any University environment. My impression is that we must go in for budding genius, if we seek a European. If an American, we can get a *sommité!* But who? in either case? Verily there is room at the top. Z—

<sup>1</sup> The second volume of *The World and the Individual* (Gifford Lectures at the University of Aberdeen).

seems to be the only Britisher worth thinking of. I imagine we had better train up our own men. A—, B—, C—, either would no doubt do, especially A— if his health improves. D— is our last card, from the point of view of policy, no doubt, but from that of inner organization it seems to me that he may have too many points of coalescence with both Münsterberg and Royce, especially the latter.

The great event in my life recently has been the reading of Santayana's book.<sup>2</sup> Although I absolutely reject the platonism of it, I have literally squealed with delight at the imperturbable perfection with which the position is laid down on page after page; and grunted with delight at such a thickening up of our Harvard atmosphere. If our students now could begin really to understand what Royce means with his voluntaristic-pluralistic monism, what Münsterberg means with his dualistic scientificism and platonism, what Santayana means by his pessimistic platonism (I wonder if he and Mg. have had any close mutually-encouraging intercourse in this line?), what I mean by my crass pluralism, what you mean by your ethical idealism, that these are so many religions, ways of fronting life, and worth fighting for, we should have a genuine philosophic universe at Harvard. The best condition of it would be an open conflict and rivalry of the diverse systems. (Alas! that I should be out of it, just as my chance begins!) The world might ring with the struggle, if we devoted ourselves exclusively to belaboring each other.

I now understand Santayana, the man. I never understood him before. But what a perfection of rottenness in a philosophy! I don't think I ever knew the anti-realistic view to be propounded with so impudently superior

<sup>2</sup> *Poetry and Religion*.



an air. It is refreshing to see a representative of moribund Latinity rise up and administer such reproof to us barbarians in the hour of our triumph. I imagine Santayana's *style* to be entirely spontaneous. But it has curious classic echoes. Whole pages of pure Hume in style; others of pure Renan. Nevertheless, how fantastic a philosophy!—as if the 'world of values' *were* independent of existence. It is only as *being*, that one thing is better than another. The idea of darkness is as good as that of light, as ideas. There is more value in light's *being*. And the exquisite consolation, when you have ascertained the badness of all fact, in knowing that badness is inferior to goodness, to the end — it only rubs the pessimism in. A man whose eggs at breakfast turn out always bad, says to himself, 'Well, bad and good are not the same, anyhow.' That is just the trouble! Moreover, when you come down to the facts, what do your harmonious and integral ideal systems prove to be? in the concrete? Always things burst by the growing content of experience. Dramatic unities; laws of versification; ecclesiastical systems; scholastic doctrines. Bah! Give me Walt Whitman and Browning ten times over, much as the perverse ugliness of the latter at times irritates me, and intensely as I have enjoyed Santayana's attack. The barbarians are in the line of mental growth and those who do insist that the ideal and the real are dynamically continuous are those by whom the world is to be saved. But I'm nevertheless delighted that the other view, always existing in the world, should at last have found so splendidly impertinent an expression among ourselves. I have meant to write to Santayana; but on second thoughts, and to save myself, I will just ask you to send him this. It saves him from what might be the nuisance

of having to reply, and on my part it has the advantage of being more free-spoken and direct. He is certainly an *extraordinarily distingué* writer. Thank him for existing!

As a contrast, read Jack Chapman's 'Practical Agitation.' The other pole of thought, and a style all splinters — but a gospel for our rising generation — I hope it will have its effect.

Send me your Noble lectures. I don't see how you could risk it without a MS. If you did fail (which I doubt) you deserved to. Anyhow, the printed page makes everything good.

I *can* no more! Adieu! How is Mrs. Palmer this winter? I hope entirely herself again. You are impartially silent of her and of my wife! The *Transcript* continues to bless us. We move from this hospitable roof to the hotel at Costebelle to-day. Thence after a fortnight to Geneva, and in May to Nauheim once more, to be reëxamined and sentenced by Schott.

Affectionately yours,

W. J.

*To Josiah Royce*

BAD-NAUHEIM, Sept. 26, 1900.

BELoved ROYCE, —

Great was my, was *our* pleasure in receiving your long and delightful letter last night. Like the lioness in Æsop's fable, you give birth to one young one only in the year, but that one is a lion. I give birth mainly to guinea-pigs in the shape of postcards; but despite such diversities of epistolary expression, the heart of each of us is in the right place. I need not say, my dear old boy, how touched I am at your expressions of affection or how it pleases me to hear that you have missed me. I too miss you profoundly. I do not find in the hotel waiters, chambermaids and bath-attendants, with whom my lot is chiefly cast, that unique mix-

ture of erudition, originality, profundity and vastness, and human wit and leisureliness, by accustoming me to which during all these years you have spoilt me for inferior kinds of intercourse. You are still the centre of my gaze, the pole of my mental magnet. When I write, 't is with one eye on the page, and one on you. When I compose my Gifford lectures mentally, 't is with the design exclusively of overthrowing your system, and ruining your peace. I lead a parasitic life upon you, for my highest flight of ambitious ideality is to become your conqueror, and go down into history as such, you and I rolled in one another's arms and silent (or rather loquacious still) in one last death-grapple of an embrace. How then, O my dear Royce, can I forget you, or be contented out of your close neighborhood? Different as our minds are, yours has nourished mine, as no other social influence ever has, and in converse with you I have always felt that my life was being lived importantly. Our minds, too, are not different in the *Object* which they envisage. It is the whole paradoxical physicomoral-spiritual Fatness, of which most people single out some skinny fragment, which we both cover with our eye. We 'aim at him generally' — and most others don't. I don't believe that we shall dwell apart forever, though our formulas may.

Home and Irving Street look very near when seen through these few winter months, and though it is still doubtful what I may be able to do in college, for social purposes I shall be available for probably numerous years to come. I have n't got at work yet, — only four lectures of the first course written (strange to say), — but I am decidedly better to-day than I have been for the past ten months, and the matter is all ready in my mind, so that when, a month hence, I get settled

down in Rome, I think the rest will go off fairly quickly. The second course I shall have to resign from, and write it out at home as a book. It must seem strange to you that the way from the mind to the pen should be as intraversable as it has been in this case of mine — you in whom it always seems so easily pervious. But Miller will be able to tell you all about my condition, both mental and physical, so I will waste no more words on that to me decidedly musty subject.

I fully understand your great aversion to letters and other off-writing. You have done a perfectly Herculean amount of the most difficult productive work, and I believe you to be much more tired than you probably yourself suppose or know — both mentally and physically. I imagine that a long vacation, in other scenes, with no sense of duty, would do you a world of good. I don't say the full fifteen months, for I imagine that one summer and one academic half-year would perhaps do the business better. You could preserve the relaxed and desultory condition as long as that probably, whilst later you 'd begin to chafe; and *then* you'd better be back in your own library. If *my* continuing abroad is hindering this, my sorrow will be extreme. Of course I must some time come to a definite decision about my own relations to the College, but I am reserving that till the end of 1900, when I shall write to Eliot in full. There is still a therapeutic card to play, of which I will say nothing just now, and I don't want to commit myself before that has been tried.

You say nothing of the second course of Aberdeen lectures, nor do you speak at all of the Dublin course. Strange omissions, like your not sending me your Ingersoll Lecture! I assume that the publication of [your] Gifford vol. II will not be very long delayed. I am eager to read them. I can read phil-

osophy now, and have just read the first three *Lieferungen* of K. Fischer's *Hegel*. I must say I prefer the original text. Fischer's paraphrases always flatten and dry things out; and he gives no rich sauce of his own to compensate. I have been sorry to hear from Palmer that he also has been very tired. One can't keep going forever! P. has been like an archangel in his letters to me, and I am inexpressibly grateful. Well! everybody has been kinder than I deserve.

[In the August number, a letter to Henry W. Rankin dealt with 'demon possession' and Christian miracles. As was there explained, Mr. Rankin had supplied James with references to many books that had interested him while he was preparing for the Gifford Lectures. The next letter is addressed to the same correspondent, at a date when the first 'course' was drawing to its close in Edinburgh. It will be recalled that these lectures appeared in book form as the *Varieties of Religious Experience*.]

To Henry W. Rankin

EDINBURGH, June 16, 1901.

DEAR MR. RANKIN, —

. . . You have been so extraordinarily brotherly to me in writing of your convictions and in furnishing me ideas, that I feel ashamed of my churlish and chary replies. You, however, have forgiven me. Now, at the end of this first course, I feel my 'matter' taking firmer shape, and it will please you less to hear me say that I believe myself to be (probably) permanently incapable of believing the Christian scheme of vicarious salvation, and wedded to a more continuously evolutionary mode of thought. The reasons you from time to time have given me, never better expressed than in your letter

before the last, have somehow failed to convince. In these lectures the ground I am taking is this: The mother-sea and fountain-head of all religions lies in the mystical experiences of the individual, taking the word mystical in a very wide sense. All theologies and all ecclesiasticisms are secondary growths superimposed; and the experiences make such flexible combinations with the intellectual prepossessions of their subjects, that one may almost say that they have no proper *intellectual* deliverance of their own, but belong to a region deeper, and more vital and practical, than that which the intellect inhabits. For this they are also indestructible by intellectual arguments and criticisms. I attach the mystical or religious consciousness to the possession of an extended subliminal self, with a thin partition through which messages make irruption. We are thus made convincingly aware of the presence of a sphere of life larger and more powerful than our usual consciousness, with which the latter is nevertheless continuous. The impressions and impulsions and emotions and excitements which we thence receive help us to live; they found invincible assurance of a world beyond the sense; they melt our hearts and communicate significance and value to everything and make us happy. They do this for the individual who has them, and other individuals follow him. Religion in this way is absolutely indestructible. Philosophy and theology give their conceptual interpretations of this experiential life. The farther margin of the subliminal field being unknown, it can be treated, as by Transcendental Idealism, as an Absolute mind with a part of which we coalesce, or by Christian theology, as a distinct deity acting on us. Something not our immediate self *does* act on our life! So I seem doubtless to my audience to be blowing

hot and cold, explaining away Christianity, yet defending the more general basis from which I say it proceeds. I fear that these brief words may be misleading, but let them go! When the book comes out you will get a truer idea. Believe me, with profound regard,

Yours always truly,

WM. JAMES.

*To Henry L. Higginson*

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 1, 1902.

DEAR HENRY, —

I am emboldened to the step I am taking by the consciousness that though we are both at least sixty years old and have known each other from the cradle, I have never but once (or possibly twice) traded on your well-known lavishness of disposition to swell any 'subscription' which I was trying to raise.

Now the doomful hour has struck. The altar is ready, and I take the victim by the ear. I choose you for a victim because you still have some undecimated human feeling about you and can think in terms of pure charity — for the love of God, without ulterior hopes of returns from the investment.

The subject is a man of fifty, who can be recommended to no other kind of a benefactor. His story is a long one, but it amounts to this, that Heaven made him with no other power than that of thinking and writing, and he has proved by this time a truly pathological inability to keep body and soul together. He is abstemious to an incredible degree, is the most innocent and harmless of human beings, is n't propagating his kind, has never had a dime to spend except for vital necessities, and never has had in his life an hour of what such as *we* call freedom from care, or of 'pleasure' in the ordinary exuberant sense of the term. He is refinement itself mentally and mor-

ally; and his writings have all been printed in first-rate periodicals, but are too scanty to 'pay.' There's no excuse for him, I admit. But God made him; and after kicking and cuffing and prodding him for twenty years, I have now come to believe that he ought to be treated in charity pure and simple (even though that be a vice), and I want to guarantee him \$350 a year as a pension to be paid to the Mills Hotel in Bleecker Street, New York, for board and lodging and a few cents weekly over and above. I will put in \$150. I have secured \$100 more. Can I squeeze \$50 a year out of you for such a non-public cause? If not, don't reply and forget this letter. If 'ja,' and you think you really can afford it, and it is n't wicked, let me know, and I will dun you regularly every year for the \$50.

Yours as ever,

WM. JAMES.

It is a great compliment that I address you. Most men say of such a case, 'Is the man deserving?' Whereas the real point is 'Does he need us?' What is 'deserving' nowadays?

[After delivering the last Gifford Lectures James had returned to Cambridge, with the resolution to devote his remaining years to the formulation of his philosophy. His working powers has been permanently impaired. He had passed his sixtieth birthday. But the writing and correspondence in which he engaged between 1902 and 1910 were none the less marked by a truly youthful enthusiasm and *élan*. He gradually freed himself from college duties, and, in the full consciousness of his ample preparation and ripened judgment, turned to the philosophic questions which had always been most fascinating to his imagination. The discussion that was aroused by his pragmatism, by his later papers on

pluralism and radical empiricism, and by his definition of truth, excited him; and he threw himself into controversy in a spirit that somehow combined the rough exuberance of a boy at play with a mellow good-nature that was of the essence of his own mature genius.]

*To Theodore Flournoy*

CAMBRIDGE, Mar. 26, 1907.

DEAR FLOURNOY, —

Your dilectissime [*sic*] letter of the 16th arrived this morning and I must scribble a word of reply. That's the way to write to a man! Caress him! flatter him! tell him that all Switzerland is hanging on his lips! You have made me really *happy* for at least twenty-four hours. My dry and businesslike compatriots never write letters like that. They write about themselves — you write about *me*. You know the definition of an egotist: 'a person who insists on talking about *himself*, when you want to talk about *yourself*.'

Reverdin has told me of the success of your lectures on pragmatism, and if you have been communing in spirit with me this winter, so have I with you. I have grown more and more deeply into pragmatism, and I rejoice immensely to hear you say, 'Je m'y sens tout gagné.' It is absolutely the only philosophy with *no* humbug in it, and I am certain that it is *your* philosophy. Have you read Papini's article in the February *Leonardo*? That seems to me really splendid. You say that my ideas have formed the real *centre de ralliement* of the pragmatist tendencies. To me it is the youthful and *empanaché* —, who has best put himself at the centre of equilibrium when all the motor tendencies start. He (and Schiller) has given me great confidence and courage. I shall dedicate my book, however, to the memory of J. S. Mill.

I hope that you are careful to dis-

tinguish in my own work between the pragmatism and the 'radical empiricism' ('Conception de Conscience,'<sup>1</sup> etc.) which to my own mind have no necessary connexion with each other. My first proofs came in this morning, along with your letter, and the little book ought to be out by the first of June. You shall have a very early copy. It is exceedingly untechnical, and I can't help suspecting that it will make a real impression. Münsterberg, who hitherto has been rather pooh-poohing my thought, now, after reading the lecture on truth which I sent you a while ago, says, I seem to be ignorant that Kant ever wrote, Kant having already said all that I say. I regard this as a very good symptom. The third stage of opinion about a new idea, already arrived: *1st*: absurd! *2nd*: trivial! *3rd*: *we* discovered it! I don't suppose you mean to print these lectures of yours, but I wish you would. If you would translate my lectures, what could make me happier? But, as I said apropos of the *Varieties*, I hate to think of you doing that drudgery when you might be formulating your own ideas. But, in one way or the other, I hope you will join in the great strategic combination against the forces of rationalism and bad abstractionism! A good *coup de collier* all round, and I verily believe that a new philosophic movement will begin! . . .

I thank you for your congratulations on my retirement. It makes me very happy. A professor has two functions: (1) to be learned and distribute bibliographic information; (2) to communicate truth. The *1st* function is the essential one, officially considered. The *2nd* is the only one I care for. Hitherto I have always felt like a humbug as a professor, for I am weak in the

<sup>1</sup> *La Notion de Conscience, Archives de Psychologie*, V, No. 17. June, 1905; later included in *Essays in Radical Empiricism*.



first requirement. Now I can live for the second with a free conscience.

I envy you now at the Italian Lakes! But good-bye! I have already written you a long letter, though I only *meant* to write a line!

Love to you all from  
W. J.

[Bergson's book, greeted in the next letter, was the *Évolution Créatrice*.]

To Henri Bergson

CHOCORUA, June 13, 1907.

O MY BERGSON, —

You are a magician, and your book is a marvel, a real wonder in the history of philosophy, making, if I mistake not, an entirely new era in respect of matter, but unlike the works of genius of the 'transcendentalist' movement (which are so obscurely and abominably and inaccessiblely written), a pure classic in point of form. You may be amused at the comparison, but in finishing it I found the same after-taste remaining as after finishing *Madame Bovary*; such a flavor of persistent euphony, as of a rich river that never foamed or ran thin, but steadily and firmly proceeded with its banks full to the brim. Then the aptness of your illustrations, that never scratch or stand out at right angles, but invariably simplify the thought and help to pour it along! Oh, indeed you are a magician! And if your next book proves to be as great an advance on this one as this is on its two predecessors, your name will surely go down as one of the great creative names in philosophy.

There! have I praised you enough? What every genuine philosopher (every genuine man, in fact) craves most is *praise* — although the philosophers generally call it 'recognition'! If you want still more praise, let me know, and I will send it, for my features have been on a broad smile from the first page to

the last, at the chain of felicities that never stopped. I feel rejuvenated.

As to the content of it, I am not in a mood at present to make any definite reaction. There is so much that is absolutely new that it will take a long time for your contemporaries to assimilate it, and I imagine that much of the development of detail will have to be performed by younger men whom your ideas will stimulate to coruscate in manners unexpected by yourself. To me at present the vital achievement of the book is that it inflicts an irrecoverable death-wound upon Intellectualism. It can never resuscitate! But it will die hard, for all the inertia of the past is in it, and the spirit of professionalism and pedantry as well as the æsthetic-intellectual delight of dealing with categories logically distinct yet logically connected, will rally for a desperate defense. The *élan vital*, all contentless and vague as you are obliged to leave it, will be an easy substitute to make fun of. But the Beast *has* its death-wound now, and the manner in which you have inflicted it (interval versus *temps d'arrêt*, etc.) is masterly in the extreme.

I don't know why this later *réduction* of your critique of the mathematics of movement has seemed to me so much more telling than the early statement — I suppose it is because of the wider *use* made of the principle in the book.

You will be receiving my own little 'Pragmatism' book simultaneously with this letter. How jejune and inconsiderable it seems in comparison with your great system! But it is so congruent with parts of your system, fits so well into interstices thereof, that you will easily understand why I am so enthusiastic. I feel that at bottom we are fighting the same fight, you a commander, I in the ranks. The position we are rescuing is 'Tychism' and a really growing world. But whereas I have hitherto

found no better way of defending Ty-chism than by affirming the spontaneous addition of *discrete* elements of being (or their subtraction), thereby playing the game with intellectualist weapons, you set things straight at a single stroke by your fundamental conception of the continuously creative nature of reality. I think that one of your happiest strokes is your reduction of 'finality,' as usually taken, to its status alongside of efficient causality, as the twin-daughters of intellectualism. But this vaguer and truer finality restored to its rights will be a difficult thing to give content to. Altogether your reality lurks so in the background, in this book, that I am wondering whether you *could n't* give it any more development *in concreto* here, or whether you perhaps were holding back developments, already in your possession, for a future volume. They are sure to come to you later anyhow, and to make a new volume; and altogether, the clash of these ideas of yours with the traditional ones will be sure to make sparks fly that will illuminate all sorts of dark places and bring innumerable new considerations into view. But the process may be slow, for the ideas are so revolutionary. Were it not for your style, your book might last 100 years unnoticed; but your way of writing is so absolutely commanding, that your theories have to be attended to immediately.

I feel very much in the dark still about the relations of the progressive to the regressive movement, and this great precipitate of nature subject to static categories. With a frank pluralism of *beings* endowed with vital impulses, you can get oppositions and compromises easily enough, and a stagnant deposit; but, after my one reading, I don't exactly 'catch on' to the way in which the continuum of reality resists itself so as to have to act, etc., etc. The only part of the work which I felt

like positively criticising was the discussion of the idea of nonentity, which seemed to me somewhat over-elaborated, and yet did n't leave me with a sense that the last word had been said on the subject.

But all these things must be very slowly digested by me. I can see that, when the tide turns in your favor, many previous tendencies in philosophy will start up, crying, 'This is nothing but what *we* have contended for all along.' Schopenhauer's blind will, Hartmann's unconscious, Fichte's aboriginal freedom (reëdited at Harvard in the most 'unreal' possible way by Münsterberg) will all be claimants for priority. But no matter — all the better if you are in some ancient lines of tendency. Mysticism also must make claims and, doubtless, just ones. I say nothing more now — this is just my first reaction; but I am so enthusiastic as to have said only two days ago, 'I thank Heaven that I have lived to this date — that I have witnessed the Russo-Japanese War, and seen Bergson's new book appear — the two great modern turning-points, of history and of thought!'

Best congratulations and cordiallest regards!

WM. JAMES.

[The next post-card was written in acknowledgment of Professor Palmer's comments on *A Pluralistic Universe*.]

To G. H. Palmer

CAMBRIDGE, May 13, 1909.

'The finest critical mind of our time!' No one can mix the honey and the gall as you do! My conceit appropriates the honey — for the gall it makes indulgent allowance, as the inevitable watering of a pair of aged rationalist eyes at the effulgent sunrise of a new philosophic day! Thanks! thanks! for the honey.

W. J.

To T. S. Perry

NAUHEIM, May 22, 1910.

BELoved THOS., —

I have two letters from you — one about . . . Harris on Shakespeare. *Re* Harris, I did think you were a bit supercilious *a priori*; but I thought of your youth and excused you. Harris himself is horrid young and crude. Much of his talk seems to me absurd, but nevertheless *that's the way to write about Shakespeare*; and I am sure that, if Shakespeare were a Piper-control, he would say that he relished Harris far more than the pack of reverent commentators who treat him as a classic moralist. He seems to me to have been a professional *amuser*, in the first instance, with a productivity like that of a Dumas, or a Scribe; but possessing what no other amuser has possessed, a lyric splendor added to his rhetorical fluency, which has made people take him for a more essentially serious human being than he was. Neurotically and erotically, he was hyperæsthetic, with a playful graciousness of character never surpassed. He could be profoundly melancholy; but even then was controlled by the audience's needs. A cork in the rapids, with no ballast of his own, without religious or ethical ideals, accepting uncritically every theatrical and social convention, he was simply an æolian harp passively resounding to the stage's call. Was there ever an author of such emotional importance whose reaction against the false conventions of life was such an absolute zero as his? I know nothing of the other Elizabethans, but could they have been as soulless in this respect? — But *halte-là!* or I shall become a Harris myself! . . . Ever thine,

W. J.

[The correspondence with Henry Adams which follows preceded James's

death by less than three months. It is concerned with Adams's *Letter to American Teachers*, originally printed for private circulation, but recently published with a preface by Mr. Brooks Adams, under a new title: *The Degradation of Democratic Dogma*.]

BAD-NAUHEIM, June 17, 1910.

DEAR HENRY ADAMS, —

I have been so 'slim' since seeing you, and the baths here have so weakened my brain, that I have been unable to do any reading except trash, and have only just got round to finishing your *Letter*, which I had but half-read when I was with you at Paris. To tell the truth, it does n't impress me at all, save by its wit and erudition; and I ask you whether an old man soon about to meet his Maker can hope to save himself from the consequences of his life by pointing to the wit and learning he has shown in treating a tragic subject. No, sir, you can't do it — can't impress God in that way.

So far as our scientific conceptions go, it may be admitted that your Creator (and mine) started the universe with a certain amount of 'energy' latent in it, and decreed that everything that should happen thereafter should be a result of parts of that energy falling to lower levels; raising other parts higher, to be sure, in so doing, but never in equivalent amount, owing to the constant radiation of unrecoverable warmth incidental to the process. It is customary for gentlemen to pretend to believe one another, and until some one hits upon a newer evolutionary concept (which may be to-morrow), all physicists must play the game by holding religiously to the above doctrine. It involves of course the ultimate cessation of all perceptible happening, and the end of human history. With this general conception as *surrounding* everything, you say in your *Letter*, no one can

find any fault — in the present stage of scientific conventions and fashions. But I protest against your interpretation of some of the specifications of the great statistical drift downwards of the original high-level energy. If, instead of criticising what you seem to say, I express my own interpretation dogmatically, and leave you to make the comparison, it will doubtless conduce to brevity and economize recrimination.

To begin with, the *amount* of cosmic energy it costs to buy a certain distribution of fact which humanly we regard as precious seems to be an altogether secondary matter as regards the question of history and progress. Certain arrangements of matter on *the same energy-level* are, from the point of view of man's appreciation, superior, while others are inferior. Physically a dinosaur's brain may show as much intensity of energy-exchange as a man's; but it can do infinitely fewer things, because as a force of detent it can only unlock the dinosaur's muscles, while the man's brain, by unlocking far feebler muscles, indirectly can by their means issue proclamations, write books, describe Chartres Cathedral, etc., and guide the energies of the shrinking sun into channels which never would have been entered otherwise — in short, *make history*. Therefore the man's brain and muscles are, from the point of view of the historian, the more important place of energy-exchange, small as this may be, when measured in absolute physical units.

The 'second law' is wholly irrelevant to 'history,' save that it sets a terminus; for history is the course of things before that terminus, and all that the second law says is that, whatever the history, it must insert itself between that initial maximum and that terminal minimum of difference in energy-level. As the great irrigation-reservoir empties itself, the whole question for

*us* is that of the distribution of its effects — of *which* rills to guide it into; and the size of the rills has nothing to do with their significance. Human cerebration is the most important rill we know of, and both the 'capacity' and the 'intensity' factor thereof may be treated as infinitesimal. Yet the filling of such rills would be cheaply bought by the waste of whole sums spent in getting a little of the down-flowing torrent to enter them. Just so of human institutions; their value has in strict theory nothing whatever to do with their energy-budget — being wholly a question of the form the energy flows through. Though the *ultimate* state of the universe may be its vital and psychical extinction, there is nothing in physics to interfere with the hypothesis that the *penultimate* state might be the millennium — in other words a state in which a minimum of difference of energy-level might have its exchanges so skillfully *canalised* that a maximum of happy and virtuous consciousness would be the only result. In short, the last expiring pulsation of the universe's life might be, 'I am so happy and perfect that I can stand it no longer.' You don't believe this and I don't say I do. But I can find nothing in 'Energetik' to conflict with its possibility. You seem to me not to discriminate, but to treat quantity and distribution of energy as if they formed a single question.

There! that's pretty good for a brain after eighteen Nauheim baths — so I won't write another line, nor ask you to reply to me. In case you can't help doing so, however, I will gratify you now by saying that I probably won't jaw back. It was pleasant at Paris to hear your identically unchanged and 'undegraded' voice after so many years of loss of solar energy.

Yours ever truly,

WM. JAMES.

[Post-card]

NAUREIM, June 19, 1910.

P.S. Another illustration of my meaning: The clock of the universe is running down, and by so doing makes the hands move. The energy absorbed by the hands, and the *mechanical* work they do, is the same day after day, no matter how far the weights have descended from the position they were originally wound up to. The *history* which the hands perpetrate has nothing to do with the *quantity* of this work, but follows the *significance* of the figures which they cover on the dial. If they move from O to XII, there is 'progress'; if from XII to O there is 'decay,' etc., etc.

W. J.

[Post-card]

KONSTANZ, June 26, [1910].

Yours of the 20th, just arriving, pleases me by its docility of spirit and

passive subjection to philosophic opinion. Never, never pretend to an opinion of your own! that way lies every arrogance and madness! You tempt me to offer you another illustration — that of the *hydraulic ram* (thrown back to me in an exam. as a 'hydraulic goat' by an insufficiently intelligent student). Let this arrangement of metal, placed in the course of a brook, symbolize the machine of human life. It works, clap, clap, clap, day and night, so long as the brook runs *at all*, and no matter how full the brook (which symbolizes the descending cosmic energy) may be; and it works always to the same effect, of raising so many kilogrammeters of water. What the *value* of this work as history may be depends on the uses to which the water is put in the house which the ram serves.

W. J.

(The End)

## A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

HEAVEN is in my hand, and I  
Touch a heart-beat of the sky,  
Hearing a blackbird's cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing,  
Lone flute of God, how can you sing  
Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word,  
And given my spirit wings until it stirred  
Like you — a bird!



## AN ISLAND MEMORY

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

It was our last day on the island, — the exquisite bit of land known in the old chants as *Pari*, — and *Terei* and I slept late on our mats, for the night had been one of feasting and dancing. At seven *Tamarua* came in to wake us.

'You sleep well,' he said with a smile; 'it was three when we left the dancing, but I was not sleepy; I took my canoe and went to the reef to fish. Since you must leave us to-morrow, there will be a feast in my house at midday. Will you ask your friends to come?'

A plunge into the lagoon drove away the vestiges of sleep; and when we had breakfasted, we set out for the house of *Amani*. A schooner lay at anchor before the settlement, rocking gently to the swell which came in over the reef. The music of the surf filled the air with a deep undertone, now soft, now loud, as flaws of wind — forerunners of the trade — died away, or rustled the palms above our path. Inland, beyond the flat lands of the coast, the island rose in fantastic contours of peak and spire and razor-backed ridge — the home of wild goat and jungle-fowl, as little known to-day as in the times of Captain Cook. In places one's eye caught the glimmer of a waterfall, outlined, like a streamer of lace, against cliffs of volcanic rock. The remote heights were veiled in masses of cloud.

The night's fishing was over and the fishermen had returned, to breakfast and doze through the morning in their houses of openwork bamboo. On the beach before each hut a canoe was

hauled up — long narrow craft, shaped from the trunk of a *puka* tree and equipped with a light outrigger. Women stood knee-deep in the streams flowing down from the mountains; draped in bright *pareus*, laughing and exchanging gossip as they did the family laundry or ducked their small, struggling offspring. Other babies — naked, brown, and smiling — splashed busily in the shallows or paddled about, clinging to bits of wood. Everyone seemed either laughing aloud or on the verge of laughter: one had only to look, to receive a smile and a friendly greeting.

'Do you wonder at my declaring that I'll never leave the Islands again?' said *Terei*, an old-timer in the South Seas, who had just returned from a visit to England and the United States. 'I tell you, man, these are the only people in the world who have n't forgotten how to laugh!'

Presently our path turned inland, to lead us through silent groves of coconut and into the bush — tangled thickets of candlenut, ironwood, and hibiscus. Here and there a great tree rose clear of the low, matted vegetation — a *utu*, with huge glossy leaves and bearing the fruit used to poison fish, or a stately *puka*, favorite of canoe-builders. Close to the sea, the *pandanus* grew everywhere, sprawling at strange angles on its cluster of stilt-like roots, suggesting the poles of a teepee. It is a useful plant in the Islands; the beautiful *rurutu* mats, like the hats of *Manihiki*, are woven of its leaves; and among the

atolls, and in times of famine on the richer islands, its pulpy fruit is mixed with arrowroot to form a nourishing food.

Over the tree-tops, snowy terns, with pointed wings and long, forked tails, soared and wheeled restlessly — small lonely spirits, hovering above the silent bush.

A path led off to the right, just beyond a brook, and we followed it to the house of our friend, set in an old clearing, shaded by breadfruit, mango, and mountain plantain. As we drew near, I heard a shriek of mingled amusement and consternation; a youthful figure emerged from beneath a tree, dropped one of the long poles used for knocking down fruit, and bounded off toward the house with fluttering pareu and streaming black hair. Amani met us at the door, a twinkle of the eye illuminating his grave and friendly smile. He wore a two-yard strip of print about the waist, '*Ia ora na, orua,*' he said, using the curious pronoun which denotes that two persons are addressed. There were mats spread on the verandah, and we sat down to smoke while Terei told our host of the invitation.

Amani's mother — Tuira, the Lightning — came out to greet us, straight and slender at sixty in her loose gown of black. She was an unusual woman, this old Tuira, who could neither read nor write, and whose life had been passed on a dot of land in the Pacific — a strong woman, shrewd, fearless, and tolerant. Her dark eyes, brilliant and wide-set, the aquiline features, the nobly modeled head, proclaimed the daughter of chieftains: a headwoman among the Island people.

When she had returned our filial greetings, — for both Terei and I had been adopted informally as members of the family, — Tuira raised her voice to call the cook, one of those mysterious Polynesian dependents, half-servant,

half-relative, whose exact status is a riddle to the foreigner. She was an Austral Islander from Rimatara, — about thirty, I judged, — and her rather tragic face retained the vestiges of uncommon beauty. Her parents, when they christened her, could scarcely have anticipated her future profession, for she was named 'No Food!'

'Ê,' called Tuira, in her soft deep voice; 'the throats of Terei and Pupure are dry — bring something that they may drink.'

'Io,' came a clear hail from the back of the house; 'I come.'

As we set down our glasses, the three sisters of Amani — laughing, bare-foot, and dressed in white — appeared: Patii, the Asker; Maara, most graceful of the Island dancers; and young Tapu, whose laugh was a delight to hear. Amani left us to dress; the girls went inside to put on their slippers of white satin — treasured possessions, which might have been carried by hand, while their owners walked in comfort, if neighborly eyes had not been on the lookout along our path.

Maara came out of the house with a small basket of cocoanut frond in her hand. From the bushes by the door she filled her basket with blossoms of *tiaré-taina*, *poti-murea*, and *frangipani* — exquisite waxen things, delicately perfumed. Plucking a leaf of hibiscus, she doubled it over, sewed the sides together, and packed the flowers carefully into this green receptacle, turning down the point of the leaf and sewing it in place to make a cover. The others appeared; Terei took up his accordion and I my guitar, left at the dance the night before, and we straggled off along the path to the settlement.

I noticed, as we went on, that Tapu, walking beside me, was in a serious mood. She was limping a little; when I glanced at her suddenly, I surprised

an expression which, on another countenance, might have been called grim. The dark clouds we had seen about the peaks of the interior were gathering overhead; the sunlight grew watery and faded away. I heard a roar behind us like breakers on a reef — a squall of rain passing over the treetops. My companion needed no hint from me; in common with the other ladies of the party she was already stripping off her shoes, and next moment, with a sigh of relief, she handed me these instruments of martyrdom. I unfurled my umbrella, with which I proposed to shelter the slippers in my right hand, the guitar in my left, Tapu, and myself. A few large drops pattered on the leaves, the roaring grew closer, the squall struck us with a rush. For three minutes the air seemed filled with sheets of flying water; then the rain ceased, the clouds broke, and the sun shone down with greater heat than before. We were a bedraggled company. There was laughter when Tamarua greeted us at his door.

It was a feast without chairs or tables, knives or forks. We seated ourselves on mats, in two rows, facing across a double line of young banana leaves — a dark-green tablecloth, spread on the floor. For dishes, we had leaves of the hibiscus; for forks, our fingers; for knives, our teeth. Maara opened her flowers and distributed the blossoms without which no Islander feels fully dressed. Tapu seized a frangipani and drew a chuckle from the company by placing it over my right ear. No Food and Anoano (the Wish) — a girl of Tamarua's household — came in from the ovens to set platters of food on the leaves before us. I heard old Tuira's voice speaking rapidly and seriously; Tapu snatched away my flower, removed the two gardenias with which her own ears were adorned, and bent her head. The

laughter and talking ceased abruptly. I glanced about: every flower had disappeared, every head was bent. Tuira began solemnly to say grace.

She finished. The buzz of talk began where it had ceased, flowers were hastily replaced, a laugh rang out. Tamarua raised his glass. 'Manuia tatou!' he shouted; and when the glasses were empty, 'Eat!'

No urging was needed. We began with raw filets of albacore, soaked for six hours in lime juice and served with the sauce called *mitiari*, compounded of cream expressed from the meat of a ripe cocoanut, sea-water, onion, red pepper, and the juice of limes. Platters of chicken and young pig — baked underground — succeeded the fish; the pitchers of *mitiari* were refilled, and mounds of yam, taro, and breadfruit laid on the banana leaves. Last of all, plates of the pudding called *poki* were set before us — a purée of wild plantain and arrowroot, much more delicious than it sounds.

'Take warning,' said Tapu mockingly; 'it is an old saying that he who eats of the plantain will never leave the Islands.'

At last Tamarua sighed and stood up, not without an effort. His name means Two Men, and no two of my acquaintance at home could have kept pace with him that day. Under my eyes he had devoured an entire chicken, half of a suckling pig, the best part of an enormous root of taro, and breadfruit and yams unchecked. Now he stood up and proposed that the dancing should begin.

Anoano and No Food cleared away the remains of the feast; Terei unlimbered his accordion; I tuned the guitar. They danced the old-fashioned European dances — learned a generation before from sailors and the captains of trading vessels: waltz, schottische, polka, and quadrille. It was hot in the

house, despite the trade-wind blowing through the latticed walls, the musicians, at any rate, streamed perspiration and were glad when, at the end of two hours of alternate playing and dancing, someone suggested a swim.

There was a pass in the reef opposite the settlement, and the channel, showing deep blue against the green of shallower water, ran close to shore — a broad five-fathom groove in the floor of the lagoon; a place of luminous depths and blue caverns hollowed in walls of coral, peopled by iridescent fish. The sand shelved off from the beach to the edge of the coral, where one could stand waist-deep and gaze down, through thirty feet of translucency, to where the blue *pakoti* darted past in shoals. There were dangers here, when one stopped to think of them — a *noo* might lie buried in the sand to impale one's foot on its poisonous dorsal spine; an octopus might fling out an arm from its cave to grasp the swimmer's leg; a hideous *tona*, with jaws capable of engulfing a man, might dart out of its lair in the folds of coral; a hungry shark might slip in through the pass.

One heard hints of these things from the Paumotan divers — mention of silent struggles for life at incredible depths. There was a woman of Hikueru — stout, middle-aged, and matter-of-fact — known from Mangareva to Apataki for the depths at which she could work.

'How deep?' she said, in answer to a question; 'it makes little difference, — eighteen, nineteen, twenty fathoms [120 feet], — it is the same when one knows how. The weight carries you down, but when it is time to come up, you must remember to rise slowly — that is all. They say it makes one deaf, but I am not deaf. I am forty, and I can bring up as much shell as any man. Sharks? Most of them we do not mind, but now and then a bad one comes.

You can tell him at once, for he approaches slowly, while the good ones come fast and pass on. Twice, at a hundred feet, I have flattened myself on the coral and clung there while a great *mongo* pushed at me with his nose, for he could not bite me as I lay. Each time I was lucky; I found a lump of loose coral at hand and struck him on the snout — his tender spot. That hurt him and he swam away, while I rose quickly to the boat, for I knew that presently he would come back.'

The beauty of our bathing-place made us dismiss its unpleasant possibilities from mind; by daylight, and with many bathers together, the danger was remote. Tamarua had found an old canoe with the outrigger missing, and he and Terei held it firmly in the shallows while a load of girls clambered in and seated themselves gingerly in the bottom. When all were ready, a gentle push set it moving toward deep water. The fun was to see how far it would go without capsizing, for without its outrigger it was never meant to float right-side-up. The loading, the brief voyage, and the final disaster — to a chorus of delighted shouts — made a game of which the players seemed never to tire. Out by the edge of the channel, Tapu was beckoning to me, a small fluted shell in her hand. She raised her arm as I floundered alongside, and flung the shell far out into deep water. I took a long breath and dived.

It is not easy to convey in words the beauty of such a place, seen from beneath the water — the cool radiance of the light, the quivering play of color from blue to green, the shapes and tinting of the coral, the jeweled fish, gliding past in silent companies. I was a couple of fathoms beneath the surface and had sighted the shell, drifting downward in slow and erratic curves, above me and ahead, when I caught a

glimpse of a large moving shadow, crossing a patch of sandy bottom. I began to rise, peering about hastily — not without disquieting thoughts. Then I perceived the cause of the shadow. On my left and a little below me, Tapu was swimming straight for the shell — paddling easily and naturally, at unhurried speed — planning to surprise me in the under-water game at which she excelled. In this quivering, opalescent light, — against the tinted background of the coral, — her graceful motions; the floating cloud of her hair, the barbaric pattern of her *pareu*, made a picture I shall not forget. I watched her reach up and seize the shell; next moment we rose to the surface side by side, laughing and out of breath.

The sun was low in the west when we tired of the water and waded through the shallows to the beach. Old Tuira herded the girls off toward the house. We had taken a plunge at the mouth of a mountain stream, and now we sat among the pandanus roots until our skins were dry. Tamarua brought a bottle of cocoanut oil for the rub which always follows a swim — an ancient custom in Polynesia, and one which has much to do, I fancy, with the unblemished complexions of the race.

As we dressed and lit cigarettes, I heard Tuira calling to her son.

‘My mother says that you must come home with us — you and Terei,’ said Amani; ‘this is your last evening, and we shall eat together.’

On the way back, along the shore and through the bush, we said little — the shadow of parting was on us all. These people, whom we had known less than a month, had taken us in and made much of us; to-morrow we must sail away. It was possible, in the spaces of the South Pacific, that we might never again sight their island — landfall of unearthly beauty when at dawn its high and ragged skyline is sil-

houetted against banks of cloud; never clasp their hands again, or warm to their friendly smiles of greeting.

Thinking these thoughts, I sat on the verandah while the others went about the task of preparing dinner. Presently, without a word, Tuira came and sat on the mat beside me, taking my hand in hers — the Island parting. The western sky flushed and faded; the shadows deepened and the light grew dim.

Patii, Maara, Terei, and Amani were gathering fruit, and seemed to have recovered their spirits in this harvesting of food — transformed by the Islanders into a pastime. Each man carried a long pole of hibiscus wood, with which, after many ineffectual lunges, he knocked down the fruit, while a girl stood beside him, on tiptoe, to catch the descending mango, breadfruit, or alligator pear. When their baskets were full, they went behind the house to cook the meal.

Tapu stole out and slipped down beside her mother. The trade-wind had died away; it was very quiet in the bush, and cool, now that the sun had set. A colony of mynah birds, roosting in thickets of wild orange, set up a drowsy twittering; the solemn voice of the Pacific, breaking on the distant reef, rumbled its chant of eternity. Where could one find greater peace than here, in this place of unspoiled loveliness? Was not man meant to live in this fashion, — close to the old realities, — rather than in the complex and bewildering structure of civilization? Commerce, art, culture, scientific advance — what did they amount to, when the last word was said? Was it not best to make merry in simple ways; to feel the sun and rain; to eat the food one’s hands had produced; to be weary in the evening, when people gather to speak of homely things? Old questions, these — disturbing, forever without an answer.



Tuira had risen and was pulling at my sleeve: the meal was ready. An hour later, when we had said good-night, Terei and I took the path to the settlement.

There was music in the house of Tamarua — the quickening music of the native dance, stamping of feet, and laughter. Our host was sitting cross-legged on a mat, singing in a metallic voice the song of the *hura*, while his fingers vibrated over the strings of a guitar. An elderly white man, naked except for a red and yellow waist-cloth, sat in a chair, smiling as he beat time with his bare foot. This was Whitmore, for many years a trading captain, now retired to spend the evening of his life among the scenes of old boisterous days. Two native boys, with red flowers above their ears, were dancing; and, facing them, No Food and Anoano went through the curious figures of the *hura*. They had worked hard that day to give us pleasure, and now they were having their fun in good Island fashion. The chorus of the song was always the same, but Tamarua improvised words for each stanza of the verse. He was something of a humorist, judging from the shouts of laughter as we entered.

The dancing ceased; glasses were filled; I took the guitar and Terei took up the song. Urged by whispers and pats on the back, No Food stood up, swaying until she had caught the time. Then, turning her head slowly right and left, as she raised her folded arms to hide her eyes, she began to move across the room, propelled by the movements of one bare foot, while the other tapped time on the floor. She stopped, facing Tamarua, placed her hands on her hips, and smiled. He was up at a bound; as the music went faster, the others began to dance, until the old captain, unable longer to resist the spell of the *hura*, stood up to show the

youngsters what their grandmothers had taught him.

The dancing stopped after a time, and we gathered about Whitmore for a smoke. The two girls were asleep on the floor; I glanced at No Food, admiring the contours of her face — softened and youthful in sleep. The old man noticed my glance.

‘Fine girl, that,’ he remarked; ‘I’ve known her since she was a kiddie. Had a hard life — people all died in the epidemic, four years ago. I brought her up here on the *Tureia* — my last trip with the old packet. She’s related in some sort of way to your friend Amani, and I knew the family would take her in. I had a passenger aboard, an Austrian who had planted an atoll in the *Paumotus*. He got on the soft side of the girl there, and I had n’t been ashore six hours before he was off with her in another schooner — bound for his island. He was no good. A year later she was back here. Let me see — she was fourteen then — must be eighteen now. Poor kid; looks thirty, eh? Well, boys, let’s turn in; it’s late.’

There was a great deal to do next morning: gifts to select and present, luggage to be packed and stowed aboard the boat, and a long session of farewells. To Anoano and No Food, we gave a silk handkerchief each; to Amani, a pair of canvas shoes; to Tamarua, an assortment of fishing tackle; to each of the sisters of Amani, the six yards of calico which make an Island frock.

Our friends were waiting for us when we brought our boxes to the shore — waiting to load us down with their presents: hats, wreaths, fans, necklaces of bright shell from the atolls. When the last farewell had been said and it was time to go aboard, Tapu sprang at me, a strip of pandanus fibre in her hand.

‘Quick!’ she cried; ‘take off your hat; I am going to make you a better one.

It shall be waiting when you return.'

As the tape of fibre went around my head, I saw Maara hastily measuring the head of Terei. Old Tuira had my hand in both of hers, and was speaking in her deep soft voice.

'Go now,' she said, 'but come back to us, my son.'

It was evening, and we lay by the rail, smoking not too cheerfully. The clouds along the western horizon were aglow with color, but we had no eyes for the sunset; our faces were turned eastward, to where the ridges of Pari were fading from sight — high and remote against the dusky sky.

## '20'

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

### I

WE were in London, — a maiden uncle and a presumably maiden aunt and I, — and I was showing my relatives the town, which I knew well, with a fine air of proprietorship. It happened years ago. There were omnibuses in those days — not huge, self-propelled motor-buses driven at a breakneck pace through the crowded streets, but gayly painted, lazy, rotund coaches like huge beetles, driven by men with a strong family resemblance to the elder Weller.

With my party I had been climbing from the top of a bus going east to the top of another going west, when the suggestion was made that the next sight should be a bit of the roast beef of Old England. We were for a moment off the beaten track of the buses, and the only vehicle in sight was a disreputable-looking four-wheel cab, usually denominated a 'growler,' no doubt from the character of the driver. Rather against my judgment, we entered it and I gave the order, 'Simpson's, in the Strand.' The driver roused himself and his beast, and we started, but had gone only a

short distance when, in some inexplicable way, the man, who was subsequently discovered to be drunk, locked the wheels of the cab in attempting to make a sharp turn, and completely upset the ramshackle vehicle. Within there was great confusion. Just how it happened I never knew, but in some way my foot got outside the broken window; the horse moved, I heard something snap, felt a sharp pain, and knew that my leg was broken.

A crowd gathered, but the omnipresent policeman was on the spot in a moment, and order was quickly brought out of confusion. My companions were unhurt, but it was instantly realized that I was in real trouble. More policemen arrived, numbers were taken, explanations demanded and attempted; but accidents happen in the crowded streets of London at the rate of one a minute or so, and the rules are well understood. A shrill blast on a whistle brought several hansoms dashing to the scene. I had become the property of the Corporation of the City

of London in general and of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in particular. The custom is that, when one is hurt in the streets of London, one is taken at once to the nearest hospital. His not to reason why: 'It's an 'ard and faast rule.'

Fortunately, the hospital was near at hand, and in a very few moments I found myself lying on a bench in the casualty ward, writhing in agony, surrounded by a crowd of young men curious to know how it happened. The general opinion, as voiced by a young cockney, who seemed to be in authority, was that I had had a 'naasty one,' and that Mr. Pattison would probably 'take it hoff at the knee.' It was my intention to expostulate with Mr. Pattison when he arrived, and I hoped he would come quickly; but when he appeared, he seemed so intelligent and sympathetic that I indulged myself in the hope that I and 'it' would be safe in his hands.

The entrance of a seriously injured man into a London hospital confers no distinction upon him — he is regarded, not as an individual, but simply as another casualty, making six, or sixteen, taken to the operating-room that morning. My arrival, therefore, was taken quite as a matter of course. A few questions were asked by a recorder, and as soon as I had told him who I was, where I lived, my age and best friend, I was picked up, placed on a stretcher, and carried away, I knew not whither.

Within the hospital there was neither surprise, confusion, nor delay. They might have been expecting me. Almost before I knew it I was being rapidly but skillfully undressed. I say undressed, but in point of fact my trousers and one shoe were being removed with the aid of several pairs of shears in skillful hands. I was curious to see for myself the extent of the injury which seemed so interesting to those about me, but

this was not permitted. Someone ventured the opinion, for which I thanked him, that, as I was young and clean, I had more than an even chance to save my leg; another remarked that there was no place in the world like 'Bart's' for fractures, and that with luck my wound might begin to heal 'by first intention.' Meanwhile I divined rather than saw that preparations for a serious operation were under way. Nurses with ominous-looking instruments wrapped up in towels made their appearance, and I heard the word 'chloroform' used several times; then a rubber pad was put over my face, I felt someone fumbling at my wrist, and was told to take a deep breath. In a moment I was overcome by a sickening sensation occasioned by something sweetish; I felt lifted higher, higher, higher, until suddenly something seemed to snap in my head, and I awoke in exquisite pain and very sick at the stomach.

Several hours had elapsed; I found myself quite undressed, and in a bed in a large room in which were many other beds similar to mine, most of them occupied. Leaning over me was a white-capped nurse, and at the foot of the bed was a very kindly-looking woman, a lady of mature years wearing an elaborate cap, whom I heard addressed as 'Sister.' I had lost my identity and had become merely 20, Pitcairn Ward, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, — one of the oldest and, as I was to discover, one of the best hospitals in the world.

I was in great agony and very lonely. Things had happened with such rapidity that I could scarcely realize how I came to be where I was. I inquired for my relatives and was told that they would 'be here presently.' I asked for Dr. Pattison, and was told that he, too, would 'be here presently.' From the pain I felt I made no doubt that he had after all taken 'it' off at the knee, as prophesied.

'Presently' I heard outside the door a great scuffling of feet, as of the approach of a considerable crowd; then the door opened, and there entered a group of students, led by an elderly and distinguished-looking man who, visiting a row of cots in turn, finally came to mine, and, without speaking to me, took my chart from a nurse and studied it attentively. A moment later Mr. Pattison came up and explained what he had done, to all of which the distinguished man, addressed as Mr. Willett, listened closely, expressing his satisfaction and saying 'exactly' several times.

Finally Mr. Willett addressed the crowd gathered in a semi-circle about my bed. 'The patient is suffering from a compound comminuted fracture of the tibia and fibula; he was fished out of an overturned four-wheeler just by the Charterhouse Gate. Mr. Pattison has just performed an operation. He has—' Here followed a rapid and technical account of what had been done to me,—and it seemed ample,—what complications might ensue, and what was hoped for, ending by congratulating Mr. Pattison on having made a very good job. 'Six hundred yards of plaster bandage, eh? Good, very good.'

I was in great pain and too ill to listen with much attention to what more he said. At last, as an afterthought, Mr. Willett again took the chart from the nurse and, glancing at it indifferently for a moment, said, 'Ah, an American, eh?' Then, turning to me, he added, 'They've brought you to the right shop for fractures, my lad; there's no place in the world where you would be better off than just where you are, and Mr. Pattison has made as clean a job as the best surgeon in'—glancing at the chart again—'Philadelphia could have done.'

'But, doctor,' I piped (I did not then know that surgeons in England are always addressed as Mister), 'it's not

to be forgotten that Dr. Pattison has been working on excellent American material.'

Mr. Willett almost dropped the chart in amazement, and Sister told me to 'Sh-h, don't talk back.' Such a thing was unheard of, for a poor devil lying on a cot in a great charity hospital of London to bandy words with one of the greatest surgeons in England.

Mr. Willett was too surprised to say anything; he simply turned on his heel and walked away, followed by his students and the Sister, leaving the nurse to tell me that I must never, never talk back to Mr. Willett again. 'He's never to be spoke to 'nless he asks a question.'

At half-past five supper was served. I did n't get any, did n't want any. By eight o'clock we were being prepared for the night. How I dreaded it! We were a lot of poor, forlorn men and boys, twenty-four of us, all more or less broken somewhere, all suffering; some groaning and complaining, some silently bearing their agony. In the cot next to mine there was a great burly fellow who called me 'Matey' and said I was in luck. I did n't care much to pursue the subject, but asked him how he made that out. 'You've 'ad one leg broke twice, Hi 'ear; that hain't nuthin'. Hi 've 'ad both legs hoff at the knee, and Hi've a missus and six kiddies.'

I was inclined to agree with him; but a Susan-Nipper-like person said, 'No talking,' and I was glad she did.

The pain was dreadful. I wanted a great many little attentions, and got them from a nurse whose name after all these years I here record with respect and affection—Nurse Hare. Midnight came; I was suffering terribly; finally I asked Nurse if I could not have a hypodermic. She said she thought I could, and presently came and jabbed a little needle into my arm, at the same

time telling me to be very quiet in order that the drug might take effect. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, only to start out of it again. Still, I got a little sleep from time to time, and finally morning came. A few days later, when Nurse Hare and I were exchanging confidences, she told me the hypodermic was of cold water only. 'I couldn't 'ave given you a 'ypodermic without orders,' she said.

Morning comes slowly in London; sometimes in December it can hardly be said to come at all; but breakfast comes. By six o'clock the gas was lit, hot water and basins and towels were passed about to those who could use them. Confusion took the place of comparative quiet. I had not tasted food for almost twenty-four hours. I was hungry. The pain in my leg was a deep throbbing pain, but it could be borne. I began to look about me; someone said, 'Good morning, Twenty,' and I replied, 'Good morning, Seventeen. What kind of a night did you have?' 'Rotten; 'ad the 'ump.' It occurred to me that I had always wanted to talk a pure and undefiled cockney, and that I now had an excellent opportunity to learn. Breakfast, which came to me on a tray, was delicious: porridge and milk, tea, bread, butter, and jam. I wanted a second round, but something was said about temperature, and I was forced to be content.

Late in the day, as it seemed, but actually about nine o'clock, my uncle came to see me. Poor fellow, he too had passed a sleepless night and showed it. What he could do for me? There was just one man I wanted to see above all others, my friend Hutt, — or as he himself pronounced it, 'Utt, — the bookseller in Clements Inn Passage. Would my uncle go and bring him to me? He would; he did not say so, but he would have fetched me a toothpick from the farthest inch of Asia if I had asked

for it. He had never seen Mr. Hutt, he had only been in London some forty-eight hours, he did not know his way around, and was as nervous as a hen. I told him as well as I could where Hutt's shop was, and he started off; as he went, I noticed he was carrying my umbrella, which had a rather curious horn handle studded with round-headed silver tacks — quite an unusual-looking handle. I am telling the exact truth when I say that my uncle promptly lost his way, and an hour later my friend Hutt, hurrying along the crowded Strand, saw a man wandering about, apparently looking for someone or something, *and carrying my umbrella*, went up, and calling my uncle by name (he had heard me speak of him), asked if he could direct him anywhere. My uncle was amazed, as well he might be, and conducted my friend, or rather was conducted by him, to my bedside.

When Mr. Willett came in on his rounds later in the day, my uncle entered upon a rather acrimonious discussion with him on the subject of my being a charity patient in a public ward. Mr. Willett explained very patiently that I should have every attention, but as for private rooms, there were none. Whatever I needed the hospital would supply, but under the rules nothing could be brought in to me, nothing of any kind or character, and no tips or fees were permitted. Finally my uncle, dear old man, broke down and cried, and then Mr. Willett, like the gentleman he was, said, —

'I tell you what I'll do. There are no private rooms, but so sure am I that your nephew would not in a week's time go into one if there were, that I promise that, when he can be moved without danger, I will personally put him in a nursing home and take care of him myself if he wishes it; but I know from experience that your nephew will find so much of interest going on about him



that he will wish to remain here. We have had gentlemen here before — why, sir, nobility even.'

With this we were forced to be content, and it turned out exactly as Mr. Willett prophesied.

My greatest discomfort arose from being compelled to remain always in one position. With my leg in a plaster cast, in which there were two windows through which my wounds were observed and dressed, and securely fastened in a cradle, I was compelled to remain on my back, and I could move only my upper body without assistance. At first I found this desperately irksome, but I gradually became accustomed to it. I was greatly helped by a simple device which I thought at the time a great blessing; and I have never seen it elsewhere, and wonder why. In the wall about eight feet above the head of each bed was set a stout iron bracket, a bracket strong enough to bear the weight of a heavy man. From the end of the bracket, about thirty inches from the wall, hung a rope, perhaps five feet long; a handle-bar, with a hole in it, through which the rope passed, enabled one to adjust the handle at any height desired above the bed. A knot at the end of the rope prevented the handle slipping off and fixed the lower limit of its travel, but it could be adjusted by another knot at any higher point desired. The primary object of this device, which was called a pulley, was to enable the patient to lift himself up in bed without subjecting his lower body to strain of any kind. But it had many other purposes. From it one could hang one's newspaper, watch, or handkerchief, and it served also as a harmless plaything. Have you seen a kitten play with a ball of wool? In like manner have I seen great men relieve the monotony with their pulley, spinning it, swinging it, sliding the handle up and down, for hours at a time.

## II

Without suggesting that I was in any way a conspicuous person in the ward, I am bound to say that my fellow patients treated me as a 'toff,' in other words, as a swell. This was due solely to the fact that I had a watch. Such a possession in a public ward of a London hospital is like keeping a carriage or a gig; to use Carlyle's word, it is a mark of respectability. Frequently during the night I would hear some poor sleepless sufferer say, 'Hi siay, Twenty, wot time his it?' It occurred to me that it would be a nice thing to have one of my friends go to Sir John Bennett's, the famous clockmaker, and buy a small clock with a very soft strike, which would mark the hours without disturbing anyone. I spoke to Nurse Hare about it, and she to someone in authority. The answer came; no gifts could be accepted while I was in the hospital. After my discharge any gifts I might see fit to make should be sent to the hospital to be used as the authorities thought best, and not to any ward in particular. Another 'ard and faast rule,' and a good one.

Before a week had passed, Christmas was upon us. The afternoon before, I sent out for a copy of 'The Christmas Carol,' which I had read so often before and have read so often since on Christmas Eve. Through this little book Dickens has, more than any other man, given Christmas its character of cheer and good-will; but it reads better in London than elsewhere.

'How's the weather outside?' I asked, looking up from my book, of a 'dresser' who had just come in.

'There 's snow on the ground and a regular "London particular" [fog], and it's beginning to sleet.'

I thanked my lucky stars that I was in bed as warm as toast, and wondered what I would get for a 'Christmas box,'

that is to say, a Christmas present, for we were all looking forward to something. There was to be a tree in the adjoining ward, but as I could not be moved, I was to have my presents brought to me. I can still see the gifts I received from kindly disposed ladies! Useful gifts! A little game of cards played with scripture texts, a handkerchief primarily intended for mental stimulation, with the alphabet and numbers up to ten printed thereon, a pair of socks, hand-knitted, of a yarn of the consistency of coarse twine, a pair of pulse-warmers, and a book, — a copy of *The British Workman*, — and last, but not least, a pair of stout, hob-nailed shoes. Ladies, too, came and offered to read to me, assuming that I could not read to myself, and in other ways showed their kindness of heart. God bless them every one!

No one ever worked harder at a foreign language than I did at learning cockney. I drawled my *o*'s and *i*'s, and lengthened my *a*'s, and dropped my *h*'s and picked them up again and put them in the wrong place, and I had the best instructors in London. A few in the ward could read, but more could not, and almost without exception they spoke that peculiar dialect which is the curious inheritance of the Londoner. Those of us whose memories go back twenty-five years or so remember it as the medium of that great music-hall artist, Albert Chevalier. His songs were then all the rage, as were, too, Gus Ellen's. As we became better acquainted, we sang them together, and I then acquired an accomplishment which has even yet not entirely deserted me. (I should have said that it was the custom for the surgical wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to take in accident cases continuously until all the beds were full; as a result, most of the patients entered about the same time, and we came to know one another, by num-

ber, very intimately in the two- or four- or six-weeks' residence.)

Mr. Willett was quite right, I would not have been moved into a private room for something handsome. There were so many men worse off than myself, that I forgot myself in thinking of others. 'Twenty-one' lost both feet; I certainly was fortunate compared with him. 'Seventeen,' while cleaning a plate-glass window from a ladder, had slipped and plunged through the window, damaging himself horribly in half a dozen ways; I certainly was lucky compared with him. 'Eight' had undergone three serious operations and another one was contemplated. In short, as soon as I became reasonably comfortable, I began to feel quite at home. I had my books, papers, and magazines, and spent hours in playing checkers for a penny a game with a poor chap who had lost an arm. He almost always beat me, but a shilling was not much to pay for an afternoon's diversion.

No one could spend two months or so in St. Bartholomew's Hospital without seeking to know something of its history. Its origin is shrouded in antiquity. In the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, wedged into a corner of Smithfield just outside the gate, is the tomb of its founder, Rahere, a minstrel or court-jester of Henry I. While on a pilgrimage to Rome, he was stricken with a serious illness, during which he made a vow that, if he lived to get back to London, he would build a hospital in thanksgiving. Thus it was that in the year 1102 a priory and hospital were founded. Thanks to the protests of the citizens of London, it not only escaped the attentions of Henry VIII, when he entered upon his period of destruction, but it was even said to have been re-established by him. Thenceforth it came to be regarded as the first of royal hospitals. In receipt of a princely income, it has from time out of mind been the

scene of great events in surgical and medical science. Harvey, physician of Charles I, and discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was chief physician of the hospital for more than thirty years. A roll of the distinguished names would be tedious, but Mr. Willett was quite right when he said that I had come to the right shop for fractures. 'We make a specialty of fractures' might have been adopted as a slogan, had slogans been in vogue when the famous surgeon, Percival Pott, was thrown from his horse and sustained a compound fracture, and with difficulty prevented a brother surgeon from giving him first aid with a knife and saw. How he directed the treatment of his own case and saved his leg, is one of the many legends of the place.

But to return to Pitcairn Ward. It was a large room with a high ceiling, with two rows of beds, twelve to a row, on either side of a wide aisle. It was heated by a soft-coal-burning device, something like a range, but with a large open grate, the smoke from which curled lazily up the chimney. One morning it was discovered that the fire was out; and as this seemed to indicate neglect and certainly meant work for the ward-maid, each patient as he awoke and made this discovery sang out cheerily, 'Fire's out.' To these remarks the maid usually replied by asking the speaker to mind his own business; or perhaps she contented herself by making faces or sticking her tongue out at him.

Presently a curious sound was heard from the chimney, as of a fluttering of birds, followed by a curious cry, 'Peep, peep, peep,' which was instantly recognized by those familiar with it as being the professional call of the chimney-sweep. Someone cried, 'Sweeps!' The effect was instantaneous. As, when one discovers a ship in mid-ocean and announces the fact, all rush to the rail, so all who could crowded in wheel-chairs

around the fireplace, only to be told to 'Be hoff' by the ward-maid, who did not like to have the morning's routine interfered with.

Soon the sounds grew louder until, at last, a tall, slender lad, black with soot from head to foot, armed with brushes and brooms, slid down into the grate, leaped out, gave a little scream, bowed, and disappeared almost before we could clap our eyes upon him. My intention had been to ask the little urchin to get into a bed next to mine, at that moment vacant, and to give an imitation of Charles Lamb's chimney-sweep 'asleep like a young Howard in the state bed of Arundel Castle.' I probably saved myself a lot of trouble by being so surprised at this quick entrance and get-away that I said not a single word. 'A chimney-sweeper quickly makes his way through a crowd by being dirty.'

Anything kinder, anything more considerate than the authorities of the hospital, from Mr. Willett down to the ward-maid, could hardly be imagined. There was, however, one ordeal against which I set my face like flint: namely, shaving. Shaving was, I think, an extra; its cost, a penny. Every day a man and a boy entered the ward, the boy carrying a small tub filled with thick soapsuds, the man with a razor, incredibly sharp. One cried, 'Shaves?' and perhaps from two or half a dozen beds came the word, 'Yus.' No time was lost in preliminaries. A common towel was tied around one's neck, and a brush like a large, round paint-brush was dipped into the thick lather. With a quick movement, the result of much practice, the boy made a pass or two from ear to ear; with a twist and a return movement, the cheeks, lips, mouth, and chin were covered with soap. The man wielded a razor in much the same manner, and the victim spent the next hour or two patting his face with his

hands, then withdrawing them and looking at them, as if he expected to see them covered with blood. The operation was complete.

I use the word 'operation' advisedly; although chloroform was not administered, I always insisted that it should have been. The first surgeons were barbers; at least, the two trades were closely allied, and in England they seem to be allied still. Thanks to the kindness of one of the 'dressers,' when I became well enough to be shaved, I had a real barber in from a nearby shop. It cost me half a crown and was a prolonged agony rather than a brief one — that was the chief difference; in essentials the operation was the same. Is it surprising that in England gentlemen invariably shave themselves?

Some men make excellent patients, I am told, when they are very ill, and allow their bad traits to come to the surface as they become convalescent. It was so in my case. I grew tired of the life, and began inquiring how much longer my leg was to be kept in plaster. Fortunately I had no idea of the ordeal of removing a plaster cast which reached from one's toes to one's hip. At last the day came, and I shall never forget it. I had first been permitted to limp around the ward on crutches for a few days, and soon learned to manage them very nicely; and when a time was set for my leg to come out of plaster, I was very thankful. It was the work of hours; every tiny hair on my leg was firmly set in plaster of Paris, and the removal of the cast occasioned such continuous pain that several times I thought I should faint. At last, however, the task was accomplished, and I looked down at the leg which had been the subject of so much discussion, which had been 'dressed' so often. It was a poor thing, but mine own; no one else would have had it: a poor, shrunken, shortened, emaciated member, but

whole, thank God! I did not then know that a year after the accident happened I should be walking as well as ever; and let me say that I have never had a twinge of pain in it since. Mr. Willett and Mr. Pattison, and 'Sister' and Nurse Hare, I doff my hat to you.

Measurements were taken for a leather stocking, which was a work of art; and finally a date was set for my dismissal. A room had been secured for me in a not distant lodging, for I still had to go to the hospital once or twice a week to have the rapidly healing wounds dressed. I made my departure from the hospital early one afternoon, in what was called a private ambulance; but I am certain that the vehicle was generally used as a hearse. The stretcher on which I was laid was on casters, and was pushed into the rear door of a long low contrivance with glass sides.

As we prepared to drive away from the hospital gate, an effigy, that of Henry, the Eighth of that name, looked down upon me from his niche over Smithfield Gate. A crowd gathered, and from my horizontal position the unusual sight of so many people moving about in perpendicular made me dizzy. I closed my eyes and heard someone inquire, 'Is he dead?'

I was very unhappy, and still more so when, half an hour later, I found myself in a very tiny bedroom, as it seemed to me, and in a *bed with no pulley*. I could have cried; indeed, I think I did. I wanted to go back to the hospital; I felt that I was being neglected and would die of suffocation. A maid came in and asked if I wanted anything. 'Want anything!' I certainly did, and I gave her a list of things I wanted in the most approved cockney. As she left my room, I heard her say to another maid just outside the door, 'Ave you 'eard that bloke hin there talk? Faancy 'im tryin' to paass 'isself hoff as comin' from New York!'

# THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

## IV. THE WAGES OF YOUTH

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

### I

DETROIT in 1868, says the old gentleman, was different. Many a true Detroiter has told us this, and we know by hearsay of that vanished golden age. Robert at twenty-one was there in time. In that far superior Detroit he set about to earn a living, and this is what offered: he might have been a baggage-man, had he not explained that he must leave in September to enter college. But for this indiscretion again, he might have been a rough carpenter working for the government in the lighthouses along the Lake shore. And at last he signed up as purser aboard the *Sea Bird*, plying between Cleveland and Toledo. With Robert waiting to board her as purser, the *Sea Bird* burned to the water's edge.

Without a harsh word for Detroit, Robert went west to Chicago. And almost at once he begins to make that city over. Many a thing he did for Chicago before he became a minister, and this is the first: he worked for a month on the new directory.

The critical cases were given to Robert, claims the old gentleman, because he had a way with him. With this way of his he came to be in strange houses — the houses of foreigners who suspected the uses of the census, the houses of irritable housewives loath to leave their work. And, on a day, the house of a woman in a decent dress who bids him

be seated. He takes out his little book to list the inhabitants of that house, and he observes as they pass the door that they look in at him, and that they are girls. Two of them, more curious than the others, come in and eye him closely.

'When the madame told them what I wanted,' says the old gentleman, 'and that I had come to list them, they laughed and rushed away. And then she said to me, "Young man, this is no place for you." She said it very kindly, too.'

Such segregations were new to Robert, who pondered them on that day of '68; but the old gentleman at this end of time thinks rather of that maternal kindness in that least likely place.

Having put Chicago, red lights and all, upon the map, young Robert enters a box-factory, and here he meets with his first machine. There was such a lack of affinity between him and a machine as cannot be put in words. We make out that there was no heart in that machine. For a week he took away the boards it threw him with an incredible punctuality and without let or breathing. The heels of his one pair of shoes wore away in the service of that machine, and still without ceasing he slaved. Until on the morning of the sixth day he just *could n't* go to work. He *could n't*. He sacrificed that blood-money, packed his carpet-bag, and set



out on a country road to the south of Chicago. There was room on that spring day in the prairie lands about the city of Chicago for the escape of a lad from a box-machine.

Young like that, and with your carpet-bag in your hand and the prairies all before you, you cannot do better than trust to a man with a wagon. A taxi could never do as much for you — never. Seated by the man in his wagon, you tell him what you need and he tells you where it may be had. At the cross-roads it is to be had, and he drops you there. Sure enough, you sleep that night under a farmer's roof, — the roof provided for you by the man with the wagon, — and this in spite of the judgment passed upon you by the farmer's wife, which is adverse. She is heard to tell her husband that you are no farm-hand, but just a shop-clerk. Could a taxi driver have put you to bed in that house?

Because of a way he had with a given horse, a poor temperamental mare, Robert worked all summer on that farm. And the day he remembers well was the fourth of July. Yes, and the day after. Very early on the morning of the fourth of July the farmer and his wife and the other hired hand — for there was another — went away to Chicago. They went to celebrate the Fourth, and the hired hand wore Robert's best trousers. He was an Austrian, and bigger than Robert by a good deal; but, never mind, he had begged the loan of the trousers and they just *had* to fit.

Robert had a long, delicious, solitary day cultivating corn. Not being an experienced American, he knew no better than to work on the Fourth of July. No bigger than usual, — smaller indeed than usual, — we see him at the very heart of the wide prairie summer, busy in the corn, and the odd sound we hear is himself singing. He

sang 'Nancy Lee' all that day, says the old gentleman, complacently; he had just learned to sing it. And late that night, when the farmer returned, the Austrian was not with him.

The trousers!

On the morning of the fifth, Robert on the temperamental mare set out to find his trousers. 'What, in all Chicago?' we ask. But no, Robert thought he would know where to look: he would look in the saloons. You see how wise he was for a teetotaler. And in the very first saloon, on the outskirts of the town, there were indeed the trousers. They were cleaning out the saloon, after the wreckage of the Fourth. You are to remember what they were — trousers of a very special decency, and Robert meaning to go to college and to be a minister and all!

Robert certainly had a way with tipsy men, for there are the two of them, going away from the saloon and back to the farm. Robert on his horse rides to the rear of the trousers that are, oh, so pitiful. They pitifully halt and stumble. And if presently you think you see the trousers a-horseback, the beggar riding and Robert afoot, you are right; for so it is, the old gentleman confesses it. And just as you foresaw, the beggar gives the mare a cut and off they go at full gallop, back again to the pit from which the trousers have been digged. And it is all to be done over, with the difference that Robert rides, and it is evening.

## II

On a day in September Robert asked for his wages, as he must now be going to college. Forty-two dollars the farmer owed him, and well he knew that his farm-hand must be going to college, and when. But never a cent would he be paying him then, for there was his hay, said he, in the field. And there for all of Robert it is standing to this day.

At the crossroads Robert sat down by his carpet-bag and took account of the five cents in his pocket. He sits and sits, looking up and down the road that is empty in the September sunlight, and presently he feels a tear.

'Oh, but *why*?' we exclaim, terribly upset, because by now we are inured to poverty and we had banked on Robert not to cry.

'Because I thought there would be a man with a wagon,' explains the old gentleman, off the top of this remembrance; and then he says that it was a tear of self-pity, Robert's first, and that feeling it there on his cheek, he jumped up and was angry. He starts off with his carpet-bag while we hurry up the man with the wagon — it is a load of hay this time, and not alert.

In those days the street-car came to the end of Archer Avenue. There Robert was dropped by the hay wagon. And that would have been all right, too, but the fare was six cents, and Robert with five in his pocket! Surely you begin to feel now how wrong it is to add a penny to the five-cent fare. Robert parleys with the conductor of that street-car before he goes aboard; do not think that he is the only lad who has done so, and with shame. Yes, he says that he felt like a beggar when the conductor told him to come aboard anyway and 'We'll see what we can do.' And from the foot of Archer Avenue to the heart of Chicago the conductor ignores Robert, who remembers him to this day. 'And that was the day,' says the old gentleman, glad to turn from these hard details to romance, 'that I entered college.' 'But you had not a penny,' we remind him; but oh, yes, he had; for he collected at once and upon that very day ten dollars that were owing him.

'Now who could have owed you ten dollars?' we ask him. But he has forgotten long ago — some poor fellow, he

tells us, and that you must never despair of the return of money you have loaned; neither, indeed, must you expect it. And he will tell us strange tales of money returned after many years, — from good men and bad men, — and do we remember the English bride and groom who brought a puppy to pay their hard-luck loan?

We remember too, too many of the old gentleman's loans, and we like to forget them. We think it fortunate that his debtor of 1868 paid him ten dollars and not a pup. We bring him back to that September day in the heart of Chicago, and himself about to enter college.

There is nothing adequate in us to feel what the old gentleman so obviously felt — and feels — of the thrilling climactic value of this event. We try to feel it, and we can only feel that here is Youth come at last by desperate ways to his 'hunger's rarest food and water ever to his wildest thirst.' We follow him, after his registration, along Cottage Grove Avenue and the railroad track, upon a never-to-be-forgotten walk which he took solely to savor this consummation. But we follow him at a distance, not to disturb him with our thoughts of the probable bleakness of the old building where he has registered, and of the odd fancy that has lighted for a celebration upon a railroad track. It must be surely that he has meat to eat that we know not of. And this brings us back to the matter of a living.

'But surely,' we ask him, 'you did not let the farmer keep the forty dollars you had earned!'

That he did not. On every Saturday afternoon for eight weeks he dunned that farmer, from whom on each visit he received five dollars. And with this and the money he earned from delivering the *Chicago Republican*, he lived. He rose at four and delivered papers until eight, and he lived, we are begged

to believe, uncommonly well. And he was a great walker! Let us hope so. And that to this day, when he sees a lad at a meal of pancakes and coffee in a restaurant, he thinks of himself in those wonderful academic days. It was then, he tells us, that he fell into his cherished way of working late at night. And in those days, too, he made friends.

This is the way he made a friend in church: he was standing in the aisle while the minister was praying, and he saw — don't ask him how — a pair of shoes beside his own. They were old country shoes. And when the prayer was done, he looked up from the shoes into the face of a youth like himself, and that was the beginning of a friendship.

There is this about selling newspapers — you don't keep it up. All the most interesting newsboys are ex-newsboys. They may have loved the calling that had them up before the dawn, but for financial reasons they have left it, little materialists that they are. And Robert was like that. On a day in November, the sun having risen later than usual on that day, he set out to get him a new job.

'I thought I would go along South Water Street,' says the old gentleman, 'and go up every stair. At the corner of Wells Street and at the top of the first stair I saw an open door, and at a table, with his back to the door, a man writing like thunder. He wore a slouch hat. He heard my feet and that I paused at the door, and he said, but he did not turn around, —

'Well, what can I do for *you*?'

'I want a job, sir.'

'What can you do?'

'Anything, sir.'

'We don't want *you*, sir!' came the instant report from that man, who never turned to look at our Robert at the door!

One of the lovers of our old gentleman begs to know why in all these

words about him there is no word of his eyes and his voice. And at this reproach we claim that we are saving them up. But in our hearts we wonder how could that man in the slouch hat not have turned to the voice at the door? For then he would have seen the eyes — and who knows? But no, there he is through all the years, never turning, and writing like thunder.

Now Robert going down the stairs is saying to himself, 'There must be a *reason*! He did n't look at me, so it was n't that. Or ask me other questions. There must be a *reason*!' And before he went up the next stair he thought he had light.

There, in an office full of youths addressing envelopes, Robert begs to speak to Mr. Wells. 'How did you know his name was Wells?' we ask the old gentleman, who says, 'The name was on the door.' And presently he says to Mr. Wells, —

'I want a job, sir.'

'What can you do?'

'I can address envelopes,' clips out Robert, little flashes of the new light shining through the chinks of him. And when Mr. Wells says, but that is only boy's work, Robert answers, in the best melodramatic form, 'All I want is to earn my bread, sir!'

And so he does: he earns his bread addressing envelopes. But oh, he has such a way with envelopes that his employer remarks it. On the very first pay-day it is remarked, and his life-story is inquired into, and his aims are asked after, and this searching question is put: —

'Can you live on five dollars a week?'

'I have to, sir,' says Robert, with exactly the accent that you imagine you hear when you are reading these things in a book.

And then you hear that on Monday he is to be made foreman of all those young scribes!

Do you hear that, you who write like thunder, never turning the head?

As foreman he received ten dollars a week, and there was once more money to send home. We seem not to have heard from home this long time, but that is only because the news is too sad. The old gentleman was wishing not to tell us the news, for Murdo is ill and his mother is dead. People will not be wishing to know these things, they are too sad, the old gentleman tells us; and we remark in him the beginning of a secret look and a look of warning. We have a feeling that if we pass too often this way we will come to a door marked, 'Strictly Private,' and with fresh paint. So we withdraw. We turn to the door marked, 'Business Only.' And there we come upon a figure in the grand manner — and this is My Employer!

There is this difference between My Employer and the statues of frock-coated, estimable men to be seen in parks — he has a heart. He has a most practical and lively interest in young men who go to college. He pays them exorbitant wages, and like Joseph in the car of Pharaoh, they go abroad adorned with the symbols of trust and office. In My Employer's chariot they go abroad, and there is an Ethiopian to drive them. They collect rents. They are all day gone collecting rents, and munching on a lunch put up by the wife of My Employer. Fabulous things happen to them, both of good and of evil. To Robert himself there happened the affair of The Barber Who Would Not Pay His Rent. On a Saturday night he would not pay his rent; rather he would pay it on a Monday. And on the Monday his house was not to be found among the houses upon Front Street. Hundreds of detached small houses there were on Front Street, all alike, and among them, neither on that Monday nor thereafter, was there found any timber of number 632, or ser-

pent on a pole, or smell of a barber. The house, I do assure you, had vanished. The old gentleman believes that the barber took it away on wheels, thus breaking the Sabbath; but the Aladdin look of Robert, in these days of the late sixties, makes us wonder.

We had supposed that My Employer's name was Wells, but no, his name is now Forsythe. He is a lawyer. Robert was a present from Mr. Wells to Mr. Forsythe, and there would be mention in the inventory — be sure of it — of the eyes and of the voice. And of 'thirty-two sound teeth; small but comely; willing; of good habits, and has a way with him. Teetotaler.'

From the day Robert receives ten dollars a week and is delivered over to My Employer, we seem to lose him. He passes and repasses us on his weighty errands in the chariot of Pharaoh, and he would salute us if he saw us, never doubt it; but all his eye is upon My Employer. When we reproach him with this, as we cannot always forbear to do, he has his reasons. On such a day Long John Wentworth called upon My Employer, and on another day, N. B. Judd. We are to understand from the old gentleman that really nothing of importance occurred in Chicago without the let of My Employer.

'Well, there was the fire,' we suggest; and the old gentleman is taken back a bit. He cannot prove that My Employer either provided or prevented the fire. Having brought him to earth, we try to get news of our Robert.

'Do tell us,' we beg, 'what Robert lost in the fire!'

And the old gentleman says, taken by surprise like this, — and make what you like of it, —

'That was the summer I had met your mother.' And then with immediate craft he amends, 'I lost my mother's letters.'

And many books he lost, though he

saved a dictionary. And this he claims to have observed, standing at the bridge at Wells Street, over which the refugees streamed on that illuminated night, that all the men were talking and talking and talking and all the women were silent. Did you ever? And oh, yes, he remembers now that he lost in the fire a valuable stone set in a ring and given him by My Employer!

We give it up. We wait until the day when My Employer calls him to the inner office and makes him the familiar offer — the offer made by the Francie Henrys of the farm and by the eloquent uncle of the doctor's practice. There is the august person of My Employer making the familiar proffering gesture, and Robert once more the gesture of refusal. We know we have him back again minus the chain of office and the seal-ring lost in the fire. But oh, if you hear a chinking in the pocket of Robert who has returned to us, that is a real chinking, and of more than two bawbees! For a little while there is that chinking, and it is surely an odd sound, a kind of sound of fairy gold soon to vanish by way of the post and other ways.

### III

In those days Robert lived on the second floor of the dormitory of a theological seminary. Often he wearied of Chicago. 'I was often homesick then,' says the old gentleman. 'Oh, I could have painted the heather on the hills and the very rocks among the heather!'

'But all the time you were with your Employer you never said a word of this,' we urge, 'and we thought —'

'Because it was too sad,' says the old gentleman, hoping we will let him off without the story of Katie. But that we could never do — and Robert with a sound of money in his pocket.

It would be on a night of the summer of '72, not a moonlight night. There

were four theological students in the old hall, the rest were on vacation. The old gentleman thinks that there were stars. Robert was asleep in his room above the entrance, and he woke suddenly to a cough that was his mother's cough.

'I thought it was my mother coughing,' says the old gentleman, 'and I knew it was not. I sat up in bed and I heard the cough again. Down at the outer door. I put my head out of the window and there in the starlight I saw a woman. "Who's there?" I called, and she turned her face up. "It's me, Rubie," she said; "it's Katie." And it was my sister Katie.'

A bed was made for her that night in one of the empty rooms, and there that Highland girl slept after what lonely journeyings. What did they talk of, those two who had been parted now six years? The old gentleman cannot bring himself to tell us. There is not a brother left to him, and of his little sisters here is Katie looking to him for what it is now too late for him to do. She was very intelligent, he tells us, and very brave. She had need to be. She was with him six weeks, and of a day in the last of these weeks we have this account. That it was raining. And that Robert was walking up and down his room as a young man does who is making a sermon — and so he was: Robert was making a sermon to preach that very Sunday. And that Katie was not turning her head away from the window at all; she was looking out at the rain. And that she said, —

'Robert, if I should die would you bury me here?'

And that Robert then asked her would she like to be going home now?

And that she said, 'O Rubie, I would fine like to be going.'

And they went. At once.

This is how Robert came to go home in the summer of '72. And on the dock in New York there came up to him a



young Scot with his wife — and would Robert give her over to her mother in Greenock? She was that homesick there was nothing else for it. And it may be three months will do it, the husband thinks.

But why did he pick on Robert? And we are reminded that the whole of them were Scotch, and it would be the white tie. At which, upon looking well at Robert, we do observe that he wears a white tie.

‘Did you go second cabin?’ we ask.

But no, because of Katie they went first cabin. And when they came to Greenock the mother of the little homesick bride came out in a boat, and the girl, except that Robert restrained her, would have gone over the side before she could get down the ladder. And when they came to their own home village of the three corners, there truly it was, and oh, but it was little and weel! All perfect it was, as remembered, but so low and under such a sky as you could lay hands upon. You could never have believed it.

And there is another boy that cannot be yourself selling tickets from your very window. The first man you meet in the street is the blacksmith you worked for; and you are glad to see him, but he cannot remember you. He is looking at your white tie and at your young face that is too eager, with the ironic indifference of the aged.

‘Don’t you remember me?’ you ask him.

And he says, ‘I canna just seem to remember.’

Ah, well, there are two little sisters in the house; they will trouble to remember who is the young man at the door, with poor Katie come home so soon. They cook a haddock for him, remembering gleefully more than they ever knew. But when the young stranger with the white tie knocks on the door of his father’s workshop, that old man

looks at him long and asks, ‘Now wha micht *ye* be?’

This is the work of six years, plus a white tie.

The old gentleman has little to say of his two weeks in that village. He casts about for pleasing adventures with which to enliven us. He tells us how he knocked upon a door to claim his clean linen, and there across the ironing-table was Euphemia, her skirts kilted to her knees like the Highland girl she was. ‘You remember,’ says the old gentleman, ‘I kissed her once.’

And we remember. But surely the memory of one kiss does not make a summer, and we feel a growing bleakness in the village of three corners. We bear it as long as we can and then we say, ‘Oh, let’s go home!’

‘I was just thinking of that myself,’ says Robert; ‘but first I must go to see my old aunt in Nigg.’

When Robert went to see his old aunt in Nigg, his father went with him. And it was observed of old Winter that he talked more to that son of his, home on visit, than ever he had been known to talk to another. Aye, wherever they went together, they talked. On this day young Robert wore an overcoat. Chilly he was, most like, and his aunt, thinking as much, went to a cupboard from which she brought a brown bottle and two glasses.

‘Three, surely,’ we say; but the old gentleman remembers well that it was two. And said she, —

‘You’ll have a drop, Robert.’

Robert said, ‘Not any, thanks.’

‘Aye, lad,’ said she, ‘but you’re chilly.’

‘No, really, aunt,’ says our Robert, ‘I make it a habit not to take it.’

‘Ah, but you’ll tak this, man,’ she tells him with an obvious zest; ‘it’s *smuggled!*’

‘Even so, aunt, do not press me, for I have religious scruples against it.’

Oh dear, oh dear! Who could abide it! 'Releegious scruples, is it? Aye, aye!' and she wags her head. 'Releegious scruples!' And if a flash from old eyes could blast a white tie, then that tie is blasted. 'Nay, it's just proud you are, and not wishing to drink with your old aunt!' She busies herself filling the glasses, flicking him with her glance and muttering about 'releegious scruples — aye, aye!'

'Now, John,' she says to Robert's father, 'you'll tak a drop.' And she sits at the table. She folds her hands under her apron. John folds his old hands by his glass. The two of them look at Robert — he of the white tie — and she says in an accent of sharpest irony, 'Noo, Robert, you'll ask the blessing!'

Robert asks the blessing on the whiskey he would not drink. So much for him and his religious scrupling in the very home and birthplace of that art.

'It was not my conviction vexed her,' explains the old gentleman, 'but my manners. If I had never mentioned my scruples at all, but had raised the glass to her and to my father, I need only have said, "Slyanche!" — and that is the old Gaelic toast — to have taken the curse off my abstinence.'

But Robert thought of this too late. We know those words that come to mind too late and can never now be said.

Odd, is n't it? But Robert cannot remember his second going-away. Too

many have gone away before him, who are not there to see him go. He cannot remember was it afternoon or evening, or what it was. But he remembers that, when he came to sail from Greenock, there was that Scotchman's bride at the boat, and she was just begging him to take her home with him, for home is in the West after all.

'She cried and all,' says the old gentleman; 'but I remembered how her husband had said, "three months would do it," and here was no more than two weeks gone. So I left her.'

And she crying and all!

There was something very special about the spire of Trinity Church in those days when seen from a ship's deck. You saw it from the Narrows, as you entered New York harbor. It was very high — the old gentleman says so. It thrust up into the bright air above the soil of America in a particular way. Robert, still sad from that little wee village of three corners and something strange and haunted there, saw this spire from the ship, and in his heart he felt a thrilling recognition and an appropriation — it was as if he took possession then of his country and of his man's estate. Hail! he said. And oh, he said, farewell. Farewell!

But many a time since, the old gentleman has wished — I have heard him wish it — that Robert had raised his glass to his old aunt and to his father, saying, 'Slyanche!'

*(The End)*

## ENGLISH WAYS—AND BYWAYS. II

### I

#### ‘BY LOVE UNFEIGNED’

BEFORE leaving Shrewsbury, I had told Ruth on which train I would leave Saltbridge; and, as I had to change trains at Manchester, she could send a wire to the station there if she had any special orders to give me. The wire was awaiting me, and from it I found that not only had Ruth gone off ‘on her own’ to Deepford, but that she had received an invitation from the Sanfords asking us both to come to them. She said that she was proceeding to London, and that she would go to the Sanfords by train, and hoped I would meet her there with the car.

So I returned to Shrewsbury, and the next day drove slowly through Stratford-on-Avon, where I had been before, and so did not stop, waiting till Ruth and I could make the pilgrimage together. I caught a glimpse of the spire of the parish church and could ‘visualize’ the smug bust in the chancel which an ungrateful town permits to be called Shakespeare!

I stopped the night at Banbury, where there is one of those old coaching inns which affect the imagination like an old print. The following day I went on to Oxford, where I left the car, and ran up to London for some necessary shopping.

When I returned to Oxford, I went again on my way and spent the night at Ipswich, in the same inn in which Mr. Pickwick had his compromising adventure with the lady in curl-papers. But there was nothing seen to recall that joyous night. No one I saw looked as if he had heard of the most distinguished guest the inn had ever entertained!

The next day I reached the Sanfords’ for tea. I understand now why the heroine in an English novel always arrives at tea-time! It is the ideal hour. One does not have to dress for a function and is received into the family at once.

This family consists of but two persons, — the husband and wife, — a lovely couple. I do not know which of them we loved best when the visit was over. An ancestor of Mr. Sanford was one of the Non-Jurors — and that night I lay in his bed. As a bed, it was a good bed, but as a place for sleeping, it was naught — as Touchstone would have said. As I lay awake, I thought of the noble folly of the Non-Jurors, and of Macaulay’s unsympathetic picture of them; though curiously enough, the only time he speaks well of a bishop, so far as I remember, is when he praises the ‘Seven Bishops.’ How characteristic this is! They are admirable when they defy the Stuart, but contemptible when they refuse to bow the knee to his Dutch hero! These thoughts led me on to Henry Esmond, — that most interesting prig, — and so on, hour after hour, the mind wandered through the history of England till I longed for the scenery of the land of Nod!

I would not have you think that my wakefulness was due solely to the imagination awakened by the old Non-Juror’s bed. It was due to a more modern and more material cause, namely, the strong Ceylon tea, which was so good that I had taken more than I am accustomed to. What we call ‘English Breakfast,’ the English call ‘China’ tea, and, so far as my experience goes, it is seldom served. Certainly it could not have been expected at the Sanfords’,

because he is largely interested in the cultivation of Ceylon tea and, not unnaturally, thinks it superior to China. It is undoubtedly good, but so strong that it is apt to be followed by a sleepless night on the part of the uninitiated.

The next day was Sunday, which began, I need not say, with a bountiful breakfast, at which, of course, we served ourselves, Mr. Sanford walking round the room with a little blue bowl in his hand, eating porridge and talking delightfully. By the way, do you believe the story of the American *belle-mère*, who, arriving at the castle of her noble son-in-law, late at night, and coming to the dining-room for the first time at breakfast, and seeing no servants, said to her daughter, 'Honey, can't you get no "help" at all over here?' I do not. Ruth does, and begged me not to tell the story here, lest it be thought that the good lady was typical!

I do not think Mrs. Sanford would have believed it. But, if she had, she would have understood, for she has many American friends and a more sympathetic understanding of our problems than anyone I have met in England so far. Mr. Sanford was rather inclined to be depressed about England, and deplored the present policy of the Liberal government — especially in regard to land. Of course, I know nothing about the matter, but I could not help thinking I heard a faint echo of the old Non-Juror's voice. This, however, is sure: he is the quintessence of the Feudal System at its best, having its deep sense of responsibility.

We walked to the little church, which is at their gate, and as we drew near and met the people on their way to worship, I was struck by the affection — so much better than perfunctory respect — with which my hosts were greeted by farmers and tenants alike.

Mr. Sanford showed Ruth and me into the second pew in the transept,

while he and his wife occupied the one in front of it, which is the Squire's. He read the Lessons, and I wished I could read as well! I once heard a distinguished minister at home praised for his reading of the Bible because it 'sounded so modern — as if he were reading the paper.' Well, his reading was not in the least like that! He read with deep reverence, as 'the covenant made with our fathers' and now delivered unto us.

The rector, a cousin of our host's, was indisposed, and his place was taken by a nearby vicar. The sermon had neither the interest of the morning paper, nor the awe of an ancient revelation! Indeed, it was a stupid thing — one of those I guessed which, it is said, can be bought 'ready made,' and of any shade of Churchmanship. This one had no color at all!

The preacher was invited to dine with the Squire and accepted. He must be a survival. He explained the difficulty the country parson has in collecting his tithes. Turning to his host, he said, 'I had a most disagreeable task last week; Scroston was in arrears again, and I had to distrain his cow.'

Mr. Sanford looked much distressed, and said, 'I don't think I should have done that.'

'Nor should I, had it been a personal matter: but one must consider one's successor. If a precedent were once established, it might lead to much trouble.'

And to this there seemed to be no reply!

After dinner, when the neighboring parson had left, Mr. Sanford suggested a 'look round.' Ruth said she had some letters to write, which in England means a nap, so we started off together. In my ignorance, I supposed a 'look round' meant a stroll about the place. I soon found it meant something more like what we call a 'hike.'

There is a widespread impression among Americans that England is a

small place. Let anyone go with an English gentleman after a good Sunday dinner, for a 'look round,' and I venture to say he will change his mind! I suppose I am 'soft' from motoring, but I know I was 'all in' when we at length reached home. But my host, no longer a young man, seemed as fresh as when we started.

He had been much amused by my attempts to make up to a farmer whom we met — also 'taking a look round.' We were crossing a beautiful field, in which were some noble oaks, and, by way of making myself agreeable, I remarked to him, 'I have been telling Mr. Sanford how much I admire your trees. You must be proud of them.'

'Aye, they look well to a town-dweller, but I never notice them except at hayin', and then I wish they was anywhere else.'

'But you turn your cattle into this field sometimes, I suppose; and they must enjoy the shade on a hot day.'

'Well, if they stand under one of them on a hot day, they'll be in a draft, and get a chill and maybe die.'

This certainly was not encouraging, but I did not know enough to stop. Just then some heifers came nosing round and I said, 'That's a beautiful heifer.'

'Which one?' said the farmer.

'The white one,' said I.

'I wish you lived about here and I could sell her to you. No farmer would buy her.'

'Why not?' said I.

'We think the white ones is "saft,"' he replied.

This, as I say, gave great satisfaction to Mr. Sanford, who recounted it at tea, with great gusto.

The servants all went to evening service, but the family did not; so I 'wrote letters.'

Supper was served at nine, and then all the servants came in for prayers:

'cook' first and the kitchen-maid last, the butler standing aside to close the door, then solemnly taking his place.

Mr. Sanford read a chapter, and after that a beautiful prayer that all might be faithful in their duties, kind and considerate to one another, honor the King and love the Church. Then Mrs. Sanford took her place at the harmonium and played several hymns, in which all the servants joined — I thought the footman's tenor worthy of a church choir, and I suspect he thought so too! and I am sure the housemaid agreed with us both! Altogether the singing was beautiful.

When the service was over, Mr. Sanford said, very simply, —

'My friends, we have now come to the beginning of another week and I wish to thank you all for faithful service. If at any time I have been impatient with any of you, I ask your forgiveness. And now I bid you all good-night.'

The butler showed them all out, looking at the footman, I thought, as much as to say, 'Have you any complaint to make about the master? If so, kindly address yourself to me!' As for me, I confess I had a lump in my throat.

As we drove away next morning, Ruth said, 'I suppose by this time you have become a Tory!'

'No,' I said, 'not quite; but if you ever hear me say a word against England again say, "Sanford," and I will cry, "Peccavi!" How cheap and self-conscious Democracy seems after this glimpse of English gentlepeople. Where can their like be found?'

## II

### VESTED INTERESTS

I think Ruth has written you some nonsense about me to which I hope you will pay no attention. She is somewhat of a romancer. I do not mean that the bare facts are not as she states them;



but I have your own high authority for the dictum that 'A fact is often a most misleading thing'!

At any rate, I know she could not have told you about the interesting conversation we men had over our cigars after dinner last night. After the ladies withdrew, Sir William asked me many questions about our church. He wished particularly to learn how the 'Anglican Church in the States' got on without the supervision of the State. I explained how rectors were 'called,' and bishops elected, and deputies to the General Convention chosen, etc. He was greatly interested, and said that, unless something was done to give the laity a voice in the management of the parish, he believed the days of the Church of England were numbered. I asked him why he felt so despondent and he said, —

'Take the case of this parish; the rector is an uncouth creature who was given the living by a man to whom his father was tutor, and who probably took orders with this in view, for he is far more interested in his glebe than in the cure of souls. He will not listen to any suggestions, but goes his own way. All the money goes into his hands, and there is no accounting to anyone. I do not suggest that he is dishonest, but I do say that a man who had the right feeling would recognize that the people should know the amounts given and the purposes for which they are used.'

I said, 'Surely there is a churchwarden.'

'True, but he is the schoolmaster, appointed by the rector and dependent upon him. The service is conducted in a most slovenly manner, and the music is quite painful. I offered to pay for a proper choirmaster, but he said that was an insult to his wife's sister, who plays the organ. The result of his bad manners and dictatorial spirit is that the congregation has dwindled to a mere handful, and they are mostly

children whom the schoolmaster compels to come. The fact is that Dissent is increasing at an alarming rate, and I think that soon there will be nothing left but the parson and the glebe!'

'Can the Bishop do nothing?' I asked.

'Apparently not. The Bishop says that, if a responsible person will prefer charges, he will take the matter up; but that "a man cannot be deprived of his living because he happens to be unpopular." Of course, if the Church of England exists to provide livings, there is nothing more to be said. But if its purpose is to minister to the people, a way must be found to accomplish that. But I fear the attempt will prove fatal to the Establishment.'

Of course, you and I should not feel that this would be fatal to the Church; but what these men fear is that, if the impartial hand of the State is withdrawn, the Church will become a sect, or, rather, as many sects as there are now parties. And if Disestablishment comes before the laity have gained their rights, we can guess what the Ecclesiastic-clerical, and especially the sort of laymen to whom Thomas Browne once referred as 'Ecclesiastical eunuchs,' will make of it.

Mr. Buckthorne, who had kept silent while we were talking, now said, 'This is a hard case, but it is nothing to what our parish has to endure.'

I said, 'What is your trouble? What has your parson done?'

'You might better ask, what has he not done! In the first place, there is a very ugly story about a farmer's daughter — the rights of which I neither know nor wish to know; but as a result none of the farmers will have anything to say to him. In the second place, he sits in the bar of the public house every Saturday night till closing time, drinking with the village toppers, and consequently the respectable tradesmen will not come into the church. And finally

it is reported, — I do not say it is true, for I should not like to bring such a charge against any man without positive proof, — but I do know it is commonly believed that he has *shot partridges sitting!* and, of course, after that, no *gentleman* will have anything to do with him.'

'I should hope not!' cried Sir William, indignantly.

No, I did not laugh at this moral anticlimax. I again asked if the Bishop could do nothing.

'Oh, the Bishop has been appealed to, and, being a good man himself and a gentleman, is, of course, greatly distressed. I was one of those who went to see him, but all he could say was, "Dear me, this is very sad. But it is to be remembered that the man is a rector and has a vested interest in the living. Of course, if responsible people can be found to substantiate these charges, undoubtedly he could be brought to trial; but it must not be forgotten that the law against libel is very stringent, and I should not care to move unless I could be assured that a verdict in my favor was a little more than probable." And so the matter was dropped.'

What shall we say to these things? Well, the obvious thing is that it is not Royalty, as the Fourth-of-July orators used to declaim, not the House of Lords, as the Hyde Park speakers are asserting, nor the palaces of the Bishops, as some of our Nonconformist friends believe; it is the 'vested interests,' which the new Democracy must blast out of Church and State before the people can determine their own destiny.

I suspect, if we were face to face, you, with your skeptical spirit, would suggest that there is something else to be said, which is that this quiet and intelligent-looking Mr. Buckthorne may have been feeding me on the same diet I served to his sister; at any rate, if not about the lesser immorality of his par-

son, at least about his heinous crime of shooting partridges sitting.

I do not deny that this is possible; and indeed, much as I should wish to believe such a story, I am almost in hopes it is not true; for, if you will read to the end of this long story, — which must, however, be left to my next, — you will see why I have to-day a fellow feeling for the wretch which, last night, I should have thought impossible!

### III

#### 'THE AULD UN'

We had intended to take our departure the next morning, but Sir William was so insistent that we should stay at least a part of the day, that we decided to wait until the afternoon. This gave great pleasure to Ruth, who wished to see the garden — she is still dreaming of that country parsonage, where she will have a garden of her own!

As there was nothing in particular for me to do, our host suggested that I might take a gun and go out with him to 'pick up a few rabbits.' I told him that the only ones I was likely to pick up would be those shot by someone else, for I had not handled a gun since I was in college. But, evidently, he felt about that as you would feel if a brother parson were to say that he was so rusty in his Greek that he could not read his New Testament. It would not seem credible!

You must know that nothing can be done in England without 'dressing for the part.' Sir William was already arrayed for the *battue*, but I had to get out some knickerbockers, which took time because the troublesome footman had put them away. However, they were found at last, and they with my Norfolk jacket made me presentable; so we started with the keeper, who carried over his shoulder a sack in which were evidently live creatures of some

sort, for the bag was constantly agitated. I hoped they might be rabbits for me to 'pick up,' but they proved to be ferrets.

When we reached the warrens, these crawling creatures — which look like diminutive dachshunds — were cast out of the bag and promptly melted into the earth. Soon there was heard a faint squealing, and the keeper announced that one of the young ferrets was killing a rabbit and would be of no further use to us. But the others had a deeper sense of duty, — or were better sportsmen, which seems to mean the same thing, — for soon the rabbits began to pop up all over the place. Sir William had potted two before I could get my gun to my shoulder. The keeper called my attention to the fact that it was necessary to 'look lively,' but that is a thing I have never been good at.

However, I determined that I would do better the next time the rabbits appeared. This I did, for a moment later, I saw a little bunch of fluff no bigger than your fist roll over and then lie still. One would have thought I had killed a bull moose, so generous was the applause of the keeper and Sir William. I felt as Mr. Winkle — or was it Mr. Tupman? — felt when he shut his eyes and brought down the bird! I shot a number of times more, but without success, and began to think I really must look more lively still. And I did! There were a few moments when no more rabbits appeared, though, from time to time, one of those slimy ferrets would come to the surface, stretch its long neck, and look around to see if anything of interest appeared, and then silently melt again into the earth. Suddenly a head appeared from a hole some distance away. Sir William did not move — evidently had not seen it; so, thinking this was my chance, I fired and the creature rolled over, kicked once or twice, and then lay still.

I looked for applause, but as you may have noticed, the audience does not always respond at the moment one expects!

There was a moment of silence, and then Sir William exclaimed, 'Good Lord! You've shot the ferret!'

The keeper groaned as if he had lost his only child and said, with tears in his voice, 'It was the auld un!'

There was nothing to be said, and the keeper sadly buried his favorite, and I felt as if I were one of that party who had buried Sir John Moore: —

Not a drum was heard,

Slowly and sadly we laid him down!

We walked away without a word. There came, however, to my mind a story Sir William had told me, of an American who came over to one of the great 'shoots' in Yorkshire, and asked his host as they started out the first morning how much he ought to give the keeper. He replied, 'It depends on where you hit him.' I laughed then, but I was not laughing now! For I was wondering what sum would make good the loss of an 'Auld Un.'

I gave him what I could afford, — indeed, more, — but I am not sure he will ever be the same man again! I know one thing. I could have bought a fat red deer for what that little handful of fluff cost me!

As we started to leave the little clump of pines which had been the scene of the murder, the keeper threw the sack on the ground and said to the boy who had accompanied us, — to bring home the rabbits, I suppose, — 'You can bring 'em home, Jock.'

He evidently had not the heart to gather up the remaining ferrets, and so strode away after Sir William. The boy looked up at me with a grin, and held up the index finger of his right hand, on which there was the scar of a bite. I gathered that he and the 'Auld Un' had

not been the best of friends, and that there was one of the party who did not mourn its untimely death!

I hurried after the others and, when I caught up with them, broke my gun to eject the lethal cartridge and the one that had not been fired. But my host said, 'Oh, I would n't do that: we might meet a grouse on the way back. Jenkins,' he said, turning to the keeper, 'have you seen any hereabouts?'

'There was a brace, Sir William, in the stubble-field this morning. They may be around now; we might take a look.'

'I think, then,' said Sir William, 'we will cut through the Green Lane and see what there is in that field.'

We had hardly entered the lane when a bird rose from behind a bush with a whirr that startled me; but I fired almost without taking aim, and brought it down. There was an awful silence, and then Sir William said, in a strained voice, 'I hardly know what we had better do. Still, as it is done, Jenkins, you had better send it up to the Hall.'

'Excuse me, Sir William,' said Jenkins, 'but there would be a lot of talk in the servants' hall, and I think it would be better if I took it home and burnt the feathers, and no one but ourselves need be any the wiser. Thank God, the boy is back in the wood! And I don't suppose the gentleman will talk.'

After a long pause, my host replied with a sigh, that he supposed that would be best.

Perhaps you will be asking, what was the trouble? I knew no more than you! At first I thought I must have killed the twin brother of the 'Auld Un'; but reflected that ferrets do not fly. It could not have been one of the keeper's children, as I feared when I caught a glimpse of his face, for children do not have feathers to burn! At last I said, rather testily, I fear, 'Would you mind telling me what is the trouble?'

Sir William looked at me, more in sor-

row than in anger, and solemnly replied, 'It was a PHEASANT!'

Even then I did not understand. But little by little it came out that I had committed the unpardonable sin. For the time of pheasants was not yet! There is a heavy fine for shooting them out of season, but that did not trouble my generous host. It was the shame of the thing! If it were ever known among his fellow sportsmen that he or his keeper had been seen with a dead pheasant in his possession before the appointed day, he was a ruined man!

Never again can I laugh at Mr. Winkle! It is true, I had not posed as a sportsman, but I should have had the moral courage to decline to have anything to do with a sport which might bring sorrow to the owner of the beloved 'Auld Un' and entail a shameful secret on my kindly host.

Much as I like them, I was glad to leave these kindly people, and one of them at least, I am sure, was glad to have me go! I can only hope that I may not be hereafter bracketed in his mind with the miscreant who is suspected of shooting partridges 'sitting'!

#### IV

##### CHURCH AND STATE

We were now headed again for Chester, but stopped the Sunday at Malvern. We had to go to the hotel near the station, because the more select one was full; but we found it very comfortable, and the people with whom we came in contact made up for the exclusiveness of the smaller one.

On Sunday morning, Ruth announced that she was going to take a day off; so I went to the Abbey alone. It is a beautiful building in spite of restorations; but as usual I was more interested in the people than in the building. As I had to look with Ruth's eyes as well as my own, the first thing I was struck by

was the number of children in church, and secondly by the beauty of the girls' hair. There were scores of girls whose hair would have made the fortune of the owner of a capillary tonic. It was long and glossy, and fine as silk. Sometimes it seemed to me the color was rather pale, but it floated over their shoulders in waves of beauty. I thought of St. Paul's remark that a woman's glory is her hair! Which showed a keener observation than one would have expected from him on such a subject. Indeed it is almost the only thing he says about women that appeals to the modern mind!

You remember Newman's remark in the *Apologia*, that, if there is anything more dreary than the Anglican service, he does not know what it is? Well, that may have been true in his day, before the Oxford Movement had revealed the beauty of the Liturgy, but could hardly have been said of the service at the Abbey that morning. But the sermon! I learned afterwards that the vicar was ill and that a young curate had been suddenly called on to take his place. It would have been far better had there been no sermon at all. The service was enough. I believe it is often enough, and the trouble with us parsons is that we do not know when to stop! I do not mean after the sermon has begun, but before it! Certainly, in this church, had the organist been taken suddenly ill, they would not have called on a choir-boy to play the organ, nor should that curate have been allowed to fret the congregation as he did. Well, it had one merit: it was but ten minutes long.

As I walked away, I was joined by a man whom I had noticed at the hotel. He abruptly remarked, 'Beastly sermon!'

Well, 'dog will not eat dog,' so I only said, 'Did you think so?'

'I should say I did. I call it a dis-

grace to allow such an exhibition. Damn lazy beggar, he did n't even get his text right! I wonder if there is any other profession in which such incompetence would be permitted? I do not know what his stipend may be; I only know he is grossly overpaid, no matter how small it may be.'

There did not seem to be anything to say that would not sound like an anticlimax after such eloquence, so I kept silence — a thing, by the way, an Englishman never resents.

One often hears it said that Englishmen do not care for sermons, but I suspect they like them as much as other people, when they can get them! I have been wondering since if I should have been so much impressed by the girls' hair if there had been more men in the church!

As you know, the *cause célèbre* is making great excitement here as all over the world — perhaps more here. As the judges were expected to give their decision yesterday, I hurried to the railway station this morning to get a Sunday paper. But there are no such things here! It seems incredible that the result of this portentous trial is known all over the world except less than a hundred miles from the spot where the verdict was given. But it is, so!

In the evening I attended the service at the little church near the hotel — Ruth's day off lasting into the evening! Not that I am surprised. We parsons work off the nervous strain in the act of preaching, and forget that the family has the strain without the relief! At any rate, that is the way with Ruth. I think she expects each Sunday that I shall come what the English call a 'cropper,' so I am glad when she can be induced to rest on the Lord's Day. But, on the other hand, a parson is like an actor, of whom I have heard it said that, if he gets a night off, he goes to some other theatre! Well, apart from its religious influence, which I trust



was not altogether lacking, I am glad I went to this church, for reasons I will now explain.

When the time for the notices came, the parson, with more hesitations and swallowings than I can describe, said, 'My brethren, at this morning's service (ahem!) I reminded you that a trial in which the whole world is interested [swallow], and in which questions of the most momentous importance were to be decided (ahem!), was being held (ahem!), and I suggested [swallow] that it would be well, if in your private prayers (ahem!) you would ask that the judges might be guided to a right judgment. Since then, however [a fearful swallow], I have been informed that a private telegram (ahem!) has been received, by a person present at this morning's service, saying (ahem!) that the judgment had been rendered yesterday. Possibly (ahem!) it may seem to some of you [swallow] that prayers offered after an event (ahem!) could in no wise affect that [swallow] event [swallow], and (ahem!) were therefore quite futile. But while this is (ahem!) a not unnatural, it is [swallow] a hasty conclusion. It may be that they will not immediately (ahem!) effect a reversal of a judgment, which, I am sure, we all feel was wrong. But even if that should be the result, who can put a limit to the Divine Omnipotence? I do not believe those prayers were in vain — I do not believe any prayers are in vain. I believe that, in ways we cannot foresee, God will bring good out of evil.'

You will note how, when he got on his own ground of personal experience, his confidence increased and his hesitations ceased. Illogical as it all sounds when it is put down in 'cold' type, I could not but admire the man's courage in sticking to his guns. And I suspect he had laid hold of a great truth which he could not quite swing — as who could? — and shall watch this

case with new interest to see if public opinion (which somehow we dissociate from the influence of God's Spirit) does not compel the court to do justice in spite of all.

I suppose there must have been a sermon, but I cannot remember anything about it. I had enough to think of in meditating on the notice! I wonder how often this is the case!

On returning to the hotel, I went into the smoking-room for a final pipe. There were three other men there, evidently 'gentry' — you know the type and also the oppressive silence of such places. One would have supposed that no one of them had ever seen the other! For a long time no one spoke. Finally one of them said, —

'That was an extraordinary remark of the parson's this morning, asking the congregation to ask in their prayers that the French judges might be led to a right judgment when many of us knew they had already rendered their decision!'

The silence which followed was so long that I thought the others did not wish to be drawn into a discussion on such a subject. But I was mistaken. One of them, when he 'got good and ready,' as they used to say in the part of the country I know best, expressed himself as follows: —

'It was worse than futile, it was highly improper. I felt incensed! I should never dream of praying for the damned scoundrels — I should consider it almost blasphemous.'

Another long silence, and then he continued: 'Moreover, I resent any attempt on the part of a parson to dictate to me what I should or should not pray for. I consider such things entirely private between me and my Maker. His advice was an infringement of personal liberty, and I highly resent it.'

As no one said anything for a little

space, I had time to rejoice in this exhibition of sturdy Protestant independence; but finally the silent member of the party spoke.

'I am thankful to say,' he remarked, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'that I was not present. My wife told me about it, and I said to her, "My dear, this only illustrates what I have often said, that the clergy never intrude into politics without making damn fools of themselves."'

I fled and sought for Ruth! At length I found her sitting in the drawing-room with three ladies — probably the wives of the smokers. She did not see me and this is what I heard: —

*First Lady.* Do you mean to say you like to live in America?

*Ruth.* Yes, very much.

*First Lady.* But do you not have a great deal of lynching there?

*Ruth* (confusedly). I am sorry to say we do have a good deal.

*Second Lady.* What is lynching?

*First Lady.* Why if a man is unpopular in a community, the leading people drag him away to a convenient tree and hang him. Sometimes they burn him. Shocking, is it not?

*Second Lady.* It would be shocking as a regular thing, but I confess it seems to me a most admirable custom for certain occasions, and I should be glad if it were brought over with other American inventions that we have found so convenient. Think what it would mean to wake up to-morrow and learn that Lloyd George had been hanged in the night!

*Third Lady* (vindictively). Yes, and better still, the whole Liberal cabinet.

*Third Lady.* Oh, that would be more than one could hope for.

*First Lady* (whose humanitarianism seems to have been poisoned by party politics, but who is trying to prevent a Reign of Terror in England). Surely you would except John Burns?

*Second Lady.* Perhaps I should. I sometimes think that he has really repented, and that now his face is set toward the light.

At that moment Ruth turned and caught my eye. She followed me out of the room, and though choking with laughter, said, 'I would give a good deal if you had not overheard that conversation!'

'Wouldn't have missed it for the world,' I replied; 'I have another to go with it and I shall call them "Church and State!"'

## V

### THE CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN

The average American returns from England declaring that the climate is wretched, and I have often shared that opinion myself; but, after all, where can one enjoy the twilight as in the British Isles? We do not know what it means, at home. But here, from eight to ten in the evening is the most enjoyable part of the day. We were sitting in the garden of the hotel in this pleasant time, I smoking and Ruth thinking, — I wonder of what? there was a far-away look in her eyes, — when a man came out of the dining-room and settled himself in one of the basket-chairs on the lawn, not far from us, and drawing out a dainty case, lit a small cigar, whose aroma floated to us.

I glanced at him indifferently but when Ruth said, 'That is an interesting face,' I looked at him more carefully. He was evidently a clergyman, but his dress was not that of the conventional parson, with the rigid 'dog-collar.' He wore a waistcoat, which buttoned to the throat, but was open enough to show a lawn cravat and a shirt of fine linen, which softened his somewhat formal costume. He looked not unlike the portrait of Dean Stanley which hangs in your study, and evidently be-

longed to the same period, or a little later. His face showed breeding and was one that would attract attention. It lacked, however, the high intelligence of Stanley, being rather weak — indeed, almost self-indulgent, in a refined way. Suddenly I recalled him. It was the Reverend Henry Waitland, rector of a fashionable West End 'Chapel of Ease.' I had last seen him when I was in college, at one of John Ropes's Sunday dinners. I remembered that I had been told that he was a well-known man in London, a friend of Ellen Terry and other celebrities. Indeed, he had the reputation of being more interested in the drama than in divinity! I thought it might please Ruth to meet him, so I strolled over and introduced myself, reminding him of our last meeting.

He was polite, but not enthusiastic. Indeed, I was reminded of the remark of the 'con man' on the steamer! However, when he caught a glimpse of Ruth, and learned she was my wife, he seemed to think better of us, and asked to be presented.

When we had talked a little about Boston, and he found that Ruth knew the right people, he thawed out and began to talk about London and the distinguished people he had known. It was most interesting to hear about the people one knew from books, and get the impressions of an eye-witness.

Ruth asked him what a 'Queen's chaplain' was. He laughed and said it was a man who had to leave his own congregation and go to Windsor to preach before the Queen whenever 'commanded.' Ruth remarked that she should think that would be a bore. But he said it was an honor. This sounded like a snub, but was evidently intended only as a statement of fact.

'Still,' he added, 'I will not deny that it is sometimes inconvenient. For instance: a year or two before the

Queen's death, I was summoned to preach the Easter sermon before Her Majesty, and would much have preferred to stop at home for that day. However, I went to Windsor, and found that my old friend Ponsonby was to take the service; but as I was to preach, he suggested that I read the Gospel. But imagine my surprise when, instead of saying the Collect for Easter, he said a collect which for the life of me I could not recall, or rather could not tell to what Sunday it belonged! You may imagine my embarrassment! I said to myself, "Whatever shall I do? Shall I read the Gospel for Easter, or shall I match Ponsonby?" It seemed the decent thing to stand by him, but then I said to myself, "How *can* I match Ponsonby, when I don't know this minute what Epistle he is now reading? And then I said to myself, "You have nothing to do with Ponsonby. You have been commanded to preach before Her Majesty on Easter Day, and your business is to read the service appointed for that day!" And that is what I did.

'After service the Queen sent for me, and after saying a few pleasant things, added: "I was both astonished and annoyed that Mr. Ponsonby should not have read the Collect for Easter." I did n't want to be unfair to Ponsonby, but I said, "You may imagine my feeling, ma'am, when I heard a collect for I did not know what day; and though I said to myself, 'Shall I match Ponsonby?' I did think it best to read the Gospel appointed for the day."

"You were quite right," said the Queen, "and I shall tell Mr. Ponsonby how much I dislike any deviation from the appointed service."

'So you see,' he added, 'that honors have their burdens.'

Now, I ask you, has Trollope any clerical story to equal this?

*Leighton Parks.*

*(The End)*

# THREE WOMEN

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

BESSIE STOKOE

He stood with the other young herds  
At the Hiring to-day;  
And I laughed and I chaffed and changed words  
With every young hind of them all  
As I stopped by the lollipop stall;  
But never a word did he say.

He had straggly long straw-colored hair  
And a beard like a goat;  
In his breeches a badly-stitched tear  
That I longed, standing there in the crush,  
To re-mend, as I hankered to brush  
The ruddle and fluff from his coat.

But his bonnie blue eyes, staring wide,  
Looked far beyond me,  
As though on some distant fellside  
His dogs were collecting the sheep,  
And he anxiously watched them to keep  
A young dog from running too free, —

And I almost expected to hear  
From the lips of the lad  
A shrill whistle sing in my ear,  
As he eyed that green hillside to check  
The fussy black frolicking speck  
That was chasing the gray specks like mad.

So I left them, and went on my way  
With a lad with black hair;  
And we swung and rode round all the day  
To the racket of corncrake and gong;  
But I never forgot in the throng  
The eyes with the far-away stare.

## THREE WOMEN

The jimmy-smart groom at my side  
Had twinkling black eyes;  
But the grin on his mouth was too wide;  
And his hands with my hands were too free;  
So I took care to slip him at tea  
As he turned round to pay for the pies;

And I left him alone on the seat  
With the teapot and cups  
And the two pies he'd paid for to eat.  
If he happens to think of the cause,  
It may teach him to keep his red paws  
For the handling of horses and pups.

But alone in the rain and the dark  
As I made for the farm,  
I halted a moment to hark  
To the sound of a shepherd's long stride;  
And the shy lad stepped up to my side,  
And I felt his arm link through my arm.

So it seems after all I'm to mend  
Those breeches, and keep  
That shaggy head clipped to the end,  
And the shaggy chin clean, and to give  
That coat a good brush, and to live  
All my days in an odor of sheep.

## ELLEN CHESTER

After working all day at the tan-pits,  
With strong hands tanned horny and hard  
And stained by the bark brown as leather,  
He would come every night from the yard.

And I from my work at the laundry,  
With hands soused in suds clean and white  
And soft to the touch as old linen,  
Would meet him half-way every night;

I'd meet him half-way every evening,  
Though always I shuddered to feel



Those hard fingers gripping my fingers  
And crushing my soft hands like steel.

But now I'm forgot and forsaken;  
And eagerly waiting he stands  
For a girl coming home from the gardens  
With weathered and grubby red hands.

As unseen in the dark of a doorway,  
I watch him alone and apart,  
My cold fingers fumble my bosom,  
To loosen his clutch on my heart.

## AGATHA TODD

Young lads tramping, fifes and drums—  
Down the street the racket comes;

And the drumsticks drub again  
On my stretched and aching brain;

While the screeching of the fife  
Just goes through me like a knife.

Yet I thought that music gay  
When Dick Lishman marched away;

And I laughed; for what was he  
But a lad who bothered me —

But a man of many men  
I had little need of, then?

Now I know that, if the fife  
Cut my heartstrings like a knife,

Rattling drumsticks, rub-a-dub,  
On my coffin-lid would drub;

And my heart would never rest  
In the hollow of my breast,

But would always start and beat  
To the tramping of dead feet.

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## AN ENHANCER OF TIME

BY MARGARET LYNN

ALWAYS have I wanted a clock for myself. By 'always' I mean since I first cast a desiring eye upon the possessions of maturity. Such a wish has root, I am sure, among moral instincts and is a credit to the wisher. It has enduring quality, also, proving its worth. My yearning went through successive stages, fixing itself in turn on cuckoo clock, grandfather's clock, banjo clock, but in time recognizing each one as not the thing of ultimate desire. A finer clock must be waiting somewhere.

But all this time I conducted no search for it. So peculiar a possession cannot be attained by ordinary way of traffic. You must wait, in a sort, for your clock to come to you. You cannot step out and buy one, like a kitchen range or a dictionary. An object so intimate must seek you, as well as you it. With all my eagerness to find mine, I yet hesitated always, fearful of not having the vision to recognize it when I saw it. It was far better to be without one than to attempt life with the wrong one.

Recently, however, my longing has been redoubled. I have acquired a house. That is to say, I have acquired the exclusive right to occupy it by paying monthly what is technically known as rent, but what I regard as an offering to the god of contentment. At this point of my account I am obliged to exercise great self-control, to keep from changing my theme and lucubrating on my house instead of my clock. No other subject could be so engaging — nor, I fear, so pervasive, so ubiquitous. All conversational roads lead to it; even

bypaths and scarcely seen sheep-tracks bring me gladly homing to my theme. I look with wonder and puzzled admiration on people who are householders, even house-owners, and who bear the glory both lightly and modestly. I realize that I must have known scores of persons who have houses, even houses beautiful in their eyes, but who allow the fact to pass as a matter of course. Such restraint is to be emulated, and at this moment bids me not pause on my other joys, sweet though they be, but pass on to my clock.

Even my house beautiful did not bring a timepiece with it, and my mantel above my fire was still empty when on a golden day not long ago I wandered into the second-hand-furniture store which stands next to the place where a householder may pay her monthly gas-bills. There ought to be some term more beautiful or quaint or racier than second-hand-furniture store, every syllable of which is prosaic, for that place of expectation and discovery and tragedy and plaintive romance. Every time you enter one it is an adventure in possibilities. This time I was following the lure of a tip-top round table, of which my Neighbor had told me. The second-hand-furniture-store-keeper — you can easily see the desirability of another word — denied having it, as they always do, according to some mystery of the trade, and I had to find it myself, as I always do, according to no mystery at all. It proved to be a disappointment, as also frequently happens. The man, when he had been introduced

to it, said it was walnut. And when I found a broken place on one of its rounds where it flaked up in white fibres when scraped, he said it had been jammed and would naturally do that way. He spoke as if it were a bruised apple.

I was unconvinced, but I could n't contradict a man in his own profession. So I merely stood off and put my head on one side dubiously and said that I did n't like the lines of it, which is always a convenient thing to say when all your other objections have been overruled. *Lines* is the only word I know that applies to furniture at any time. Having said it this time, I regarded the matter as settled and myself as excused from purchasing, and turned away in a brisk business-like manner.

And there, at my very elbow, was my clock. I knew it at once and recognized it as mine — I who had laughed at love at first sight and raised my eyebrows over affinities! No one is so accursed by fate, no one is so utterly desolate, but there is a clock waiting for him somewhere if he will just delay until he has formulated his last and best ideal. As proof of that, here was the incarnation of my dream, my last and best — no cackling cuckoo-clock or pompous grandfather's clock, or anything else but a little old mahogany Seth Thomas, right-lined and mellow-colored, dignified but genial, gracious though austere, self-contained yet temperamental. In literary quality it combined a humanitarian classicism with reserved romanticism; in doctrine it was, I should say, liberal Presbyterian. Along with its sociable air, it wore also the slight gravity which a clock should have, marking the reverence it feels for the time it measures. For adornment it wore, not the customary crude Renaissance landscape, but a piece of illumination in wonderful red and blue and gold, undoubtedly a detail from some fine old rubrication. At least, it had the com-

bined mellowness and freshness of an old manuscript, and the faint, very faint, ecclesiastical suggestion which rightfully belongs to a clock. All in all, in richness of personality, my clock was surpassing.

All this I saw at a glance. Nevertheless I stayed my haste and made delays. You can't spend everything you have, even on an affinity. I jiggled the pendulum and flipped the hammer, I raised doubts as to the wood and skeptically questioned the works — though all the time with secret apology. In the end the man was glad to take fifty cents for it. He could n't send it home, since he did n't deliver; but he could put it into a neat box just the right size — a second-hand box stood ready — and tie it with a second-hand string in such a way as to form a handle, and I could carry it home myself. I did so, speculating on how I should have carried the table home, had I bought it.

From this point on, I can best give the history of our relations, so far as they can be disentangled from my less important affairs, in the form of a journal. I never could keep a diary for myself, but there is a peculiar appropriateness in setting down in such methodical form the outline of one's experiences with time.

*Saturday, 16th.* I brought the clock home. Perhaps I should say the clock came home, for I had as much a sense of being accompanied as of bringing. Without waiting for the polishing or adjusting which it obviously needed, I put it up on my mantel and it settled down with an air of satisfaction which gave sweet gratification to me. Even when we were coming home I had wondered how it would like my house. But it seemed to fit into place like an acorn in its cup or a flower in its calyx. It put, as I knew it would, the last and finest touch to my house, which I had thought almost perfect before. My Neighbor,

who is a most sympathetic person, came in and rejoiced with me, as a neighbor should. It was with great reluctance that I left it and went out to pour at a tea. But my best thoughts and, I suspect, my finest conversation, were still with my new possession, and as the result of my eloquence a large part of the tea-guests came home with me when I came, to look at my prize. All the finer-natured of them at once saw its qualities; I suppose there are always persons to whom a clock is simply a machine.

I sat up late to-night, merely enjoying it. It seemed like reëstablishing my house. For this is to be not simply a marker of time, but a marker of *my* time. No relation could be more intimate. It is to be interwoven in all my experience, to time my duties, and announce my joys, and limit my sufferings. Another self — if there is such a thing — could not be nearer. After all, our widest notion of existence includes only two eternities and a clock.

But I did not try to set it going; acquisition was enough for one day.

*Sunday, 17th.* My Neighbor came in early this morning — she never misses church — and we wound the clock and found that it will go. Unfortunately the pendulum-plate is missing — though I was sure it had one when I looked at it in the second-hand store — and the pendulum-wire waggles away nervously, with an erratic motion. There is an eager good-will about it, though, that goes to your heart, and shows what its fundamental disposition is.

Not long ago I took a short trip on a local motor train, which has a charming way of picking up and transporting the life of the people along its path. I have traveled all the way to California with less sociability than was condensed into those two hours. If I had time I should ride up and down on that road often, so pleasing is it. The chief interest was afforded by a large party who got on at

Weston and got off at River Falls, where they were going to have a surprise dinner for old Mr. Daniel Bates — some of them called him uncle — who used to live at Weston and who now had 'had locomotor ataxia for ten years, but was the cheerfulest thing you ever saw.' They were carrying all the material for their dinner with them, even to the live rooster whom they were treating to a ride before putting him into the pot. 'Sister Aggie' sat with me chiefly, though they all changed places many times, and conversed agreeably about the symptoms of locomotor ataxia combined with cheerfulness.

My clock reminded me at first of old Mr. Bates. It certainly had the manner of locomotor ataxia, if I know what that is, but it was also the cheerfulest thing ever seen. It went five days before night, and even then indicated perfect willingness to go on if I would wind it again. But there was a pathos about its gay endeavor which I could not stand. The lovely lady who reincarnates Portia came in and said that it would not do; it must not be wearing its little heart out that way. So we went to bed in a silent house.

*Monday, 18th.* When I came in from a lecture this morning, my clock was ticking in regular rhythmic beats, with a serenity which showed it had returned happily to old-time habits. There was a complete at-homeness about it that was the most musical thing I had ever heard. I was willing to think that this was a natural happening, and sat down to listen to its systole and diastole, in perfect content. But my Neighbor came presently to show me that she had been in before and had tied two lead dress-weights to the end of the pendulum, with a pink ribbon. My Neighbor is both practical and æsthetic, as well as neighborly. She now had a proposal to make; she would put my clock in order for me and regulate it, for a considera-

tion. A church society of some kind was requiring each member to bring to it a dollar which must not be part of her regular income, but earned by some abnormal form of usefulness. I don't know whether the purpose was religious or purely economic — instituted to discover new industries. My Neighbor said that she had eighty cents already, and for twenty she would see that my clock went, and throw in the dress-weights and the pink ribbon. I am no bargain-driver and I accepted the offer, only stipulating for the usual guarantee of a year's running.

*Thursday, 21st.* The clock is still going. I spent an hour this morning polishing it and bathing its face and hands. The very terminology of a clock shows how human it is. Its door-knob proves to be pewter. Its rubrication seems much finer since I cleaned the glass.

Even in all my yearnings for a clock I did not dream how romantic and subtle the relation with one would be. The sternest-faced one is not merely a monitor and a conscience. It is that, to be sure, when necessity calls, but it is also a companion, a sympathizer. It is your assurance of continuity and consistency of action, even of individuality. The very sight of its face gives guarantee that you are you and have been for some time, and that you will probably still be to-morrow.

*Friday, 22nd.* This is my birthday and my Neighbor brought me a brass pendulum-plate which she had wheedled out of a second-handed man. She took back the dress-weights and the ribbon. As this is a screw-up plate she thinks she will now be able to regulate the works better. I don't greatly mind having them unregulated; for if the clock is fast, it seems to me to be so because it has an ardent disposition and an eager heart; and if it is slow it seems to me to be serene and quiet-hearted,

and I like it both ways. I don't care to have my clock keep exactly the time that every clock is supposed to keep. However, my Neighbor wants to regulate it.

*Monday, 25th.* I made a very annoying mistake to-day. In the midst of a call I suddenly remembered that the clock was slow, and I absent-mindedly rose and turned it ahead fifteen minutes. It was very tactless, and I was immediately embarrassed. However, my caller did not leave, but only used the occasion to remind me that last week when several agreeable persons were pleasantly drinking tea with me, I suddenly and quite irrelevantly exclaimed, 'Listen! the clock is going to strike six!' I was only wishing to call attention to the tone of the stroke. But I must be more careful, for they all went home very soon, and I remember that the last time they came to tea before that, they stayed until half-past seven, and everybody's dinner had to be put back.

*Wednesday, 27th.* The clock has stopped.

*Thursday, 28th.* My Neighbor, who has not yet received her twenty cents, came and got the clock and took it home, uttering her intention of taking it to pieces and cleaning it. My Neighbor secretly wishes she were a tinker instead of a lady, and would like to have me buy a dozen clocks and let her take them all to pieces.

I let it go with trepidation, for it is, and can be, my only one, and there are clockmakers; but my Neighbor is a 'magerful' person and has me a good deal under her thumb, where she keeps me for the purpose of dispensing favors to me.

*Saturday, 30th.* My Neighbor brought back the clock, going briskly, and apologetic for its lapse. She found the lost pendulum-plate up among the works.

It was a rare union of heart and head,



I must say. My Neighbor took home the pendulum she gave me for my birthday — for the nucleus of a new clock, I suppose. She now has both the dress-weights and the pendulum. She also raised her price to a quarter, because here eighty cents have shrunk to seventy-five.

*Tuesday, 3d.* I have known clocks that, when you sat down before them, in front of the fire, would bid you not stay there too long — not more than twenty minutes at most, and they will tell you when they are up — but be off and about those duties. Mine is different. It beams at me sympathetically or joyously, according to my needs, and takes up our intercourse at exactly the point where we dropped it, and is always urging me to stay a little longer.

But there are people who are willing to know the time from just any clock.

*Wednesday, 4th.* Since its return, the clock has settled down again on the mantel with an air of renewed satisfaction, as if even its brief absence had added to its joy in being here. As for me, I find courage grow under its protection. I should find the face-to-face prospect of unmeasured time too appalling without it as an intermediary. It ekes time out to me by degrees and makes it a serviceable instead of an awful thing.

Still, it has its whims. When I try to write verse I find I must be iambic. I can't get a dactyl or an anapest into the room. There are times when it insists on ticking off heroic couplets — a form I detest — to me, to a length that is annoying.

*Saturday, 7th.* I had to spend a large part of the morning rearranging my walls. It began when the clock, now thoroughly at home, said that, if it was to be on the mantel, it must be in the exact middle; and the lady who is Portia abetted it. So it literally threw out my magnificent Annunciation Angel,

who had been supposing himself the greatest thing in the room. It also refused in turn Savonarola, and Michael Angelo's notions of creation and an innocent etching — the last, because it looked too new. I spent more than an hour offering it pictures and having them rejected; and in the end it had its pick of my few humble treasures. I noticed that it finally chose the meekest and most gently orthodox of them all, ones which were quite willing to be subordinate to it. And yet through the whole performance its manner was so engaging and so whimsically deprecatory that I was rather charmed than impatient, although it spoiled my morning's work. At the end it seemed to say quaintly, 'Now we are all perfectly comfortable'; and I was really as well pleased as it was.

*Sunday, 8th.* My Neighbor collected her quarter. I wanted to charge her for the artistic joy she had had, coming up here three times a day to tinker with a clock like this; but she said that a subtle pleasure of that kind could not be paid for in material form, and she would not try.

I am glad that the clock cannot indulge in reminiscence. I may be only a step-owner, but it is simply the mere accident of missing my rightful generation that kept me from being the original one. In all those sealed-up experiences of which I shall never hear, my clock must have had relations with people, even emotional relations, but I don't wish to know of them. Anyway, I am sure it never felt for anyone else what it now feels for me.

*Saturday, 14th.* When I came in very late to-night from unprofitable occupations, my clock said very distinctly, 'Wherever have you been all this long time? I have been looking for you for hours. Now light the fire and take that chair and let's sit up late and think about things and have a good time.'

# FIRE OF BEAUTY

BY L. ADAMS BECK

*Salutation to Ganesa the Lord of Wisdom, and to Saraswatí the Lady of Sweet Speech!*

This story was composed by the Brahmin Visravas, that dweller on the banks of holy Káshi; and though the events it records are long past, yet it is absolutely and immutably true because, by the power of his *yoga*, he summoned up every scene before him, and beheld the persons moving and speaking as in life. Thus he had nought to do but to set down what befell.

What follows, that hath he seen.

## I

Wide was the plain, the morning sun shining full upon it, drinking up the dew as the Divine drinks up the spirit of man. Far it stretched, resembling the ocean, and riding upon it like a stately ship was the league-long Rock of Chitor. It is certainly by the favor of the Gods that this great fortress of the Rajput Kings thus rises from the plain, leagues in length, noble in height; and very strange it is to see the flat earth fall away from it like waters from the bows of a boat, as it soars into the sky with its burden of palaces and towers.

Here dwelt the Queen Padmini and her husband Bhimsi, the Rana of the Rajputs.

The sight of the holy ascetic Visravas pierced even the secrets of the Rani's bower, where, in the inmost chamber of marble, carved until it appeared like lace or the foam of the sea, she was

seated upon cushions of blue Bokhariot silk, like the lotus whose name she bore floating upon the blue depths of the lake. She had just risen from the shallow bath of marble at her feet.

Most beautiful was this Queen, a haughty beauty such as should be a Rajput lady; for the name 'Rajput' signifies Son of a King, and this lady was assuredly the daughter of Kings and of no lesser persons. And since that beauty is long since ashes (all things being transitory), it is permitted to describe the mellowed ivory of her body, the smooth curves of her hips, and the defiance of her glimmering bosom, half veiled by the long silken tresses of sandal-scented hair which a maiden on either side, bowing toward her, knotted upon her head. But even he who with his eyes has seen it can scarce tell the beauty of her face — the slender arched nose, the great eyes like lakes of darkness in the reeds of her curled lashes, the mouth of roses, the glance, deerlike but proud, that courted and repelled admiration. This cannot be told, nor could the hand of man paint it. Scarcely could that fair wife of the Pandava Prince, Draupadi the Beautiful (who bore upon her perfect form every auspicious mark) excel this lady.

*(Ashes — ashes! May Maheshwara have mercy upon her rebirths!)*

Throughout India had run the fame of this beauty. In the bazaars of Kashmir they told of it. It was recorded in the palaces of Travancore, and all the lands that lay between; and in an evil hour — may the Gods curse the

mother that bore him! — it reached the ears of Allah-u-Din, the Moslem dog, a very great fighting-man who sat in Middle India, looting and spoiling.

*(Ah! for the beauty that is as a burning flame!)*

In the gardens beneath the windows of the Queen, the peacocks, those maharajas of the birds, were spreading the bronze and emerald of their tails. The sun shone on them as on heaps of jewels, so that they dazzled the eyes. They stood about the feet of the ancient Brahmin sage, he who had tutored the Queen in her childhood and given her wisdom as the crest-jewel of her loveliness. He, the Twice-born, sat under the shade of a neem tree, hearing the gurgle of the sacred waters from the Cow's Mouth, where the great tank shone under the custard-apple boughs; and, at peace with all the world, he read in the Scripture which affirms the transience of all things drifting across the thought of the Supreme like clouds upon the surface of the Ocean.

*(Ah! that loveliness is also illusion!)*

Her women placed about the Queen — that Lotus of Women — a robe of silk of which none could say that it was green or blue, the noble colors so mingled into each other under the latticed gold work of Káshi. They set the jewels on her head, and wide thin rings of gold heavy with great pearls in her ears. Upon the swell of her bosom they clasped the necklace of table emeralds, large, deep, and full of green lights, which is the token of the Chitor queens. Upon her slender ankles they placed the *chooris* of pure soft gold, set also with grass-green emeralds, and the delicate soles of her feet they reddened with lac. Nor were her arms forgotten, but loaded with bangles so free from alloy that they could be bent between the hands of a child. Then with fine paste they painted the Symbol between her dark brows, and, rising, she shone divine as a nymph

of heaven who should cause the righteous to stumble in his austerities, and arrest even the glances of Gods.

*(Ah! that the Transient should be so fair!)*

## II

Now it was the hour that the Rana should visit her; for since the coming of the Lotus Lady, he had forgotten his other women, and in her was all his heart. He came from the Hall of Audience where petitions were heard, and justice done to rich and poor; and as he came, the Queen, hearing his step on the stone, dismissed her women, and smiling to know her loveliness, bowed before him, even as the Goddess Umá bows before Him who is her other half.

Now he was a tall man, with the falcon look of the Hill Rajputs, and moustaches that curled up to his eyes, lion-waisted and lean in the flanks like Arjoon himself, a very ruler of men; and as he came, his hand was on the hilt of the sword that showed beneath his gold coat of Khincob. On the high cushions he sat, and the Rani a step beneath him; and she said, raising her lotus eyes:—

‘Speak, Aryaputra, son of a gentleman — what hath befallen?’

And he, looking upon her beauty with fear, replied, —

‘It is thy beauty, O wife, that brings disaster.’

‘And how is this?’ she asked very earnestly.

For a moment he paused, regarding her as might a stranger, as one who considers a beauty in which he hath no part; and, drawn by this strangeness, she rose and knelt beside him, pillowing her head upon his heart.

‘Say on,’ she said in her voice of music.

He unfurled a scroll that he had crushed in his strong right hand, and read aloud: —

“Thus says Allah-u-Din, Shadow of God, Wonder of the Age, Viceregent of Kings. We have heard that in the Treasury of Chitor is a jewel, the like of which is not in the Four Seas — the work of the hand of the Only God, to whom be praise! This jewel is thy Queen, the Lady Padmini. Now, since the sons of the Prophet are righteous, I desire but to look upon this jewel, and ascribing glory to the Creator, to depart in peace. Granted requests are the bonds of friendship; therefore lay the head of acquiescence in the dust of opportunity and name an auspicious day.”

He crushed it again and flung it furiously from him on the marble.

‘The insult is deadly. The *soor!* son of a debased mother! Well he knows that to the meanest Rajput his women are sacred, and how much more the daughters and wives of the Kings! The jackals feast on the tongue that speaks this shame! But it is a threat, Beloved—a threat! Give me thy counsel that never failed me yet.’

For the Rajputs take counsel with their women who are wise.

They were silent, each weighing the force of resistance that could be made; and this the Rani knew even as he.

‘It cannot be,’ she said; ‘the very ashes of the dead would shudder to hear. Shall the Queens of India be made the sport of the barbarians?’

Her husband looked upon her fair face. She could feel his heart labor beneath her ear.

‘True, wife; but the barbarians are strong. Our men are tigers, each one, but the red dogs of the Dekkan can pull down the tiger, for they are many, and he alone.’

Then that great Lady, accepting his words, and conscious of the danger, murmured this, clinging to her husband:—

‘There was a Princess of our line whose beauty made all other women

seem as waning moons in the sun’s splendor. And many great Kings sought her, and there was contention and war. And, she, fearing that the Rajputs would be crushed to powder between the warring Kings, sent unto each this message: “Come on such and such a day, and thou shalt see my face and hear my choice.” And they, coming, rejoiced exceedingly, thinking each one that he was the Chosen. So they came into the great Hall, and there was a table, and somewhat upon it covered with a gold cloth; and an old veiled woman lifted the gold, and the head of the Princess lay there with the lashes like night upon her cheek, and between her lips was a little scroll, saying this: “I have chosen my Lover and my Lord, and he is mightiest, for he is Death.” — So the Kings went silently away. And there was Peace.’

The music of her voice ceased, and the Rana clasped her closer.

‘This I cannot do. Better die together. Let us take counsel with the ancient Brahmin, thy *guru* [teacher], for he is very wise.’

She clapped her hands, and the maidens returned, and, bowing, brought the venerable Prabhu Narayan into the Presence, and again those roses retired.

Respectful salutation was then offered by the King and the Queen to that saint, hoary with wisdom — he who had seen her grow into the loveliness of the sea-born Shri, yet had never seen that loveliness; for he had never raised his eyes above the chooris about her ankles. To him the King related his anxieties; and he sat wrapt in musing, and the two waited in dutiful silence until long minutes had fallen away; and at the last he lifted his head, weighted with wisdom, and spoke.

‘O King, Descendant of Rama! this outrage cannot be. Yet, knowing the strength and desire of this obscene one and the weakness of our power, it is

plain that only with cunning can cunning be met. Hear, therefore, the history of the Fox and the Drum.

'A certain Fox searched for food in the jungle, and so doing beheld a tree on which hung a drum; and when the boughs knocked upon the parchment, it sounded aloud. Considering, he believed that so round a form and so great a voice must portend much good feeding. Neglecting on this account a fowl that fed near by, he ascended to the drum. The drum being rent was but air and parchment, and meanwhile the fowl fled away. And from the eye of folly he shed the tear of disappointment, having bartered the substance for the shadow. So must we act with this *bud-mash* [scoundrel]. First, receiving his oath that he will depart without violence, bid him hither to a great feast, and say that he shall behold the face of the Queen in a mirror. Provide that some fair woman of the city show her face, and then let him depart in peace, showing him friendship. He shall not know he hath not seen the beauty he would befool.'

After consultation, no better way could be found; but the heart of that great Lady was heavy with foreboding.

*(Ah! that Beauty should wander a pilgrim in the ways of sorrow!)*

To Allah-u-Din therefore did the King dispatch this letter by swift riders on mares of Mewar.

After salutations — 'Now whereas thou hast said thou wouldst look upon the beauty of the Treasure of Chitor, know it is not the custom of the Rajputs that any eye should light upon their treasure. Yet assuredly, when requests arise between friends, there cannot fail to follow distress of mind and division of soul if these are ungranted. So, under promises that follow, I bid thee to a great feast at my poor house of Chitor, and thou shalt see that beauty reflected in a mirror, and so seeing,

depart in peace from the house of a friend.'

This being writ by the Twice-Born, the Brahmin, did the Rana sign with bitter rage in his heart. And the days passed.

### III

On a certain day found fortunate by the astrologers — a day of early winter, when the dawns were pure gold and the nights radiant with a cool moon — did a mighty troop of Moslems set their camp on the plain of Chitor. It was as if a city had blossomed in an hour. Those who looked from the walls muttered prayers to the Lord of the Trident; for these men seemed like the swarms of the locust-people, warriors all, fierce fighting-men. And in the ways of Chitor, and up the steep and winding causeway from the plains, were warriors also, the chosen of the Rajputs, thick as blades of corn hedging the path.

*(Ah! that the blossom of beauty should have swords for thorns!)*

Then, leaving his camp, attended by many Chiefs, — may the mothers and sires that begot them be accursed! — came Allah-u-Din, riding toward the Lower Gate, and so upward along the causeway, between the two rows of men who neither looked nor spoke, standing like the carvings of war in the Caves of Ajunta. And the moon was rising through the sunset as he came beneath the last and seventh gate. Through the towers and palaces he rode with his following, but no woman, veiled or unveiled, — no, not even an outcast of the city, — was there to see him come; only the men, armed and silent. So he turned to Munim Khan that rode at his bridle, saying, —

'Let not the eye of watchfulness close this night on the pillow of forgetfulness!'

And thus he entered the palace.



Very great was the feast in Chitor, and the wines that those accursed should not drink (since the Outcast whom they call their Prophet forbade them) ran like water, and at the right hand of Allah-u-Din was set the great crystal Cup inlaid with gold by a craft that is now perished; and he filled and refilled it — may his own Prophet curse the swine!

But because the sons of Kings eat not with the outcast, the Rana entered after, clothed in chain armor of blue steel, and having greeted him, bid him to the sight of that Treasure. And Allah-u-Din, his eyes swimming with wine, and yet not drunken, followed, and the two went alone.

Purdahs [curtains] of great splendor were hung in the great Hall that is called the Raja's Hall, exceeding rich with gold, and in front of the opening was a kneeling-cushion, and on a gold stool before it a polished mirror.

*(Ah! for gold and beauty, the scourges of the world!)*

And the Rana was pale to the lips.

Now as the Princes stood by the purdah, a veiled woman, shrouded in white so that no shape could be seen in her, came forth from within, and kneeling upon the cushion, she unveiled her face, bending until the mirror, like a pool of water, held it, and that only. And the King motioned his guest to look, and he looked over her veiled shoulder and saw. Very great was the bowed beauty that the mirror held, but Allah-u-Din turned to the Rana.

'By the Bread and the Salt, by the Guest-Right, by the Honor of thy House, I ask — is this the Treasure of Chitor?'

And since the Sun-Descended cannot lie, no, not though they perish, the Rana answered, flushing darkly, —

'This is not the Treasure. Wilt thou spare?'

But he would not, and the woman

slipped like a shadow behind the purdah and no word said.

Then was heard the tinkling of chooris, and the little noise fell upon the silence like a fear, and, parting the curtains, came a woman veiled like the other. She did not kneel, but took the mirror in her hand, and Allah-u-Din drew up behind her back. From her face she raised the veil of gold Dakka webs, and gazed into the mirror, holding it high, and that Accursed stumbled back, blinded with beauty, saying this only, —

'I have seen the Treasure of Chitor.'

So the purdah fell about her.

The next day, after the Imaum of the Accursed had called them to prayer, they departed, and Allah-u-Din, paying thanks to the Rana for honors given and taken, and swearing friendship, besought him to ride to his camp, to see the marvels of gold and steel armor brought down from the passes, swearing also safe-conduct. And because the Rajputs trust the word even of a foe, he went.

*(Ah! that honor should strike hands with traitors!)*

#### IV

The hours went by, heavy-footed like mourners.

Padmini the Rani knelt by the window in her tower that overlooks the plains. Motionless she knelt there, as the Goddess Umá lost in her penances, and she saw her Lord ride forth, and the sparkle of steel where the sun shone on them, and the Standard of the Gold Disk on its black ground. So the camp of the Moslem swallowed them up, and they returned no more. Still she knelt and none dared speak with her; and as the first shade of evening fell across the hills of Rajasthan, she saw a horseman spurring over the flat; and he rode like the wind, and, seeing, she implored the Gods.

Then entered the Twice-Born, that saint of clear eyes, and he bore a scroll; and she rose and seated herself, and he stood by her, as her ladies cowered like frightened doves before the woe in his face as he read.

'To the Rose of Beauty, The Pearl among Women, the Chosen of the Palace. Who, having seen thy loveliness, can look on another? Who, having tasted the wine of the Houris, but thirsts forever? Behold, I have thy King as hostage. Come thou and deliver him. I have sworn that he shall return in thy place.'

And from a smaller scroll, the Brahmin read this:—

'I am fallen in the snare. Act thou as becomes a Rajputni.'

Then that Daughter of the Sun lifted her head, for the thronging of armed feet was heard in the Council Hall below. From the floor she caught her veil and veiled herself in haste, and the Brahmin with bowed head followed, while her women mourned aloud. And, descending, between the folds of the purdah she appeared white and veiled, and the Brahmin beside her, and the eyes of all the Princes were lowered to her shrouded feet, while the voice they had not heard fell silverly upon the air, and the echoes of the high roof repeated it.

'Chiefs of the Rajputs, what is your counsel?'

And he of Marwar stepped forward, and not raising his eyes above her feet, answered, —

'Queen, what is thine?'

For the Rajputs have ever heard the voice of their women.

And she said, —

'I counsel that I die and my head be sent to him, that my blood may quench his desire.'

And each talked eagerly with the other, but amid the tumult the Twice-Born said, —

'This is not good talk. In his rage he will slay the King. By my yoga, I have seen it. Seek another way.'

So they sought, but could determine nothing, and they feared to ride against the dog, for he held the life of the King; and the tumult was great, but all were for the King's safety.

Then once more she spoke.

'Seeing it is determined that the King's life is more than my honor, I go this night. In your hand I leave my little son, the Prince Ajeysi. Prepare my litters, seven hundred of the best, for all my women go with me. Depart now, for I have a thought from the Gods.'

Then, returning to her bower, she spoke this letter to the saint, and he wrote it, and it was sent to the camp.

After salutations — 'Wisdom and strength have attained their end. Have ready for release the Rana of Chitor, for this night I come with my ladies, the prize of the conqueror.'

When the sun sank, a great procession with torches descended the steep way of Chitor — seven hundred litters, and in the first was borne the Queen, and all her women followed.

All the streets were thronged with women, weeping and beating their breasts. Very greatly they wept, and no men were seen, for their livers were black within them for shame as the Treasure of Chitor departed, nor would they look upon the sight. And across the plains went that procession; as if the stars had fallen upon the earth, so glittered the sorrowful lights of the Queen.

But in the camp was great rejoicing, for the Barbarians knew that many fair women attended on her.

Now, before the entrance to the camp they had made a great *shamiana* [tent] ready, hung with shawls of Kashmir and the plunder of Delhi; and there was set a silk divan for the Rani,

and beside it stood the Loser and the Gainer, Allah-u-Din and the King, awaiting the Treasure.

Veiled she entered, stepping proudly, and taking no heed of the Moslem, she stood before her husband, and even through the veil he could feel the eyes he knew.

And that Accursed spoke, laughing.

'I have won — I have won, O King! Bid farewell to the Chosen of the Palace — the Beloved of the Viceregent of Kings!'

Then she spoke softly, delicately, in her own tongue, that the outcast should not guess the matter of her speech.

'Stand by me. Stir not. And when I raise my arm, cry the cry of the Rajputs. NOW!'

And she flung her arm above her head, and instantly, like a lion roaring, he shouted, drawing his sword, and from every litter sprang an armed man, glittering in steel, and the bearers, humble of mien, were Rajput knights, every one.

Allah-u-Din thrust at the breast of the Queen; but around them surged the war, and she was hedged with swords like a rose in the thickets.

Very full of wine, dull with feasting and lust and surprise, the Moslems fled across the plains, streaming in a broken rabble, cursing and shouting like low-caste women; and the Rajputs, wiping their swords, returned from the pursuit and laughed upon each other.

But what shall be said of the joy of the King and of her who had imagined this thing, instructed of the Goddess who is the other half of her Lord?

So the procession returned, singing, to Chitor with those Two in the midst; but among the dogs that fled was Allah-u-Din, his face blackened with shame and wrath, the curses choking in his foul throat.

*(Ah! that the evil still walk the ways of the world!)*

## V

So the time went by and the beauty of the Queen grew, and her King could see none but hers. Like the moon she obscured the stars, and every day he remembered her wisdom, her valor, and his soul did homage at her feet, and there was great content in Chitor.

It chanced one day that the Queen, looking from her high window that like an eagle's nest overhung the precipice, saw, on the plain beneath, a train of men, walking like ants, and each carried a basket on his back, and behind them was a cloud of dust like a great army. Already the city was astir because of this thing, and the rumors came thick and the spies were sent out.

In the dark they returned, and the Rana entered the bower of Padmini, his eyes burning like coal with hate and wrath, and he flung his arm round his wife like a shield.

'He is returned, and in power. Counsel me again, O wife, for great is thy wisdom!'

But she answered only this, —

'Fight, for this time it is to the death.'

Then each day she watched how the baskets of earth, emptied upon the plain at first, made nothing, an ant-heap whereat fools might laugh. But each day as the trains of men came, spilling their baskets, the great earth-works grew and their height mounted. Day after day the Rajputs rode forth and slew; and as they slew it seemed that all the teeming millions of the earth came forth to take the places of the slain. And the Rajputs fell also, and under the pennons the thundering forces returned daily, thinned of their best.

*(Ah! that Evil rules the world as God!)*

And still the earth grew up to the heights, and the protection of the hills was slowly withdrawn from Chitor, for

on the heights they made they set their engines of war.

Then in a red dawn that great Saint Narayan came to the Queen, where she watched by her window, and spoke.

'O great lady, I have dreamed a fearful dream. Nay, rather have I seen a vision.'

With her face set like a sword, the Queen said, —

'Say on.'

'In a light red like blood, I waked, and beside me stood the Mother, — Durga, — awful to see, with a girdle of heads about her middle; and the drops fell thick and slow from That which she held in her hand, and in the other was her sickle of Doom. Nor did she speak, but my soul heard her words.'

'Narrate them.'

'She commanded: "Say this to the Rana: 'In Chitor is My altar; in Chitor is thy throne. If thou wouldst save either, send forth twelve crowned Kings of Chitor to die.'""'

As he said this, the Rana, forespent with fighting, entered and heard the Divine word.

Now there were twelve princes of the Rajput blood, and the youngest was the son of Padmini. What choice had these most miserable but to appease the dreadful anger of the Goddess? So on each fourth day a King of Chitor was crowned, and for three days sat upon the throne, and on the fourth day, set in the front, went forth and died fighting. So perished eleven Kings of Chitor, and now there was left but the little Ajeysi, the son of the Queen.

And that day was a great Council called.

Few were there. On the plains many lay dead; holding the gates many watched; but the blood was red in their hearts and flowed like Indus in the melting of the snows. And to them spoke the Rana, his hand clenched on his sword, and the other laid on the small dark

head of the Prince Ajeysi, who stood between his knees. And as he spoke his voice gathered strength till it rang through the hall like the voice of Indra when he thunders in the heavens.

'Men of the Rajputs, this child shall not die. Are we become jackals that we fall upon the weak and tear them? When have we put our women and children in the forefront of the war? I — I only am King of Chitor. Narayan shall save this child for the time that will surely come. And for us — what shall we do? I die for Chitor!'

And like the hollow waves of a great sea they answered him, —

'We will die for Chitor.'

There was silence and Marwar spoke.

'The women?'

'Do they not know the duty of a Rajputni?' said the King. 'My household has demanded that the caves be prepared.'

And the men clashed stern joy with their swords, and the council dispersed.

Then that very great saint, the Twice-Born, put off the sacred thread that is the very soul of the Brahmin. In his turban he wound it secretly, and he stained his noble Aryan body until it resembled the Pariahs, foul for the pure to see, loathsome for the pure to touch, and he put on him the rags of the lowest of the earth, and taking the Prince, he removed from the body of the child every trace of royal and Rajput birth, and he appeared like a child of the Bhils — the vile forest wanderers that shame not to defile their lips with carrion. And in this guise they stood before the Queen; and when she looked on the saint, the tears fell from her eyes like rain, not for grief for her son, nor for death, but that for their sake the pure should be made impure and the glory of the Brahminhood be defiled. And she fell at the old man's feet and laid her head on the ground before him.

'Rise, daughter!' he said, 'and take

comfort! Are not the eyes of the Gods clear that they should distinguish? — and this day we stand before the God of Gods. Have not the Great Ones said, "That which causes life causes also decay and death"? Therefore we who go and you who stay are alike a part of the Divine. Embrace now thy child and bless him, for we depart. And it is on account of the sacrifice of the Twelve that he is saved alive.'

So, controlling her tears, she rose, and clasping the child to her bosom, she bade him be of good cheer since he went with the Gods. And that great saint took his hand from hers, and for the first time in the life of the Queen he raised his aged eyes to her face, and she gazed at him; but what she read, even the ascetic Visravas, who saw all by the power of his yoga, could not tell, for it was beyond speech. Very certainly the peace hereafter possessed her.

So those two went out by the secret ways of the rocks, and wandering far, were saved by the favor of Durga.

## VI

And the nights went by and the days, and the time came that no longer could they hold Chitor, and all hope was dead.

On a certain day the Rana and the Rani stood for the last time in her bower, and looked down into the city; and in the streets were gathered in a very wonderful procession the women of Chitor; and not one was veiled. Flowers that had bloomed in the inner chambers, great ladies jeweled for a festival, young brides, aged mothers, and girl children clinging to the robes of their mothers who held their babes, crowded the ways. Even the low-caste women walked with measured steps and proudly, decked in what they had of best, their eyes lengthened with *soorma*, and flowers in the darkness of their hair.

The Queen was clothed in a gold robe of rejoicing, her bodice latticed with diamonds and great gems, and upon her bosom the necklace of table emeralds, alight with green fire, which is the jewel of the Queens of Chitor. So she stood radiant as a vision of Shri, and it appeared that rays encircled her person.

And the Rana, unarmed save for his sword, had the saffron dress of a bridegroom and the jeweled cap of the Rajput Kings, and below in the hall were the Princes and Chiefs, clad even as he.

Then, raising her lotus eyes to her lord, the Princess said, —

'Beloved, the time is come, and we have chosen rightly, for this is the way of honor, and it is but another link forged in the chain of existence; for until existence itself is ended and re-birth destroyed, still shall we meet in lives to come and still be husband and wife. What room then for despair?'

And he answered, —

'This is true. Go first, wife, and I follow. Let not the door swing to behind thee. But oh, to see thy beauty once more that is the very speech of Gods with men! Wilt thou surely come again to me and again be fair?'

And for all answer she smiled upon him, and at his feet performed the obeisance of a Rajput wife when she departs upon a journey; and they went out together, the Queen unveiled.

As she passed through the Princes, they lowered their eyes so that none saw her; but when she stood on the steps of the palace, the women all turned eagerly toward her like stars about the moon, and lifting their arms, they began to sing the dirge of the Rajput women.

So they marched, and in great companies they marched, company behind company, young and old, past the Queen, saluting her and drawing courage from the loveliness and kindness of her unveiled face.



In the rocks beneath the palaces of Chitor are very great caves — league-long and terrible, with ways of darkness no eyes have seen; and it is believed that in times past spirits have haunted them with strange wailings. In these was prepared great store of wood and oils and fragrant matters for burning. So to these caves they marched and, company by company, disappeared into the darkness; and the voice of their singing grew faint and hollow, and died away, as the men stood watching their women go.

Now, when this was done and the last had gone, the Rani descended the steps, and the Rana, taking a torch dipped in fragrant oils, followed her, and the Princes walked after, clad like bridegrooms but with no faces of bridal joy. At the entrance of the caves, having lit the torch, he gave it into her hand, and she, receiving it and smiling, turned once upon the threshold, and for the first time those Princes beheld the face of the Queen, but they hid their eyes with their hands when they had seen. So she departed within, and the Rana shut to the door and barred and bolted it, and the men with him flung down great rocks before it so that none should know the way, nor indeed is it known to this day; and with their hands on their swords they waited there, not speaking, until a great smoke rose between the crevices of the rocks, but no sound at all.

*(Ashes of roses — ashes of roses! Ah!*

*for beauty that is but touched and remitted!)*

The sun was high when those men with their horses and on foot marched down the winding causeway beneath the seven gates, and so forth into the plains, and charging unarmed upon the Moslems, they perished every man. After, it was asked of one who had seen the great slaughter, —

‘Say how my King bore himself.’

And he who had seen told this: —

‘Reaper of the harvest of battle, on the bed of honor he has spread a carpet of the slain! He sleeps ringed about by his enemies. How can the world tell of his deeds? The tongue is silent.’

When that Accursed, Allah-u-Din, came up the winding height of the hills, he found only a dead city, and his heart was sick within him.

Now this is the Sack of Chitor, and by the Oath of the Sack of Chitor do the Rajputs swear when they bind their honor.

But it is only the ascetic Visravas who by the power of his yoga has heard every word, and with his eyes beheld that Flame of Beauty, who, for a brief space illuminating the world as a Queen, returns to birth in many a shape of sorrowful loveliness until the Blue-throated God shall in his favor destroy her rebirths.

*Salutation to Ganesa the Elephant-Headed One, and to Shri the Lady of Beauty!*

# JUST BECAUSE I WANT TO PLAY

BY EDWARD BOK

## I

I HAVE disappointed my friends.

Not only that, but some of those friends are convinced of my ill health. Others go further: there comes a curious look in their eyes, and I know they wonder whether it is not possible that there may be something mentally wrong with me.

And why?

For two reasons: —

Just because I said that I wanted to play, and forthwith resigned from active business.

And, second, that thus I have refused to be like other American business men, who insist upon working until they have one foot in the grave, with the other dangling dangerously over the edge; who want to 'drop in the harness,' as they call it. Now, to my way of looking at it, there can be no possible objection to a man 'dropping in the harness' if he is bent upon doing so. But why should I not have the privilege as well of dropping with the blinders off, if I so prefer?

My friends will not have it so, however. Even so acute a student of human affairs as the editor of the *Atlantic* immediately wrote to me upon my announced retirement from business and hoped 'I would soon get well'! Yet never in my life had I felt more fit, as the English put it. Others go further. One of my friends has given me twelve months in which to 'degenerate,' as he politely termed my parting with mental capacity. And as the time is rolling on toward the end of this period, I feel his

anxious eye upon me. I think he is really disappointed that no visible signs of the 'degeneration' have appeared as yet, and I know he leads me into an argument on some abstruse subject with the sole intent of seeing whether my mind still works in anything like an orderly fashion. Another friend, only last evening, fixed my complete mental collapse at two years. He was, at least, more considerate, since he gives me still more than a year and a half of the capacity to understand what others are talking about — and to read the *Atlantic* with ordinary intelligence.

All this is the point of view of my friends when I explain my 'why.' It never occurs to them, however, that I may have a 'why' also upon their point of view; and I dare say that my point of view upon their point of view is infinitely stranger and more inexplicable to them than is theirs to me.

To me, theirs is essentially the American point of view — and more's the pity that one can speak of it so. Not that I do not consider myself an American. I do by training, if not by birth; and sometimes I like to think that this latter parental gift makes me somewhat of a better American than the average American-born. For I have tried to take on and into myself the best that America has to offer, but I have also held on to some of the best of my Dutch ideals and ideas. And one of the latter is to enjoy the results of a lifetime of work while the capacity is still there

with which to enjoy them. The European, with an older civilization and larger experience behind him, has learned this; the Englishman likewise has felt it; but the American has still to grasp the truth that the great adventure of life is something more than work — and money.

One of the most pathetic sights in our American business life is the inability of men to let go, not only for their own good, but to give the younger men behind them a chance. They hang on beyond their years of greatest usefulness and efficiency: convince themselves that they are indispensable to their business, while, in scores of cases, the truth is exactly the opposite: the business would be distinctly benefited by their retirement and the resultant coming to the front of the younger blood in affairs. A great many men in pivotal positions apparently do not see that they often have it within their power to advance the fortunes of a number of younger men by stepping out when they have served their time; while by refusing to let go they often work dire injustice, and even disaster, to their younger associates.

The real trouble with the American business man is that in many instances he is actually afraid to let go because, out of business, he would not know what to do. For years he has so immersed himself in business, to the exclusion of all other interests, that at fifty or seventy he finds himself a slave to his business, with positively no inner resources. Retirement from the one thing that he does know would naturally leave such a man useless to himself, his family, and his community: worse than useless, as a matter of fact, for he would become a burden to himself and a nuisance to his family. You rarely ever find a European or English business man reaching a mature age devoid of outside interests: he always lets the

breezes of other worlds blow over his mentality when he is in affairs, with the result that, when he is ready to retire from business, he has other interests to fall back upon. This is rarely the case with the American business man. It is becoming more frequent that we see American men retiring from business and devoting themselves to other interests, and their number will undoubtedly increase as time goes on and we learn the lessons of life with a richer background. But one cannot help feeling regretful that the number is not growing larger more rapidly.

A man must unquestionably prepare years ahead for his retirement. I do not mean alone financially, which naturally is paramount, but mentally as well. I have been interested to note that, in nearly every case where a business man has told me that I have made a mistake in my retirement, and that the proper life for a man is to stick to the game and see it through, — to 'hold her nozzle agin the bank,' as Jim Bludso would say, — it has been a man with no resource outside of his business. Naturally, my action is a mistake in the eyes of such a man; but think of the pathos of such a position, where, in a world of so much interest and an age so fascinatingly full of worth-while things, a man has allowed himself to become so absorbed in his business that he has become a slave to it and to it alone, and cannot imagine another man happy without the same bone at which to gnaw.

It is this lesson that the American business man has still to learn: that he is not living a four-squared life if he concentrates every waking thought on his material affairs. He has still to learn that man cannot live by bread alone. The making of money, the accumulation of material power, is not all there is to living. Life is something more than those two things, and the man who misses this truth misses the

greatest joy and satisfaction that can come into his life — that is, from service for others.

Some men argue that they can give service and be in business too. But 'service' with such men generally means the drawing of a check for some worthy cause and letting it go at that. I would not for a moment belittle the giving of contributions, but it is a poor nature that can satisfy itself that it is serving humanity by the mere signing of a check. There is no form of service so easy and so cheap as to give a check to an object with the interest stopping there. Real service is where a man gives himself with his check, and that the average business man cannot do if he remains in affairs. Particularly true is this of to-day, when every problem of business is so engrossing, demanding a man's fullest time and thought. It is the rare man who can devote himself to business and be fresh for the service of others afterward. No man can, with efficiency to either, serve two masters so exacting as are these. He can do one or the other effectively; both, he can do only ineffectively. Besides, if his business has seemed enough worth while to demand his entire attention, are not the great uplift questions equally worth his exclusive thought? Are they any easier of solution than the material problems?

## II

As I see it, a man should divide his life into three periods.

First, that of education, acquiring the fullest and best within his power.

Second, that of achievement: achieving for himself and his family, and discharging the first duty of any man — to see that in case of his incapacity those who are closest to him are provided for. But such provision does not mean an accumulation that becomes to those he leaves behind him an embarrassment

rather than a protection. To prevent this, the next period confronts him.

Third, service for others. That is the acid test where many a man falls short: to know instinctively and truly when he has enough, and to be willing, not only to let well enough alone, but to give a helping hand to the other fellow; to recognize, in a practical way, that we are our brothers' keepers; that a brotherhood of man does exist elsewhere than in a war-oration or an after-dinner speech. Too many men make the mistake, when they reach the point of having enough, of going on pursuing the same old game: accumulating more money, grasping for more power, until either a nervous breakdown overtakes them and a sad incapacity is the result, or they drop 'in the harness,' which is, of course, calling an early grave by another name. They cannot seem to get the truth into their heads that, as they have been helped by others, so should they now help others.

No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it: either he must make its people better or happier, or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at. And the one really means the other.

Take the really tragic picture that we all too often see in our American family life, where the father has become so completely a slave to his business that he has no time to be a father. If the saying be true that everything achieved in this life is at the expense of something else, it would seem sometimes that a man's material success is too often bought at the cost of the fatherly relation. I saw an instance of this only a few days ago, when a fine lad of twenty ran home just overnight from college, to consult his father as to what at that age looms so very important: a heart affair. He found his father talking with a business friend, and the

mother took the boy off to her room, the father saying that he would be up shortly. But he became engrossed in the topic under discussion, and when he went upstairs at midnight the boy, tired of waiting, had gone to bed. In the morning, father and son went to the city together; but the father had some 'important papers' to look over, and the boy, fearful of disturbing him and knowing that he would not secure his attention for the subject in mind, remained silent, and the two parted without the highly desired confidences being exchanged.

Too busy! 'Father is such good company,' said a son, looking at his father absorbed in some business papers; 'but the trouble is, he is so busy you can't get hold of him.' How often one hears this of the successful man; and the sons or daughters proceed with their lives, their enjoyments, and leave the father out! 'He is *so* nice,' said a daughter of a busy, successful man, 'but we do not feel as if he belonged to us any more. It is always business, business. He has got himself into so many things that he really has n't time for us.' What a picture to contemplate!

One of the loveliest girls I know said to me of her father: 'How I wish father would do what you have done! He could easily do it. As it is, we hardly see anything of him; he is hardly ever at home, and when he is, he is busy at meetings or conferences in the evenings, or he has business friends at the house. It is always that horrid business.' A man who had recently retired from a pivotal position told me that what brought him to a decision was his daughter's saying to him, 'Dear Daddy, I could love you so much if I only had a chance to get acquainted with you.'

Wife after wife complains of the husband's utter absorption in business, to the exclusion of herself and her children;

and yet the husband goes on piling up more money, reaching out for more power; and, pray, for what? The wife repeatedly says, 'We have plenty. Let up now and take some pleasure.' The children look longingly to their father for those parental times to which they are entitled. But the man has grown, as it were, to his desk, until, as Charles Lamb says, the very wood has entered his soul. And unless he awakes in time, either he passes away or his children pass out of his home, and the great, deep, satisfying feeling of a father's relation has never been his. It has all been sordid materialism: he has sold his highest self for a mess of pottage. In truth, what shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world, and lose his child?

'All very beautiful,' will say some men. 'But that's idealism.' Of course it is. But just what is the matter with idealism? What, really, is idealism? Do one tenth of those who use the phrase so glibly in these days know its true meaning and the part it has played in the world? The worthy interpretation of an ideal is that it consists of an idea: a conception of the imagination which perceives ideals. But all ideas are first ideals; they must be. The producer brings forth an idea, but some dreamer has dreamed it before him either in whole or in part. Where would human history be to-day were it not for the ideals of men? Washington, in his day, was decried as an idealist. So was Jefferson. It was a remark commonly made of Lincoln that he was 'a rank idealist.' Morse, Watt, Marconi, Edison — all were adjudged idealists. We say of the League of Nations that it is ideal, and we use the term in a derogatory sense. But that was exactly what was said of the Constitution of the United States. 'Insanely ideal,' was the term used of it. The idealist, particularly to-day when his need is so great; is not to be scoffed at. It is through him,



and only through him, that the world will see its new and clear vision of what is right and true. It is he who has the power of going out of himself, a power which too many utterly lack nowadays; it is he who, in seeking the ideal, will, through his own clearer perception, or that of others, transform the ideal into the real. 'Where there is no vision, the people perish,' is a thought well worth remembering in these days. Where would the world be to-day were it not for the vision of the idealist?

I notice, however, that the vast majority of my friends mistake my idea when I say that 'I want to play.' 'Play' to them means tennis, golf, horseback, polo, travel, and the like. (Curious how seldom one has mentioned reading.) No one enjoys some of these play-forms more than I do; but God forbid that I should spend the rest of my days on the golf-course or in the saddle. In moderation, yes; most decidedly. But 'play' means — at least to me — something more than all this. Play is diversion: an exertion of the mind as well as of the body. There is such a thing as mental play as well as physical play. We ask of play that it shall rest, refresh, and exhilarate us. Is there any form of mental activity that does all these so thoroughly and so directly as when one is doing something he really likes to do; doing it with all his heart, and conscious all the time that he is helping to make the world better for someone else? Can man raise himself to any higher possible standard or eminence, and thus to greater exhilaration, mental and physical, than when he is serving?

A man's 'play' can take any form. If his life has been barren of books or travel, let him read and see the world. But he reaches his high estate through either of these worlds only when he reads or travels to enrich himself, so that he may give out what he gets from the printed line he reads or the new

worlds he sees, and thereby enrich the lives of others. He owes it to himself to get his own refreshment, his own pleasure; but he can get all that without pure self-indulgence.

Other men, with more active bodies and minds, feel drawn to the modern arena of great questions that puzzle. It matters not in which direction a man goes, any more than the length of a step matters so much as does the direction in which it is taken. He should seek those questions which engross his deepest interest, whether literary, musical, artistic, civic, economic, or what not. Our cities, towns, and communities of all sizes and kinds, urban and rural, cry out for men to solve their problems of every sort. There is room and to spare for the man of any bent. The ancient Greeks looked forward, on coming to the age of retirement, which was definitely fixed, to a rural life; and they hied themselves to a little place in the country, held open house for their friends, and 'kept bees.' While bee-keeping is unquestionably interesting, there are other and more vital occupations awaiting the hand of the retired American man. The main thing is to secure that freedom of foot movement that will let a man go where he will and do what he thinks he can do best, and prove to himself and to others that the acquirement of the dollar is not all there is to life. No man can realize, until he has awakened some morning and felt its exhilaration, that sense of freedom that comes from a condition where he can choose his own doings and control his own goings — can walk about and not to and fro, as Charles Lamb said of his retirement. Time is of more value than money, and it is that which the man who retires feels that he possesses.

Hamilton Mabie once said, after his retirement from an active editorial position, 'I am so happy that the time has come when I elect what I shall do';

which is true; but then he added, 'I have rubbed out the word "must" from my vocabulary'; which was not true. No man ever reaches that point. Duty of some sort confronts a man in business or out of business, and duty spells 'must.' But there is less 'must' in the vocabulary of the retired man; and it is this lesser quantity that gives the tang of joy to the new day.

It is a wonderful point of inner personal satisfaction to reach when a man can say, 'I have enough.' I like to think that he is made over by it, that his soul and character are refreshed by it. He begins a new life; he gets a sense

of a new joy that he has never had; he feels, for the first time, what a priceless possession is that thing that he never knew before — freedom. And if he seeks that freedom at the right time in his life, when he is at the summit of his years and powers, and at the most opportune time in his affairs, he has the supreme satisfaction that is denied to so many men, and the opposite of which comes home with such cruel force to them: that they overstayed their time; they wore out their welcome.

There is no satisfaction that so thoroughly satisfies as that of going while the going is good!

## TRISHKA AND TROSHKA

BY EDWIN BONTA

In a few short hours, between sunrise and sunset, the 'dark people' had succeeded in shattering the power of an age-long dynasty. But they were to find that another power, the rule of habit, was not so easily broken. And even under the new order of things, the habits of the old — habits of thought, word, and deed — still persisted below the surface of life, ready to spring up and reassert themselves at unexpected moments.

Discipline was no light matter in the army of the Tsar. It was a thing to be lived and breathed — not to be lightly put on or off with one's uniform. And habits bred in barracks or on the drill-ground were not soon forgotten.

First came the captain, ordering 'Attention!' Springing to their feet, his men, they clicked their heels together

and turned to stone, arms tense at their sides, chins thrown up convulsively, eyes fastened on a point in the angle of the ceiling.

The colonel entered. 'Hail, Children!' he said. And his 'children,' — his men of stone, — thinking to express the measure of their loyalty in the noise of their voices, and still gazing fixedly at the point in the angle of the ceiling, made the barracks rock with the concussion of their response: 'HEALTH WE WISH YOU, MASTER COLONEL!'

A strange custom, was it not? But yet as much a part of their daily life as is the simple salute our doughboy accords to his officer. And it was thus, no doubt, that the subjects of Artaxerxes and of Esar-haddon were wont to shout, 'O king, live forever!' above the rumble of their chariot-wheels, rolling

through the teeming streets of Shushan or of Nineveh.

There lived in Moscow during the first year of the Bolsheviks two sons of an aristocratic house, Trífón Ivánich Zhédrinskoy and Trofím Ivánich Zhédrinskoy. The elder got his given name from good St. Tryphon, on whose festival he had first appeared in this troubled world: the younger had been born on the day sacred to St. Trophimus. Hence it came about that these two unlike brothers started life with two very like names, Trífón and Trofím, familiarized by established custom into Trishka and Tróshka.

We recall the elder of the two, during the hot summer days, going about in a cream-colored satin blouse that buttoned under one ear and hung down openly over his sleek thighs, gathered at the waist with a crimson cord with tassels. He had held some sort of commission in the Imperial forces, and had looked very handsome indeed in his well-cut uniform.

Tróshka, the younger, although he too had been an officer, was still only an awkward youth in frame and carriage. He was tall and thin and stoop-shouldered, with great hands hanging out of his short coat-sleeves. In spite of aristocratic traditions, clothes, to him, were merely something that had to be bought once in a while — and paid for.

His habitual mood was quiet and his speech slow, while his elder brother talked much, and in many languages.

One night in August young Tróshka came in tense with alarm. A friend in the government printery had secretly told him that 'in a few days' time they would post an order requiring all former officers to report in person at the Lafortevski Hospital.'

No doubt that meant arrest! Already many of their acquaintance had been suspected of counter-revolution-

ary plotting, had been seized and imprisoned.

'It cannot be,' said the elder, not wishing to believe it.

'May God smite me! It will be,' was the reply.

'But what to do, then?' — the elder turned to him appealingly.

Tróshka had already outlined a plan in his mind — to Petrograd, and thence across the nearby frontier into Finland. There the friendly White Guards were in possession; there they would be comparatively safe. But it was needful to set off at once, before these notices were posted — after that the Red Guards would be watching at the stations and prevent their getting into any train.

'Yes, and they'll prevent even to-day,' interrupted the elder. 'Without passes they won't give access now; and if an ex-officer go and ask for a pass — O Lord my God! It can't be done.'

But it was done.

At the station barrier Tróshka, in the crush of a throng of travelers, presented two board-bills impressively receipted with a rubber stamp. The Red Guard held them upside down, studied the purple imprint dumbly, and frowned a helpless assent as the surging crowd swept the pair past him. And by racing to the train and fighting their way through a car, they got an upper berth in a two-passenger compartment, while the tide of humanity, sweeping along under them, left five on the seat below.

There they lay wedged in side by side on their narrow shelf as the train clattered noisily over the neglected rails.

'But if they did n't seize us in Moscow,' continued the elder, in English, 'they will in Petrograd. And if not in Petrograd, then on the Finnish line —'

'But am I not telling you — if we stayed in Moscow, we should be seized just the same?' returned Tróshka.

'So. But that would have been to-

morrow, or the day after, or the day after that. Many wonderful things can happen before the day after to-morrow!' And the elder gazed dreamily out of the window.

Toward evening of the next day the train pulled into the shed at Petrograd. As before, Tróshka got them both past the guard at the barrier and out into the deserted streets of the city. They hurried off to an obscure tea-room that he remembered, where they could stay in hiding until nightfall.

'If one reached Finland,' continued the elder, 'it would be needful to eat all the same. But who would give us to eat, now?' (Just then, a black cat, darting out of an alley, scurried across the street in front of them.) 'There, look!' he went on, crossing himself. 'Did n't I say we should never have come?'

Tróshka sighed.

'The English have a proverb, Tríshka — "Where there's a will, there's a way."' (The Zhédrińskoys claim a Scottish ancestor somewhere back on their tree.)

'So,' answered his brother. 'And there's a Russian proverb — "God suffered too: and ordered mankind so to do." For my part, to try to get away like this — this is tempting Providence.'

It was a sorry time for ex-officers in Petrograd. The commissary Yurítski had just been assassinated, a new reactionary plot had been unearthed, and the patrols were suspicious of all men who looked as if they might have held commissions under the Tsar. And as these two were hurrying out of the city under cover of the night, a patrol halted them.

Passes — did they have passes?

Tróshka, by a sudden inspiration, found himself explaining that his companion was a deaf-mute. (This would come as a complete surprise to his brother, he knew.)

'Yes, to be sure,' he went on. 'There

are passes for us both. Read, please!' And he handed over the little papers that had served so well at the railroad station.

But this soldier, unfortunately, did read. And what were these that were offered?

Tróshka very much excused himself — a stupid mistake — one little minute, and he would show the right ones; while in his inside he struggled against a weakening feeling of nausea.

As we know, he did not find the right ones. He could n't imagine whither they had fallen through; but they were gone. And the Red Guard — he was sorry to detain them; he would like to believe they had had the passes; but they would understand, no doubt, that it was his duty under the circumstances. And he and his patrol marched then off in the direction of the commissariat.

'*Nichegó,*' thought Tróshka, as they trudged along. 'At least Tríshka understands that he's a deaf-mute. And a hundred things he would n't have told by this time had he had the chance — giving us both away, no doubt.'

And the elder, for his part, seemed both willing and eager to take his brother's surprising suggestion — he would have taken anything except the initiative.

The shadowy room of the commissariat was lighted by a solitary kerosene lamp on the desk of the examining officer.

This officer, Comrade Weinstein, had a pleasant face, if not a Russian one. His cheeks were rosy. His lower lip was more prominent than is common to the Slavs. And he shrugged his shoulders and gestured much with his hands as he talked.

The others around him were certainly Russians; and their eyes watched him and their ears followed his voice constantly. When he smiled, they smiled; and they nodded their heads with approval at his decisions.

The patrol brought the two brothers just inside the rear door and halted them. They had not handcuffed them, nor did they keep them in their grasp. They seemed content to stand by, with bayonets fixed on their long rifles. And in the dimly lighted room, no longer afraid of showing their features, the pair raised their heads and looked round. Another prisoner — the only one remaining besides themselves — was being brought forward. He too, Tróshka noted, was a political suspect.

At this point a messenger came and called the rosy-cheeked, smiling young man off to some special meeting, convoked no doubt to act on the new conspiracy just disclosed. And he went away, leaving his commissariat in charge of a deputy — one of the Russians.

Tróshka's active mind took in every detail concerning their guard — concerning the others in the room.

From their fragmentary uniforms, and even more from certain unforgettable little habits they showed, it was evident that they too had served — and served long — in the army of the Tsar. And all of them, even those at present in command, judged by the remnants they wore, had been only 'simple soldiers.' Their present discipline was informal enough, quite lacking; but these were the early days of the new freedom — the old discipline was shattered; the new had not yet been established.

A clumsy hand let fall a rifle-butt to the floor. Involuntarily every man straightened to 'attention,' and then, recalling himself, smiled shamefacedly at thought of his unwilling act.

Tróshka's fancy sped back to the days when these habits had been formed — when he had gone the rounds with his colonel, and when the colonel's 'children,' jumping to their feet, had clicked their heels together and turned to stone.

How readily these 'children' might

slip back into that old routine again, thought Tróshka. A sudden familiar sound, a sharp authoritative command — His brain was quick to see the possibilities, and behind a wistful face it worked hard.

The deputy's new authority did not ride easily on his broad shoulders. As he sat in his chief's chair and continued the examination, his eyes wandered frequently toward the door through which that self-assured young man had departed. Particularly now, for the suspect before him was a forceful personality, and appeared to be cross-examining the examiner, rather than himself submitting to a questioning. And the others, recognizing superior wit and will, followed the dialogue absorbedly, secretly enjoying the embarrassment of their former swaggering messmate.

Meanwhile a plan was taking shape in Tróshka's mind.

He gauged his distance from the open, shadowy entrance — not a half-dozen steps. He noted, over his other shoulder, perhaps a dozen steps away, a high cupboard standing well out into the room, and making a capacious dark corner between its far side and the wall.

Now the little prisoner, like that greatest of propagandists, Paul, saw in his chains only an added opportunity to preach his own particular gospel of political perfection. And his present inquisitors, true to type, — tolerant, and always ready 'to hear some new thing,' — gave attention.

Our logical world looks upon ideals as things to be accomplished, and progresses from one ideal attained to a higher one. To these in the commissariat, however, an ideal was food only for contemplation — a conception of perfection itself, never to be realized in this imperfect life. And the Utopia the speaker pictured was so beautiful, so



impossible of attainment, as to command their unqualified respect and interest.

Tróshka checked his calculations and tried his vocal cords cautiously. If only Trishka did n't get enthralled by this idealism, he thought to himself.

Tróshka took one more searching look around — and God was good, for it was evident that every last one was now under the spell of the speaker's magnetic personality. Under the sway of his eloquence, time, place, responsibility — all the actualities of this lame world — were clean forgot. And the two men guarding our pair pushed forward a pace in their eagerness to hear.

When suddenly — too suddenly! — the entire room was snatched back to reality again.

"Ten-tion!" rang a familiar command, in a tone of authority.

Instantly they reacted — to a man; clicked their heels together and turned to stone, arms tense at their sides, chins thrown up convulsively, eyes fastened on a point in the angle of the ceiling. Even the deputy himself — another old soldier — sprang to his feet and became rigid, waiting.

"Hail, children!" sounded the expected greeting in their ears. (And Tróshka reached for his brother's hand to lead him.)

Like the roll of heavy guns they belovewd the response — with lifted chins and fixed gaze they shouted it: —

"HEALTH WE WISH YOU, MASTER COLONEL!"

Then, the frenzy over, they came to.

There was no colonel; nor was there any captain. Colonel and captain had long since ceased to be — they remembered now. And they challenged one another's eyes and grinned sheepishly.

Then someone noticed — the brothers were gone. *Chort voz'mí!*

All eyes sought the spot where the two had stood. All minds took in the ridiculously short distance from there to the open door. All active legs started off pellmell in the one direction.

Benches were upset and tables overturned as they crowded through the doorway into the street. Even the examiner leaped from behind his desk and joined in the pursuit. Only a solitary guard remained to watch the eloquent prisoner.

"Now!" said Tróshka; and, followed by his brother, he sprang from their hiding-place behind the cupboard, leaped on the back of the lone soldier and sent him spinning like a humming-top. Then he and his brother and their astonished fellow suspect bound their victim hand and foot, and gagged him with the crimson banner from the bar of justice — effectively, as Tróshka did all things.

"Now look!" said the brother, tapping their new companion on the shoulder. "How are n't we the clever ones, we two?"

"Later!" cut in Tróshka. "For now we will hurry away."

"Not thither, fool!" he whispered after, "or they'll mistake us for the fugitives. We'll run with the crowd — not away from them."

# THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for June a contributor from Montana discusses what he calls 'The Mystery of the Soaring Hawk.' It is probable that hawks do not soar otherwise in Montana than they do elsewhere; and Mr. Clough's attempt to throw a mystery about the matter seems to me the result of hasty observation. He says that the usual explanations of the feat, such as, 'He flies like a kite,' 'He rises on ascending currents of air,' are childish and unscientific. His own explanation is given with such an air of assurance and of scientific demonstration that most readers, I fancy, will accept his theory without question. One of our great metropolitan dailies called attention to the subject editorially, and wished for such a man as Roosevelt to add his confirmation. But I am sure that Roosevelt would at once have seen through the false reasoning.

All mechanical principles are the same in the living and in the non-living machine; only in the living machine they are inherent and a vital part of it, while in the non-living the motor-power is superadded from without. The living engine stokes itself. The living phonograph winds itself up. The soaring hawk is simply a living kite that is self-regulated. It adjusts itself to the currents of air, but can no more soar on a still day than can a kite. When the wind fails, the boy raises the wind by running; but he must run as fast as the wind blows that raises his kite. So, if the breeze fails, the hawk cannot soar. He can flap his wings and keep afloat.

These facts, which seem so simple

and obvious, make no impression on Mr. Clough. He is bound that his soaring hawk shall be wrapped in mystery. The same mail that brought me the June *Atlantic* brought me a letter from a man in Kentucky asking me to tell him 'how the buzzard propels itself, often at a considerable distance, and sometimes in the face of a stiff wind, without flapping its wings.' In pursuit of this knowledge, he had applied to the information bureau of a leading Southern newspaper. The reply was that the buzzard adjusts itself to the air-currents, or shifts its wings so as to take advantage of them. But this reply did not satisfy him. He forgets that the buzzard carries a propelling power within its own body, as strictly as does an airplane. Without this it would drift with the wind. In a perfectly motionless air the buzzard would have to beat its wings to keep afloat. The flying-machine is governed by the same laws of physics that govern the hawk and the buzzard.

If an airplane capable of making one hundred miles an hour starts in the face of a wind blowing one hundred miles an hour, would it not, theoretically, be lifted and remain stationary in the air? The two forces would neutralize each other. If you are rowing up-stream at the rate of five miles an hour, and the stream is flowing down at the same speed, you are making no progress; but if you look to the shore, it appears to be moving down at the same speed.

The great condor of South America, in rising from the ground, always faces the wind. It is often captured by tempt-

ing it to gorge itself in a comparatively narrow space. But if a strong enough wind were blowing at such times, it could quickly rise over the barrier. Darwin says he watched a condor high in the air describing its huge circles for six hours without once flapping its wings. He says that, if the bird wished to descend, the wings were for a moment collapsed; and when again expanded, with an altered inclination, the momentum gained by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upwards with the even and steady movement of a paper kite. In the case of any bird *soaring*, its motion must be sufficiently rapid for the action of the inclined surface of its body on the atmosphere to counterbalance its gravity. The force to keep up the momentum of a body moving in a horizontal plane in the air (in which there is so little friction) cannot be great, and this force is all that is wanted. The movement of the neck and body of the condor, we must suppose, is sufficient for this. However this may be, it is truly wonderful and beautiful to see so great a bird, hour after hour, without any apparent exertion, wheeling and gliding over mountain and river. Notice Darwin's phrase, 'altered inclination' of the wings, and his allusion to the kite.

The airplane has a propelling power in its motor, and it shifts its wings to take advantage of the currents. The buzzard and condor do the same thing. They are living airplanes, and their power is so evenly and subtly distributed and applied, that the trick of it escapes the eye. But of course they avail themselves of the lifting power of the air-currents.

All birds know how to use their wings to propel themselves through the air, but the mechanism of the act we may not be able to analyze. I do not know how a butterfly propels itself against a breeze with its quill-less wings, but we

know that it does do it. As its wings are neither convex nor concave, like a bird's, one would think that the upward and downward strokes would neutralize each other; but they do not. Strong winds often carry them out over large bodies of water; but such a master flier as the Monarch beats its way back to shore.

At the moment of writing these paragraphs, I saw a hen hawk flap heavily by, pursued by a kingbird. The air was phenomenally still, not a leaf stirred, and the hawk was compelled to beat his wings vigorously. No soaring now, no mounting heavenward, as I have seen him mount till his petty persecutor grew dizzy with the height and returned to earth. But the next day, with a fairly good breeze blowing, I watched two hawks for many minutes climbing their spiral stairway to the skies, till they became very small objects against the clouds, and not once did they flap their wings! Then one of them turned toward the mountain-top and sailed straight into the face of the wind, till he was probably over his mate or young, when, with half-folded wings, he shot down into the tree-tops like an arrow.

In regard to powers of flight, the birds of the air may be divided into two grand classes: those which use their wings simply to transport themselves from one place to another, — the same use we put our legs to, — and those which climb the heavens to attain a wide lookout, either for the pleasure of soaring, or to gain a vantage-point from which to scan a wide territory in search of food or prey. All our common birds are examples of the first class. Our hawks and buzzards are examples of the second class. A few of our birds use their wings to gain an elevation from which to deliver their songs — as the larks, and some of the finches; but the robins and the sparrows and the warblers and the woodpeckers are always going

somewhere. The hawks and the buzzards are, comparatively speaking, birds of leisure. 'You think that a bird beats its wings downward through the air when it flies,' says Mr. Clough. Nearly all birds of the first class do. Members of the grouse family do so in a remarkable degree; but not so the soaring birds: they smite the air with long, flexible, extended wings. He says further, 'The fall of the body is neutralized by the lift of the wing-beat.' Sea birds beat the air slowly with a large wing-surface.

Every bird and beast is a master in the use of its own tools and weapons. We who look on from the outside marvel at their skill. Here is the carpenter bumble-bee hovering and darting about the verge-board of my porch-roof as I write this. It darts swiftly this way and that, and now and then pauses in mid-air, surrounded by a blur of whirring wings, as often does the hummingbird. How it does it, I do not know. I cannot count or distinguish the separate stroke of its wings. At the same time, the chimney-swifts sweep by me like black arrows, on wings apparently as stiff as if made of tin or sheet-iron, now beating the air, now sailing. In some way they suggest winged gimlets. How thin and scimitar-like their wings are! They are certainly masters of their own craft.

'A heavy-bodied domestic fowl does sometimes drive its wings down in a vain attempt to fly,' says Mr. Clough. Does he mean to say that the barnyard fowl cannot fly? The common hen and the turkey are both strong fliers, but not soarers, and not long-distance fliers. Their short rapid flights often end in a graceful sail.

In general, birds in flight bring the wings as far below the body as they do above it. Note the crow flapping his way through the air. He is a heavy flier, but can face a pretty strong wind. His wings probably move through an arc of about ninety degrees. The phoebe

flies with a peculiar snappy, jerky flight; its relative, the kingbird, with a mincing and hovering flight; it tiptoes through the air. The woodpeckers gallop, alternately closing and spreading their wings. The ordinary flight of the goldfinch is a very marked undulatory flight; a section of it, the rise and the fall, would probably measure fifty feet. The bird goes half that distance or more with wings closed. This is the flight the male indulges in within hearing distance of his brooding mate. During the love season he occasionally gives way to an ecstatic flight. This is a level flight, performed on round, open wings, which beat the air vertically. This flight of ecstasy during the song season is common to many of our birds. I have seen even the song sparrow indulge in it, rising fifty feet or more and delivering its simple song with obvious excitement. The idiotic-looking woodcock, inspired by the grand passion, rises upon whistling wings in the early spring twilight, and floats and circles at an altitude of a hundred feet or more, and in rapid smacking and chattering notes unburdens his soul. The song of ecstasy with our meadow lark is delivered in a level flight and is sharp and hurried, both flight and song differing radically from its everyday performance. One thinks of the bobolink as singing almost habitually on the wing. He is the most rollicking and song-drunk of all our singing birds. His season is brief but hilarious. In his level flight he seems to use only the tips of his wings, and we see them always below the level of his back. Our common birds that have no flight song, so far as I have observed, are the bluebird, the robin, the phoebe, the social sparrow, the tanager, the grosbeak, the pewee, the wood warblers, and most of the ground warblers.

Mr. Clough's explanation of his mystery seems to me forced and fanciful in the extreme. He says the hawk never

sails against the wind, let him trim his pinions how he will, which is hardly consistent with a paragraph in which he calls upon us to 'observe how sea-gulls fly with motionless wings right in the wind's eye.' Of course, this is not sailing as the yacht sails, but it is sailing as the hawk sails. 'There is power here and independence to defy the wind.' Not to defy it, but to use it. If to soar is not to fly or sail, then there is here a confusion of terms. He says that hawks prefer a still, windless day for soaring, which is a statement no careful observer will confirm.

How then does the hawk soar according to Mr. Clough? He has double engines in his breast-muscles, which he uses alternately, first on one side, then on the other; first the right limb, then the left, as we use our legs in walking. The idea of two wings working simultaneously as they do in flapping does not fit into his theory. 'In alternate wing-beats, then, we find the solution of our problem. The hawk does not cease to exert himself, he simply changes his gait. He prefers the smooth motion of a pacer to the jolting trot of the saddle horse.' Surely a one-sided affair throughout. The whole truth is not in it.

Over thirty years ago a writer on flying machines had this to say about the flight of sea-gulls: 'Sweeping around in circles, occasionally elevating themselves by a few flaps of the wings, they glide down and up the aerial inclines without apparently any effort whatever. But a close observation will show that at every turn the angle of inclination of the wings is changed to meet the new conditions. There is continual movement with power — by the bird it is done instinctively, by our machine only through mechanism obeying a mind not nearly so well instructed.'

The early efforts at flying were made by imitating birds. Bird-like wings were attached to the human body and

operated by the muscular efforts of the would-be flier. But all such experiments quickly came to grief.

The albatross will follow a ship at sea, sailing round and round, in a brisk breeze, on unbending wing, only now and then righting itself with a single flap of its great pinions. It literally rides upon the storm.

It is a curious fact that the expanse of wing among flying creatures generally diminishes in proportion to the increase of weight. Thus it is said that the wing-surface of the gnat is at the rate of nearly fifty square feet to one pound of weight. With the dragon-fly it is less than half of that. With the sparrow it is about three feet to the pound, with the pigeon it is a little over one foot, and with the vulture it is at the rate of about four fifths of a foot to the pound. In the case of the birds, the reason of this is obvious. The smaller birds need speed, but the soaring hawks and vultures do not. The kingbird will easily overtake the crow, the hawk, and the eagle. The soaring hawks are birds of leisure, and avail themselves of the lifting power of the air-currents. Their breast-muscles are less developed than those of the game birds and common birds. The pigeon has great speed, but no soaring power.

The reason that the gnat has such a great expanse of wing-surface is probably because it has little muscular power; the same test applied to the honey bee would probably tell a different story. Yet the insects form a world by themselves; the vertebrate kingdom is governed by other laws. The lifting power of the wind on a plane surface depends upon the angle of inclination. This angle the soaring birds can change to meet the conditions. A wind blowing at the rate of ten miles an hour has a lifting power of about one half pound to the square foot. Hence, upon a soaring hawk it would be considerable.



# IRISH REALITIES

BY CHARLES H. GRASTY

## I

I BEGIN by saying that the common belief in America that the present movement in Ireland is a spontaneous eruption of a people smarting under tyrannous oppression is not well-founded. The movement, unlike similar movements in the past, has been carefully planned by a few bold and astute leaders. They have timed it with reference to world-wide conditions and sentiment created by the war, particularly England's preoccupations and the general recognition of the principle of self-determination as enunciated by President Wilson. They have coolly calculated all the forces, in and out of Ireland, that can be aroused and employed at this time to get a practical result, whether that result be an Irish republic, or such concessions as will bring complete independence within easier reach at a future time, when conditions shall again be favorable. There is nothing hot-headed or impetuous in the main management of this movement, about whose personnel and methods a secrecy is maintained which no one dares to penetrate. The penalty for any attempt is certain death. An 'intelligence' as highly organized and efficient as any maintained by the armies and navies in war-time protects the secrecy. Spies are everywhere — spies who themselves live in fear lest other spies report them neglectful or disloyal, and they share the fate always readiest for the traitor.

Thus, in impenetrable seclusion, a group, perhaps a very small group,

meet, consult, and issue their orders. There is no fear of interruption or punishment. If one saw them through the window he would not dare reveal their identity. These men can sit together, chat, smoke their cigars, and do their work tranquilly. They are not only protected by their 'intelligence,' but they undoubtedly have a well-organized business machine, with executive and clerical help down to card-indexes, to make systematic the carrying out of a definite policy planned in every detail and understood by all.

And at the very heart of that policy lies the business of murder. I say business, for I am convinced that, however conscienceless, there is nothing blood-thirsty about it. There is an end to be gained, and these men, far removed from the actual scene, decree a murder precisely as a bank discount committee would pass on an application for a loan. They know England, they know America, and they know their Ireland down to the last detail. Their first concern is to produce in Ireland a state of mental servitude; to destroy ordinary resistance by creating a moral vacuum. The extent to which all classes outside the Belfast pale have been cowed is almost beyond belief. Several months ago Alan Bell, a Unionist ex-office-holder, was dragged off a street-car near the Shelbourne Hotel in the centre of Dublin, and shot to death. There were scores of witnesses. Not one budged to help a man thus pounced upon by day-

light assassins. Not one dared to walk to the station round the corner to notify the police. No man or woman of any religious or political creed who saw the affair could have been persuaded to testify in a court.

Murder is King in Ireland. The Lord Mayor of Cork, himself a Sinn Féiner, was assassinated. Everybody believes that it was because he advised abatement in the violence. John Dalton, a prominent citizen in an Irish town, was an original Sinn Féiner, but his association with a policeman made him suspect, and he was put out of the way. When I landed in Ireland, I was horrified; but I soon felt the influence of the moral environment gaining upon me, so potent are habit and usage. Murder is domesticated — an institution. If one is put out of the way, it is the custom of the country, it is all in the day's work.

To bring about this state of moral paralysis and so level down all public opinion within the country is the first object of the Irish management; the second is to put Britain up against difficulties which, added to her other difficulties, will betray her into a kind of blundering to which temperamental antipathies render her peculiarly liable; the third is to throw into contrast apparent unanimity and efficiency in Ireland and British incompetency, ranging from reckless aggression under the Defence of the Realm Act to bewildered and impotent inaction. This showing is especially useful as the basis of appeal to America. For without financial help from America and an American sympathy that will constantly embarrass Britain, the enterprise of an Irish republic is a mere chimera.

## II

It is essential to an understanding of conditions in Ireland that the fundamental facts above outlined be borne in

mind. There are outrages and outbreaks in the South and West. Suddenly the scene shifts to the North, and we see Catholics and Protestants shooting each other at Derry. These disturbances are partly personal, religious, and local. But the cold-blooded managers located at Dublin or Manchester, or wherever they may be, never share in the excitement; in fact they sometimes intervene to break its flow; they calculate causes and results to a nicety. They can order a programme which in the execution will gather up certain coefficients in the form of racial or religious passion, and give energy and carrying power to the main movement. If the Irish rebellion had been a mere popular outburst, it would have progressed to a culminating point and then collapsed. But it has been a shrewdly managed enterprise on 'business lines,' and from the moment it was launched until now it has shown a sustained advance. There has been within it little of the emotional energy which exhausts itself in the act of expression.

The movement in its organized militant form began with the rebellion of Easter, 1916. There were at that time no outstanding causes to produce an emotional reaction among the people. Ireland was relatively prosperous. The land laws of 1903 had removed the hardships of the tenant; under it the division of large bodies of land in severalty had been carried out with extraordinary efficiency. The owners of the land enjoyed a high degree of prosperity during the war. Ireland had been indulged in her unwillingness to take her full share in the great struggle for justice and liberty. The conflagration did not start by spontaneous combustion. Ireland was set on fire by persons thoroughly familiar with the inflammable material of which it was composed and who knew precisely when and where to apply the match.

The rebellion of Easter, 1916, was

not in any true sense a rebellion, but an affair organized and directed from above, as the initial step in a programme planned to produce its own motive power at each successive step. The actual participants in the fighting were men and boys brought from the country within forty-eight hours, and absolutely ignorant of what they had come to Dublin to do. I had it on good authority that, when these men went into the General Post-Office, the capture of which was planned as the central incident of the rebellion, most of them were surprised when they were told to stay inside and hold the building. There was no surprise, however, among a very large number of the post-office employees, who were coöperating with Sinn Fein against the government of which they were the servants.

The rebellion was never expected to succeed as a rebellion. It accomplished precisely what was expected of it by its organizers. A Downing Street which at its best was always unable to meet trouble in Ireland with wisdom and tact, and in the spring of 1916 was deeply engaged in an agonizing preoccupation in other directions, handled the situation in the way that the cool heads of Sinn Fein would themselves have prescribed, in order to produce the results they desired. The blow stung but did not arouse the government. The usual absentmindedness was aggravated into mental confusion. There was no careful study and cool planning to match against the study and planning of the engineers of the Irish movement. England's reply alternated between shooting at random and falling back into an attitude of bewildered leniency. The policy was neither one thing nor the other, neither the strong hand nor the generous heart; it was no policy at all. It was more of the same old thing of which Ireland had had so much, and to which the reaction of the

Irish temper is disgust and rage. Ireland has lived under Church discipline and understands mastery. But she cannot abide bungling and weakness accompanied by airs of superiority. She would take, perhaps even thrive under, such a government as, for example, Germany would have given her before 1914 if she had been a German instead of a British dependency. But she cannot stand John Bull's ways. And, indeed, was the ground of 'incompatibility of temper' ever stronger in any case for divorce?

From Easter, 1916, onward the steam was up more and more for the engineers of Sinn Fein. The British never failed them. They pricked the bull, and he lunged, sometimes madly, always aimlessly. And so a community comparatively tranquil was gradually aroused. Right on the heels of immunity from conscription, with Plunkett's scheme (for taking the land from the big owners and dividing it among the agricultural masses on terms that gave everybody a chance to indulge the ingrained land lust) in successful operation; with general prosperity prevailing throughout the country; and, finally, under the rule of Augustine Birrell, whose avowed policy of 'killing with kindness' had been carried out for almost ten years, Catholic Ireland rose in revolt.

You can at any time get a fight out of Ireland against England. No immediate provocation is needed. The grievances ten centuries old are as fresh as yesterday, when the *gaudium certaminis* of the Irish race is evoked. But, as I have insisted, this particular fight is different. Emotional up-blazing and mobocracy generally are secondary, a by-product, very useful perhaps to furnish added momentum; but the leadership stands apart from all that kind of thing; like a general in modern war in his G.H.Q., far removed from contact with exciting causes by which his judgment might be put out of balance. Just

as the general studies his map, so does the Irish leadership study conditions. Whatever may be the excitement elsewhere, these engineers stand coolly at their switchboard, turning on current here, turning it off there, regulating everything as by a system of push-buttons. They are no amateurs, and their patriotism expresses itself in practical terms. Their survey is wide and they look far ahead. Their anonymity contributes to the purely intellectual character of their methods, for there is no personality to be sustained or vanity to be gratified. The men behind this movement have none of the subjective weakness peculiar to leaders who work in the open. One of the best informed men in Ireland — a Unionist M.P. — told me that he had substantial evidence that the managing board had headquarters in Manchester, and that its membership included one or more Americans. And I often heard it stated that the most efficient of the assassins were gun-men imported from the United States.

At all events, every move has been characterized by objectivity. A sudden and spontaneous rising in Ireland might have been unfortunately timed. If the circumstances had been adverse, however general and intense the revolt might have been, it would have spent itself fruitlessly. There was never any question of getting popular feeling aroused in Ireland. The important thing was to use the explosive material at the moment when it could do the most damage. From 1916 until now has been a period well-suited to such coolly calculated plans.

### III

To begin with, England was, and still is, in difficulty. There has never been a time when it was so true that 'England's difficulty is Ireland's oppor-

tunity.' Up to the last three months of the war the danger of defeat by Germany was imminent. Since the war Britain has had to face danger on all sides. Her empire in Asia has been threatened. Her labor problem and the problem of social unrest would be enough to tax a government to the utmost in ordinary times. Fundamental differences of interest and conviction may at any moment cause a cleft between her and her Continental allies. And all of this must be met by a government resting on the sand of opportunist coalition — a coalition without the cohesion which homogeneous conviction alone can furnish; a government headed by a man worn by four years of such strain as no other man ever underwent — a tired man, of whom a jaded and irritable democracy is tired.

Britain has never handled Ireland happily, or with understanding, even when handling Ireland was about the only hard thing she had to do. Having regard to the fact that Britain is responsible for results in Ireland; that the government of dependencies is her particular and peculiar business; that for a long period she has been in unchallenged authority, and that she had the power and resources to enforce it, the blame for Irish conditions must be laid primarily at Britain's door. Ireland was worth the trouble, but Britain would not take it. She has indulged her weakness of neglect, just as Ireland is now indulging her weakness of violence. Although British rule in Ireland in recent years has been in the main benevolent, — considered in relation to the past, and in relation to the Irish temperament and character, — it has the demerit of practical failure. The Irish were there, to be won over by methods suited to them — and they were worth the winning. But it was too much trouble to specialize Catholic Ireland. Ulster had the same government

and got on well enough. The British Empire was nothing but a state of mind. British rule everywhere was lenient. Other peoples lived and prospered under it. Let Ireland do the same.

The effect of this kind of treatment was to teach Ireland that the only way to arouse England from her absent-mindedness, the only way to move her to concessions to the Irish point of view, was by violence. The Irish being what they are, a sensitive and romantic people, a people whose devotion to the Church has arrested development on the purely intellectual side, a people sorely in need of, and not unready to respond to, sympathetic and helpful guidance in industrial activities — I say, the Irish being what they are, and Ireland being what it is, an island indispensable to the maintenance of the Empire, Britain is primarily at fault for present conditions. Without attempting to palliate Ireland's criminal methods, that is the obvious and simple fact. If, during the past twenty-five years, — not to open up a dreary and unreal discussion of the distant past, — Britain's left-handed generosity had been replaced or supplemented by a planned and fruitful policy of peaceful penetration and industrial coöperation, Ireland might have ceased to live in the past and nurse old grievances. A new spirit of enlightened self-interest and intellectual independence might have come over her. Concessions exacted by force are never appreciated, but fraternity begets fraternity. With chimneys ablaze and wheels turning throughout Ireland, through English coöperation, the memories of such things as England's selfish and brutal destruction of the Irish woollen industry, which preceded the famine of 1846, and the wiping out of half the population, might have lost their vividness. Ireland may not be a good child, but the waywardness of the ward is the shame of the guardian.

The executive authorities of Sinn Fein therefore timed their movement wisely from the standpoint of getting results. It was good judgment, if bad loyalty, to choose a moment when Britain was so deeply preoccupied. Their calculation that the bungling and blundering would be greatly above normal proved correct. The effect was to arouse Irish feeling on a crescendo scale. And there was another effect, which the shrewd leaders have played for all it was worth. The planless and vacillating reaction of Downing Street in contrast with the well-ordered, if criminal, programme of Sinn Fein created an impression of British incompetency in Ireland as well as throughout the world. The Irish were on their job and had nothing else to think about. They have really played with the London government. The kind of change of pace used by baseball pitchers has kept the British batters guessing.

Britain was in a bad position to take care of herself in Ireland by reason of the world-wide acceptance of the academic principle of self-determination. British helplessness enabled the Irish leaders to keep in the background the question of Irish fitness for full self-government. A people without some deep disability on this side would long ago have gained their independence.

Another condition favorable to the plans of the Irish leaders is the difficulty in sending soldiers to Ireland. The British army is extremely reluctant, and it is doubtful if a government which in the past two years has had some sinister experiences with army Sovietism could compel a sufficient number of men to take the field against the Irish. The mutiny of the crack Irish troops in India has greatly intensified the feeling among soldiers here. Most of the soldiers I saw in Ireland were very young and raw. If it were possible to put under orders in Ireland



such troops as the French government sent out against the labor organizations in early May, — seasoned veterans, well led, and with an old grudge against the laborite slackers, — they could clean up Ireland in a week. But a half-terrified constabulary, uncertain of British support, and a few thousand green young fellows in khaki, are constantly being made ridiculous. Lloyd George raised an issue early in June upon which he might have consolidated British opinion, divided the Irish forces, and won a quick success. It was the question whether the Irish labor unions could make an end of democratic government. After enunciating this clear-cut principle in the strong way of which he is capable, the Prime Minister failed to support it by action. Labor is the joint in the Sinn Fein armor, but Lloyd George has apparently failed to thrust in his sword.

#### IV

Behind the political revolt in Ireland, social revolt waits its turn. Ireland is a country of 'low visibility.' The Republic itself is an 'invisible republic.' It has promulgated a constitution, has a parliament, a president and vice president and cabinet, all functioning in secret. There are 'diplomatic representatives' in nearly all countries. There are commissions working on economic and industrial questions. These various activities are allocated among the many organizations which exist in Ireland. These organizations are at present all held together in Sinn Fein — I will not say *by* Sinn Fein, for, as I have already pointed out, the compelling force is terrorism, which is being managed by a special body. Sinn Fein's principle is broad enough to take in all the Irish groups. It is hate of England. There are no differences among the various Irish bodies on the question of the injustice of British supremacy.

With Sinn Fein to hold, and the bold and shrewd executive group to drive, the movement has had an amazing prosperity. But whenever it comes to the point of success or failure, the various groups will assert, with Irish energy and emphasis, their respective interests and convictions.

If an Irish republic were set up, the Transport Union, which includes practically all of labor, would strike for soviet government within a week. The Union is at one with the rest of Sinn Fein in hatred of England, but the two organizations are diametrically opposed in their ideas as to how to work out the country's destiny. Arthur Griffith, who is more truly the architect of the Sinn Fein structure than anyone else, has always been hostile to the labor organizations and has openly opposed strikes. For the great occasion he has sunk his own ideas and made a working arrangement with Labor. But it is a mere compact, not a true union. If Lloyd George had not been so busy in other directions, and if he had been bold in action as well as in conception and speech, he could have pierced to the bottom of this incompatibility and aroused the sleeping antagonism between Sinn Fein and Labor. But the irreconcilable difference is there, and it will come out some time. Labor is said to include roughly one third of the population of Ireland. It is an organization with a definite Bolshevik programme of action; whereas Sinn Fein itself will split up into factions when the time comes to translate hatred of Britain into concrete terms. Labor goes straight into the heart of the Ulster pale. There is not yet a social revolution in Ireland, but the forces working for it are latent and potential in the situation, and are sure to assert themselves at the favorable moment. There is as yet no open threat against the Church or the organization of society, because the time is not yet ripe.

'Low visibility' makes it difficult clearly to discern the boundary lines of opinion. The Unionist element outside Ulster is estimated at half a million — about 16 per cent of the whole population. A considerable fraction was Nationalist, in the sense that it supported the Parliamentary Party. Since the rebellion and the scrapping of that party, it is impossible to know what has happened among the Unionists. If they are opposed to Sinn Fein, it is impossible now for them to make their opposition vocal. But I did not meet a single Unionist who expressed the least sympathy with the campaign of terrorism. They dare not speak openly, for it is they, and especially the upper classes, who have most to fear from it.

The sweeping Sinn Fein victories in the elections seemed to me to be of less significance than the figures indicated. In Ireland 'nothing succeeds like success.' The instinct to 'follow the crowd' is strong. The only thing worth tying to is Sinn Fein. The Parliamentary Nationalist Party is broken and dispersed. The British government is weak and vacillating. Sinn Fein is immensely strong in numbers, and the secret management to which have been given the reins of power is bold and skillful in action. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Sinn Fein has been eating into Ulster.

Of the nine Ulster counties, three — Cavan, Donegal, and Monaghan — are 78 per cent Catholic. They were for that reason left out of the 'Ulster pale' in the pending Home Rule bill. Sir Edward Carson was afraid that, with all the nine counties in, the Belfast district might not be able to hold its own. Of the remaining six counties, Fermanagh is 56 per cent Catholic, County Londonderry 56, and Tyrone 55. Armagh is 45 per cent Catholic. It is apparent, therefore, that the Protestant strength is in the two counties of Antrim (20 per cent

Catholic) and Down (31 per cent Catholic). These figures make it plain why the Sinn Fein tide sweeps into Ulster. There is no real barrier against it except Belfast, where the Protestants count 76 per cent of the population. But in Belfast, Labor cuts across Protestantism; social revolt is menacing and may at any time overthrow the present political and industrial leadership.

Ulster resistance is maintained by brains and character, not by numbers. The main motive is not devotion to the Union, but fear of Dublin rule. The people who do the thinking for Ulster dread the consequences to them of Irish independence. They fear the influence of the Church; they fear the destruction of their industry, which could be attacked by special legislation in the guise of general legislation, for neither the linen nor shipping interest exists elsewhere in Ireland; and they dislike the prospect of losing the political patronage, the lion's share of which has heretofore been enjoyed by Protestants.

A comparatively small but highly organized body of people have held and are holding Ulster against a veritable flood tide in Ireland. It would be a mistake to believe that in the event of civil war the Belfast district would prove more than a match for the rest of Ireland, on account of its industrial organization, even if Great Britain were to stand aside. With Belfast Labor indifferent or disaffected, the ruling class would have its hands full in Ulster itself. The fact must not be overlooked that Catholic Ireland is very strongly organized and led; and in a civil war at the present time I doubt if the Belfast district would have the better of it in this respect.

## V

The sheet-anchor of Ulster Unionism is at present at Westminster. The rest of Ireland is practically unrepresented,

and Sir Edward Carson and his fellow members from Ulster have the field to themselves. What they say 'goes,' so far as Ulster is concerned. But in spite of the fancy figures they cut, they are skating on thin ice all the time. It is true of them, as it is of the leadership of terrorism in the South, that it is a leadership from the top down and not from the bottom up. It is doubtful if the Ulster heart is Unionist, as it is doubtful whether the rest of Ireland is Separatist on the terms proposed by the terrorists. In both cases the leadership is superimposed. After all, Ulster is more Irish than Scotch, and from that province have come the most uncompromising Nationalists. The tradition and the blood of the O'Neills and O'Donnells are still there. One of the latter clan, Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, is the master mind in the Catholic hierarchy. He it was who brought the Convention of 1918 to nought after a compromise agreement had been reached among all factions. Between Saturday and Sunday Raphoe upset the whole business. John Redmond, defeated and humiliated, took to his bed, and after a few weeks died of a broken heart.

The Scotch grit of Belfast is a strong thing, but it is not necessarily dominating in Ulster. Carson, a transplanted Dublin lawyer, is an intrepid leader, and Southern Ireland would deal with him more readily, in my opinion, than with any other of its opponents; but unity in Ulster is a fiction. The oneness of Ireland has a tremendous Ulster sentiment behind it. Sinn Fein is conscious of this sentiment and responsive to it. The Southerners do not resent Ulster's armed resistance to the British government. They are proud of it, even thankful for it. What they are doing, Ulster did first. It was the right way for Irishmen to act in a cause which they considered just. It showed the real contempt of Ulster for Britain. Sinn Fein

is profoundly convinced that Ulster will one day line up with the other three provinces for an Ireland for the Irish. It is useful on this point to recall the action of the Sinn Fein convention held in Dublin in April, 1914, which submitted the following proposals to Ulster.

1. Increased Ulster representation in the proposed Irish parliament, on the basis partly of population, partly of taxable value, and partly of bulk of trade, the Ulster representation to be increased by fifteen members, including one for the University of Belfast; two members to be given to the Unionist constituency of Rathmines.

2. All Ireland to be a unit for the election of the Senate or Upper House, and representation of the Southern Unionist minority to be secured by proportional Representation.

3. A guaranty that no tax should be imposed on the linen trade without the consent of the majority of the Ulster representatives.

4. A guaranty that the chairman of the Joint Exchequer board should always be chosen by the Ulster representatives.

5. All posts in the Civil Service to be filled by examination.

6. The Ulster Volunteer force to be retained under its then leaders as part of an Irish Volunteer force, and not, except in case of invasion, to be called upon to serve outside Ulster.

7. The Irish Parliament to sit alternately in Dublin and Belfast.

8. The clauses in the Home Rule bill restricting Irish trade and finance, prohibiting Ireland from collecting and receiving its own taxes, or otherwise conflicting with any of the above proposals, to be amended.

These proposals were ignored by the Ulster leaders who were at that time in a state of obsession. All the same, they indicated the trend of Sinn Fein toward the consolidation of all Irish sentiment.

Sinn Fein's quarrel is with Britain. It recognizes that on the day that Ireland is united it will be free. This sentiment evokes a much greater sympathy in Ulster than the Carsonites would admit. Even the big interests in Belfast look over their shoulders with true Scotch canniness to the prospect of a prosperous and teeming Ireland, of which Belfast shall be the commercial capital and clearing-house. And they are not entirely averse from forming business associations with conservative elements in the South and West, which will strengthen them in the inevitable clash between capitalism and labor.

## VI

The attitude of the Church is a story by itself. In a general way, I think that her policy has been one of watchful waiting. It is very doubtful if even Cardinal Logue knew precisely where the Church stood at any given time. Many priests, especially the young ones, were drawn into the Sinn Fein movement. Some of them, like Father Mike O'Flanagan, put their political cause above the Church, and would defy the Pope if necessary. Others, like Dr. Kelly, the great Bishop of Ross, whose diocese is the extreme southern tip of Ireland, were openly and sincerely against the extremists. The main body of the hierarchy and priesthood was striving with all its mind and heart to keep the Church off the rocks while the tempest raged. The priests, being near to the people, were influenced by their environment, but by and large the Church has tried to keep in a position to smile on the winner.

I do not think that the present troubles can specifically be laid at the door of the Church. But, however greatly the Catholic training as practised in Ireland may promote spiritual welfare, it does not make for intellectual inde-

pendence. From the clerical point of view the prime consideration is to maintain the power and authority of the Church. The Church furnishes mental and moral guidance for a majority of the Irish people. Whatever may be her effect in preparing the soul for the hereafter, the Church mentorship has prevented the development of worldly mentality among the Irish. Buckle maintains that Spain was ruined because rigid religious control kept the people in an intellectual strait-jacket. In his opinion doubt has ever been the great civilizer. Blind faith and romantic temperament have prevented change in Ireland. The Church is making an agonizing struggle to maintain the old conditions. But it is inevitable that the present upheaval will, to an extent at least, emancipate the Irish mind.

## VII

One of the several separate and distinct bodies held in the aspic of Sinn Fein is the land-owning interest. I am sorry that I have not at hand the statistics showing the distribution of land among the people since the Congested District Act went into operation in 1903. That was a great and beneficent piece of legislation, the full effect of which upon future events in Ireland is not to be measured at this time of excitement. Under its workings the passion of Irishmen for land, and their readiness to accept teaching in the productive handling of it, are creating an agricultural interest which is destined to play a great, perhaps a determining, part in stabilizing Ireland. The agricultural interest has been growing by leaps and bounds. Coöperative principles have been practised in common by the farmers North and South, who in their organizations and conventions have temporarily waived political and religious differences, and acted in concert for the

promotion of good methods and for mutual profit generally.

The influence for conservatism of the land-owners is for the time being put out of balance by two circumstances. First, Sinn Fein has a temporary ascendancy over the owners. Second, on the edge of the land-owning class stands the most active and eager element in all Ireland. It consists of very young men, themselves mostly associated with agriculture, many of them sons of land-owning farmers. They are young men who would not go out to fight in the war, and who were not allowed to emigrate. They are hot Sinn Feiners, of one or the other of the various groups associated in that organization. They own no land, but they want it and must have it. There are about two hundred thousand of these youths burning with the lust for land. Many of them are Irish Volunteers, ready for any adventure. I was told that there were two hundred and twenty thousand soldiers trained to use arms when they could get them, and about as many more in varying degrees of training. The land-lusters are splendid military material. It is they who compose the agrarian movement, and who are too impatient to await the processes of distribution which, thanks to the enterprise and resources of the Sinn Fein bank under Mr. Smith-Gordon's management, is financing and carrying on the Congested District work, temporarily deprived of normal resources. The young men are not particular how they get their land. Even the very liberal terms given by the bank irk them. They prefer to take it away from the owner, and the grazier is naturally the particular object of their rapacity. But no man with twenty-five acres, even if he be a priest, is immune from their violence.

Once having obtained land, the Irishman tends to become conservative. Underlying the land-owner's show of

zeal for Sinn Fein there is a carking anxiety about what may happen to his possessions. No man dares in the present state to give expression to fears of this sort; but at the first sign of a relaxed grip, the land-owners, all the way from the ten-acre man to the big grazier, will respond to the call of the keenest self-interest ever felt by human beings. These land-owners who are involved in a political enterprise only secondary in its interest for them, and who are already experiencing the chill of the reaction, are going through a broadening mental process which will loosen the ties of religion and Irish patriotism. They will come out of it all with more practical and less romantic views. They are sure to constitute an all-round stabilizing influence in the Irish community of the future, their conservatism acting as a specific against Bolshevik tendencies and extremes of all sorts. There has already appeared a movement among farmers to oppose force to the force of the Transport Union, in whose membership farm-laborers are included. It is clear that the land-owning class is only in, and not of, a Sinn Fein which is submitting itself to a terrorist leadership in the hope of overthrowing British rule.

It is probable that one motive of the establishment of Sinn Fein courts was to reassure the land-owning class against agrarian aggression. And these courts have proved quite efficacious for the purpose. Their constitution and working furnish another evidence of the calculated efficiency of the inner group to which executive power is delegated. Aside from the result gained in controlling agrarianism and in setting up superficial order in communities where matters might have got out of hand, the Sinn Fein courts have made the official judicial administration ridiculous. When the legally constituted judges appear at a court house, they are handed



the regulation white gloves to show that no cases await them, and solemnly go away. Thus respect for British administration is destroyed, and the Sinn Fein bodies, backed by organized murder, the secret, swift, and sure power of life and death, mete out a justice that is functionally sound and efficient. Of course, no normal mind can countenance such a system: the better it is, the worse it is.

### VIII

The extent of Sinn Fein's moral responsibility for crime in Ireland can be measured in the light of the facts. Sinn Fein itself is an evolution. It has a tradition, and, in spite of all that has happened and is happening, it retains a character of zealous and pure patriotism. Arthur Griffith, who more than any other man was the prophet and evangelist of the movement, and whose influence prepared the organization for the indispensable service that it has rendered as the container and conservator of the various more or less antagonistic forces of which the rebellion is composed, did not preach violence. His doctrine was essentially spiritual and intellectual. He held, in effect, that a people who were true Irishmen to the heart's core, who loved their country, spoke its language, carried their patriotism and zeal for nationality into their daily life, gave themselves to every effort for economic and industrial development, cultivated good relations with all other Irishmen irrespective of religion, would finally realize their hopes without any challenge in terms of force to overwhelmingly superior power. There was to be hate of England without overt action; love of Ireland and faith in its future as a nation, with works. Such a tradition and character existing in a nation-wide organization provided an admirable instrumentality for bringing together and

holding, on the common ground of opposition to English rule, all the organizations in Ireland, however dissimilar in purpose and method, that were utilizable in the fight for Irish independence. A great organization was thus tied together, mechanical unity was achieved, a sagacious and intensely practical overhead management was installed.

The movement went forward without a single setback until the month of June of this year. First, the Republican Convention in Chicago, and then the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, refused to indorse Irish independence. De Valera failed in his task. With American sympathy and help, the achievement of a republic in Ireland was a possibility. Without them, the extreme of the Irish demand can never be attained. There can now be no imaginable conjuncture in which Britain could be forced into the surrender of a strategical unity so obviously necessary for the maintenance of her Empire.

Britain will not wage an offensive war on Ireland; but she will muddle through. Lloyd George could never obtain the mandate of English opinion for war in Ireland; and if he could, it is not in his nature to accept it. But he will negotiate until doomsday in the afternoon. Without the most active encouragement from America, the Irish movement cannot hold. Already the cracks are there, concealed by the low visibility. They will become crevices. Conflicting interests will resolve into their elements. Self-interest will be persuasive. The command of the central authority will weaken. Sinn Fein will lose its all-embracing charm. But before these things actually happen, the men who have planned and executed the Irish campaign will fix their limit, and there will be a Dominion of Ireland — or an agreed scheme for one. The Catholic Church, which has been hard put

to it to steer a course that would not separate it from any large body of its people, whatever might happen, will have an influence in the settlement which will save its prestige. But Irishmen will be freer. They will think in more practical and modern terms. Intellectual and practical forces will be loosed, through the interplay of which men will become more forward-looking. Ireland will have made a great bound toward the goal of unity and Nationality.

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I conclude with a summary of the main points that stood out in my examination of Ireland.

I. Sinn Fein is the all-embracing organization, in which are contained the various and differing bodies, each of which is serving the purpose suited to it. Supreme executive control is exercised by a small secret group, who make the plans and give the orders from a headquarters sufficiently remote to ensure a calm survey.

II. Aside from mechanical (as distinguished from chemical) unity, supplied by the spirit and structure of Sinn Fein, the potent force in the movement is the well-organized and well-directed violence aimed at certain specific results: mainly the reduction of the country to a level of mental servitude in which moral and physical resistance disappears. This violence has the full terrorist effect of lawlessness on the population of all shades of opinion, but rigid control maintains a state of order. The organization that deals directly with murder and violence is small and absolutely screened. Sinn Fein at large has little sense of blood-guilt, and to the extent that it is involved, or feels any compunction, takes to itself the unction that a state of war exists and the motive for the 'killings' is patriotism.

III. The failure to get the Irish question into the American presidential election, in my opinion, reduces to *nil* the chance, always slender, in view of Britain's necessities, of establishing an Irish republic as the result of this particular movement. Without strong American aid, the conflicting elements in Sinn Fein cannot long be held together in the effort along the present lines for full independence.

I venture to forecast that the leaders will compromise on a Dominion of Ireland, and that Sinn Fein will throw its full influence toward bringing in Ulster on the basis of its proposals of April, 1914, or some similar plan for achieving Irish unity and fully protecting the religious, political, and business interests of Counties Antrim and Down.

IV. It will transpire that, under cover of rebellion against Britain, all the various groupings of thought and interest have been undergoing a process of re-orientation toward practical considerations. The land-owning class will be more conscious of its own self-interest; Labor will fight more openly for the Bolshevik aims which it has been necessary to keep in the background; and the ties of the Church will be less binding. Ireland will step out of the romantic twilight of the past and enter the great world-struggle for industrial and economic advantage. A social revolt, the leaders of which have been willing to believe that it would pay to wait, on the chance of Republicanism in Ireland or Labor government in England, will burst with full force, in North and South alike. The old geographical lines will largely disappear; differences of religion and race will fade away; and society will divide on the line of interest. Out of all this suffering and sacrifice will emerge a new Ireland, united and sufficiently free.

# AGAIN THE SENATE

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

## I

In governments which are really popular the final arbiter upon questions of policy is the people, and it is for them to break up deadlocks and settle differences between their agencies of government. Last winter the President proposed 'a great and solemn referendum' on the treaty of Versailles. A genuine referendum on such an occasion would indeed be most solemn. It would be very impressive for a great and free people to meet at their polling booths and by their ballots speak the simple words of our great soldier, 'Let us have peace.' But if, in addition to a declaration ending a war, they should pronounce in favor of a properly framed union of nations for the banishment of the war-god from the earth, it would be the most impressive spectacle ever witnessed in the history of government.

But under our system there could be no such referendum, even at a general election. A President and a House of Representatives might be chosen strongly in favor of or against the Treaty. The moral effect of the mandate would be both great and solemn, as the President said. But nothing would be settled, because the voters would be without power to elect a new Senate which should be charged with jurisdiction over the Treaty. Only a third of that body could be chosen. It is true that two years afterwards another third would be chosen, and two years after that the remainder; but that slow process would tax the patience

of a waiting and almost Bolshevist world. However necessary, in the slow-moving time when the Constitution was framed, such deliberation might have been to the formation of public opinion, in the rapidly moving currents of to-day it would be like referring a pressing public question for decision to another age.

Mr. Taft, who can speak upon the subject with as much authority as any man, says that, if the Democratic candidate for President is elected, it is a certainty that 'the Republican Senators who will have the power will reject Article X, and defeat the Treaty.' Such a statement could not be made in England in advance of a general election; and it implies the sort of government of which Bismarck would have rejoiced to be the head. Whether or not that would happen which Mr. Taft predicted, he correctly appreciated the impotence of the people to settle the question and he treats the two thirds of the Senators who do not appear for reelection as fixed quantities, 'above the arrows, views, and shouts of men.' However the populace may rave, against the citadel of the Senate the waves will beat in vain. That is, in the greatest possible referendum to the people that can be had under our system, a legal mandate cannot be obtained upon a momentous public question; but the proceeding partakes of the character of what in the modern political lingo is called a 'soap-box primary.'

Mr. Bryan recently made a contribution to the subject in which he did not pay full deference to the popular idea. He proposed an amendment to the Constitution so that treaties might be made with the advice and consent of a majority of the Senate. Since Mr. Bryan was proposing to amend the Constitution, he was not bound by any of the limitations which rested upon the President when he asked for the referendum, and he might have been expected not to stop short of what he regarded as the ideal. It is not easy to reconcile his proposition that treaties should be ratified by a majority of the Senate with his popular reputation, which is expressed in the title of 'Commoner.' Why should Mr. Bryan's state of Nebraska, which contributes to a war ten times, or New York, which contributes a hundred times, as many men and as much money as Nevada, have no more weighty voice than the latter state in deciding whether a war should end? In other words, if we are to begin amending the Constitution, why should we not reform it altogether in this particular, and provide that treaties shall be ratified by the representatives of the people elected by them according to the democratic principle? Why should not the people calling themselves the great democratic republic of the world put in practice the popular principle which holds sway in some of the European monarchies in the settlement of such a vital public question; do away with bickerings between two branches of the government, and interpose their peremptory mandate, so that a final decision may be reached in accordance with their will?

I have more than once set forth, in the pages of the *Atlantic*<sup>1</sup> and elsewhere, the objections to the undemocratic structure of the Senate and to the

abuses growing out of that structure and of the functioning of the Senate as an organ of government. The intervening years have served to make more clear, if possible, the validity of those objections. And however trite the subject may be, it so vitally concerns correct government that no aspect of it can be brought forward too often.

The Senate was the connecting link between an imperfectly formed union and the old order where thirteen independent states were animated with pride in their separate sovereignty. It was in a sense the price that was paid for union; and for a long period it was by no means certain that the price had not been paid in vain, or that a real union had been secured. The Virginia Resolutions, the Hartford Convention, and the boldly asserted doctrine of Nullification bore witness to the doubtful character of the central government, whose supremacy awaited vindication by the matchless eloquence of Webster, and finally by force of arms.

Regard for state sovereignty and the sentiment of home rule were very strong in the Constitutional Convention, and they were shrewdly, and even greedily, taken advantage of by the small states, for the very practical purpose of securing political power. On the principle of the equality of nations the states, big and little, were to send each the same number of ambassadors to the Senate, and they were to share equally in the swollen powers of that body. The men of largest mind in the Convention were reluctant to yield to this violation of the democratic principle. Franklin, perhaps the wisest of all, proposed to have no Senate at all. To the threat that the small states would not enter the union unless they were granted an equal vote in the Senate, James Wilson, one of the greatest men of that time, declared that, if a separation should take place, it could never

<sup>1</sup> See 'The Power of the Senate,' *Atlantic* for October, 1903.

happen on better grounds. 'Shall less than one third of the United States,' he asked, 'withdraw themselves from the Union; or shall more than three fourths renounce the inherent, indisputable, and inalienable rights of men in favor of the artificial system of the states?' Was it, he asked, for men, or for the imaginary beings called states, that the government was being formed?

The Revolution had just been won upon the principle that taxation without representation was tyranny, and here it was proposed to belie that principle by recognizing the equality of states and mere incorporations instead of the equality of men, and by giving to a man who paid in one state very much greater power over taxation than a man who paid in another. Over that contention the Convention was nearly brought to disaster. It was finally saved by the great compromise which was supposed to give an important control over taxation bills to the representatives of the people chosen substantially according to population. For proof that such control was supposed to be given, one need not look beyond the proceedings of the Convention itself, the character of the difficulty which the compromise was designed to overcome, and the emphatic assertions of the *Federalist*. Hamilton and those associated with him in the authorship of the *Federalist* papers displayed nothing less than a gross ignorance of the purpose of the Constitution if it did not confer a genuine control over the purse.

The great men, however, who harbored the supposition that an important power over revenue had been granted to the House signally failed to appreciate how a body like the Senate, placed at the centre of the Constitution, sharing on the one side the legislative power with the House and on the other side the executive power with the President, might encroach in both directions and

illustrate the worst evils of usurpation of power. Strong as was the sentiment for state sovereignty at the time of the Constitution, it is safe to say that it would have been far from strong enough to secure a Senate with equality of state representation for a government as powerful as is the central government to-day. Equality was yielded because the powers over which it was to operate were supposed to be few and limited in character. The framers of the Constitution believed that they were granting authority over only a few common concerns, and that the great mass of governmental power remained to be exercised by the people of the states.

But the Federal powers have been enormously expanded, first by the construction of the courts and then by the direct grants contained in the amendments, which, among other things, invade the police powers of the states, and, by the removal of almost every restraint upon taxation, sap their resources and hold out to the Federal government a temptation to prodigality of expense to which it has readily yielded. A purpose to retain as much as possible of state sovereignty by equality of representation in the Senate would have baffled itself by stripping the states themselves of power, and laying them prostrate at the feet of the national government.

But, whatever might have been done by the architects of the Constitution if the machinery of the government they were constructing was designed to have control over the present greatly expanded powers, it is impossible to imagine that the people to-day would exactly reproduce the Senate if they were building another Constitution. We need bear in mind only two tests. This would be anything but a democratic age if states having less than one fifth the population of the country should be accorded a majority of the



membership of its most powerful governing body. There would be nothing popular about a government in which the people could not seasonably change their agents if they wished to do so, and effectively express themselves upon a crisis of world-wide moment until after it had passed by and been forgotten.

The practical part in government played by the Senate has gone on expanding. In great men the possession of power is apt to foster sobriety and a sense of responsibility; in men of small natures, self-importance and a tendency to appraise themselves according to the magnitude of their powers; and even men who are neither great nor small are complacently willing to wield such power as comes within their reach. Great Senators like Choate, Webster, and Benton enjoined a scrupulous regard for the prerogative of the House in respect to revenue legislation. They appreciated that they were only a part of a great system of government, and the philosophy of the whole system animated them rather than the spirit of the club, which too often leads men to follow the narrow view and to aggrandize the institution of which they are at the time a part, as a means of adding to their own stature.

But, from whatever cause, the Senate has come to be willing patriotically to exercise all the powers of government upon which it can lay its hands. It is placed at the centre of our system. The nature of its powers and the length of the term of office have given it the advantage in contending with the other departments of the government; and the part it was to play, sufficiently great as originally contemplated, has been augmented by practical usurpation. The President has but a four-years' term. He is at the mercy of the Senators in his selection of agents for carrying on the government. He must get on with them, and an easy way

of getting on is to yield. A study of the course of events will show that like little foxes they have fed upon the substance of his power.

The members of the House have only a two-years' term. They are no sooner in their seats than they are in a campaign for reëlection. Their constituents want office, and too often the members become suppliants at the Senatorial bar. Such a condition is hardly ideal for independence and for sturdy resistance in case of a difference between the two Houses. The Senators are there for six years, and they can wait. The term of the Representative is always expiring, and he must show results. A better system could not have been devised for putting one body of men at a disadvantage in a contest with another.

Take the case of revenue legislation, to which I have referred, where the House holds in sacred trust, in the interest of the people, an important control over taxation. One would naturally look here for manly resistance, and manly resistance upon a subject so essentially related to liberty would be sure to be crowned with ultimate success. But one would look in vain. The House sends a bill to the Senate putting a tax on the single article of coffee, and the Senate, under the pretense of amendment, substitutes a bill of its own, revising the whole tariff. The great constitutional prerogative of the House to originate revenue bills would appear to be simply the prerogative to originate an enacting clause; and then the country would be called upon to witness the Senate prescribing the real subjects and amounts of taxation and originating the real revenue bill. This position has been denounced by leading men in the House, among them Garfield; and sometimes the House itself has refused to yield; but it has often been acquiesced in, and to that extent

has reduced to a nullity the constitutional control of the Representatives over the purse-strings of the people.

It has sometimes been asserted as a justification of this substantial usurpation that the Senate prepared better taxation bills than the House. That would be a slender justification, even if it were true. But it is not true. Upon important differences over the substance of bills the House has generally favored the greater number of people and the Senate the few. For instance, in reducing taxation the House passed a bill repealing the stamp tax on bank-checks, which was directly paid by great numbers of people; the Senate struck out that provision and put in its place one repealing the tax on beer, which was paid by a few brewers. If such a practice reflects a correct rule of constitutional action, one may wonder at the interest shown by the great men in the Convention over what scarcely arose to the dignity of a quibble.

## II

This encroachment of the Senate upon the prerogative of its partner in legislation, the House of Representatives, may be paralleled by its encroachment upon the President, with whom it is in partnership in important executive functions. It is the province of the President to negotiate treaties. But they cannot have validity, any more than certain appointments to office, until they have been ratified by the Senate. The concurrence of both is necessary, and the constitutional power of the one is no less fixed than that of the other. But a practice has grown up of having Senators act as original negotiators. Obviously, a negotiation by an individual Senator is not a negotiation by the Senate. He would act in the first instance as nominally the agent and instrument of the Executive.

From the latter he would receive his instructions, and it would by no means follow that they would in all details coincide with his own views. Thus he would afterwards, in the exercise of his independent office as a Senator, be called to pass upon the work he had done when acting as an agent of the Executive. And since it is hardly thinkable that he would fail to approve what he had already solemnly executed, he would in effect exercise his function as Senator as an instrument of the President. This practice has been denounced as an abuse, and nowhere more strongly than in the Senate itself. Three of the five men who negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain were members of the Senate; and it may be credited to the moderation of Senators that there were not five instead of three. An amiable executive, or one who was more concerned to get his treaties ratified than to perform his own independent constitutional function, might view such a practice with complacency; but it is none the less an abuse, and it deprives the country of that safeguard, of vast importance, which comes from the independent action of two branches of the government.

It has been said that, when Senators negotiate treaties, they can better explain them to the Senate and reproduce the setting of facts surrounding the negotiations. What, for instance, could the negotiators of the Spanish treaty bring to the attention of the Senate that could not as well have been brought to its attention in some other way? But it may have been due to their committal in advance to the terms of the treaty that the Philippine Islands became American territory and were not accorded the same standing in the world as was given to Cuba. The annexation of the Philippines may or may not have been sound policy, but the question should have been passed

upon by an untrammelled Senate and not by one some of whose members were already committed by their action as agents of the Executive. Of course, the power of Senators is much magnified if they may both negotiate treaties and ratify them.

The appointment of so many negotiators and arbitrators from the Senate implies in the mass of our citizenship a poverty of talent which has no existence. Times almost without number, in both peace and war, men who were practically new to office, and chosen apparently at random, have brilliantly rendered most important public service and have quite thrown into eclipse the performances of the professional holders of office. In a republic which certainly is not poor in men, the offices should be 'passed around.' There is no need to use their plumes to bedeck the members of a privileged order, who hold most intimate, if not coercive, official relations with the appointing power.

The relation of Senators to the national party machinery and that of the several states gives them much influence, or certainly consideration, in filling the important places at the national conventions. The selections for these places may serve to shed light upon what the attitude of Senators would be touching doubtful questions of jurisdiction in government, and whether they would be likely to shun such jurisdiction or to seize it. Self-effacement as party leaders, and a delicacy in accepting an undue proportion of party honors, would imply a reluctance to lay hands on doubtful governmental powers. The nominal electors appear unable to look far beyond the horizon of the Senate. One of the great parties, at its recent Convention, was very partial to Senators; but the other was unanimous in their favor. Indeed, its last two conventions were officered by Senators, almost down to the police.

Here again depression overtakes us at this paucity of the country's talent, which seems to be circumscribed within a circle of ninety-odd men. But there breaks upon the country a gleam of hope. In some manner it happened that a major part at one of the conventions was assigned to a man who had never been in the Senate, and indeed had never held office at all. And in the manner in which the parts in both conventions were performed, the friends of Senatorial monopoly may well avoid a comparison with that gentleman.

The expected has happened where there is such a concentration of diverse powers in a single body, and where it shares, now with one branch and now with another, the most important functions of the Constitution. There will be a steady absorption of power, and when there is added an indirect and delayed responsibility for its exercise, you will have an inner ruling ring which differs in nothing from an oligarchy.

In order to succeed at his trade, a member of an oligarchy must become a highly artificial being. He must cultivate the illusion that he is exactly the opposite of what he is; for a self-confessed oligarch would be compelled to abandon the profession at once. In poses and mummery he must rival a Roman augur. It is not difficult to produce illusions when on each new day we may look upon a newspaper hero in the making. But the times are not now propitious for a few men to run the government and parties of the United States, and to cherish the illusion that we are having popular government.

### III

But I have been speaking of the functioning of the Senate as an institution, with little reference to the individuals who compose it. The same developments would very probably be

witnessed if another body of respectable gentlemen were operated upon by the same conditions. While even an enthusiast would be compelled to admire the present Senate of the United States with some moderation, it undoubtedly contains many able and patriotic men. There have been few better lawyers ever in that body, or few men of greater intellectual energy, than Mr. Knox. In breadth and fairness of mind, and in the statesmanlike quality, Mr. Underwood would have been a conspicuous figure in any Senate in our history. The names associated with genuine talent and public spirit are too many to be repeated here. And yet, during the past generation, an element antagonistic to the old traditions has found its way into the body, and has wielded an influence far out of proportion to its numbers. The ways of the jobber, and the piratical methods sometimes associated with what is called 'big business,' have been in evidence in its management. Some men have found their way into it who have amassed great fortunes in its service. As a result, the Senate has stood as the rampart, not indeed of property, but of great and special interests, the well-being of which was by no means always compatible with the general weal, and was often antagonistic to the institution of property itself. From these and other causes there has been a distinct lowering of tone, and it has been shorn of much of its ancient splendor.

This moral decadence has shown itself in the recent notable debate upon the Treaty. There are some who indulge in the dream that our time may inaugurate a new era and may realize the aspirations of the race for a golden age. They hope that the peoples of the world may have the wisdom, after a war destructive and wicked beyond all parallel, to take steps to safeguard the peace of the future, and to free mankind from

servitude to a monster that has been its most deadly and implacable foe. It has destroyed hundreds of millions of the choicest youth; it has devoured the substance of nations, and it bids fair, if not checked, to obliterate civilization itself. The hope of making permanent peace a foremost object of the war was held out to the men who were sent to the front and in that faith gave their lives.

If the dream should happily be made to come true, those who follow us by a few centuries, in looking back upon the history of the time, may well regard with wonder the contribution to this result made by the Senate of a great people. They would look there for the culmination of a symphony unsurpassed since Bethlehem, and at least for a moral enthusiasm commensurate with so noble a cause. They would indeed read speeches, some of real eloquence and of analytical power, and they would witness much learning upon details. But they would see a cause of colossal importance brought down to the level of the hustings, as if it were the prime purpose, not to confer a memorable boon upon mankind, but to carry the next election. They would see it too much disfigured by hate, and marred by the raven's croaking note; and they would be able to catch too little of the majestic tones of the spiritual voices of the age. Whatever may have been the merit of the verbal criticism of the Treaty, or of the clauses that were suggested to improve it, the moral tone of the debate as a whole fell far below the sublime level of the theme.

But we have the Senate, with the mechanism of a bygone age, and with a structure so undemocratic as to make it the glaring solecism of the time. It retains all its original powers, swollen by those it has drawn to itself from other departments of the government. The

evil of the original inequality in its representation has been greatly intensified by the admission of so many small states. What is to be done with it? Its composition was designed to be perpetual, for the Constitution declared that no state should without its consent be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate. In other words it would require unanimous consent of the states to change the basis of representation. A convention to frame a new constitution is not to be thought of. Such a convention would be revolutionary, and it is no justification to say that the original convention was also revolutionary because at the time of its formation we were practically without a central government. But there is much besides the Senate: there are the muniments of liberty, — the courts, and the other cherished parts of our system, — and it would be madness to throw them into the crucible.

It is claimed that the Senate might be abolished constitutionally, and there are some, by no means classed among radicals, who believe in a government by an executive and a single chamber. But the system of two houses is greatly in the interest of safety. They should, however, be houses which are directly amenable to popular opinion, and if they are unequal in power the disparity should be in favor of that house the composition of which does no essential violence to the democratic principle. In this direction lies the one practical hope of reform. If the Senate cannot be reconstituted, and if it should not be abolished, it can be relieved of the congestion of power from which it and the country suffer, and in the matter of its tenure it should be made more responsive to public opinion.

To return to the particular aspect of the subject with which I began, the country might well enter upon the work

by taking away from the Senate the power to ratify treaties, and conferring it upon the House of Representatives. Why should that not be done? In Great Britain the Cabinet is responsible directly to the House of Commons, which is chosen by the British electorate. The Crown makes treaties, but the Crown is little more than a fiction and does in the long run just what the Cabinet wishes it to do. If the Cabinet cannot command the support of the Commons, it must either resign or appeal to the people, in which case they can directly express themselves and decide the issue. The result is that the government passes upon treaties with the promptitude which the nature of the case demands, and does not permit a time to elapse in which new wars may spring up and expose civilization to the frightful consequences of inaction. If Great Britain can be safe with her system of popular rule, why should it not be safe for America to have a treaty made in the first instance by a president who is no fiction but a very vital institution, and then have it ratified by a House of Representatives chosen by the people in the different districts? There would be a check here which does not exist in England. The argument was urged in the Convention, that secrecy was necessary to treaties and that secrecy could not be secured in the House of Representatives. Secrecy may have been necessary at that time, but to-day it is something to be avoided. Indeed, with a Senate much larger than the original House of Representatives, secrecy could not now be maintained for a single day.

If then we are to have open, free, and responsible democratic government in America, the Senate must be reformed; and no time is more auspicious than the present to begin with that branch of its jurisdiction as to which the people are having such a striking object-



lesson. Let us take a first step in the direction of popular and efficient government, and amend the Constitution so that treaties shall be ratified by the House of Representatives.

The time is here for a recasting of some of our institutions in response to the demands of modern conditions. When our Fathers framed the Constitution, they achieved a work that was little short of superhuman. On the one side, they were hemmed in by savages, on the other, by a chain of civilized nations which held the American ideas of government to be destructive of their own. Encompassed by foes on every hand, they indeed launched their little commonwealth upon a tempestuous sea.

And yet their work has prospered beyond all hope. Under the shelter of our Constitution the fairest forms of civilization have found refuge. The names that were a byword a century ago have become the most luminous in the science of government. The little commonwealth has mightily grown. True to the inspiration of her origin, she has just shown herself the zealous guardian of a world's freedom. Upon the supremely great work of the Fathers we should lay our hands only with the deepest reverence. But we should fail in our duty to them and to ourselves if we did not keep it true to their spirit, or if we permitted it to become a laggard on the resplendent and revealing tides of time.

## POLISH ADVENTURES

BY NELSON COLLINS

### I

WE went into Kiev with Bolshevik and Polish artillery still booming, and fighting aeroplanes over the city. At noon of our first day a Bolshevik aeroplane dropped four bombs on a Polish aviation camp in the outskirts of Kiev, and the victims were given a state funeral at noon of the day following: hearse after hearse, — eight or ten of them, — gun-carriages, soldiers, school-children, priests, the white eagle of Poland, the red and white flag of the Polish Republic. That same day there was a big withdrawal of the Bolshevik forces and the fighting-line shifted fifteen miles away from the city.

The Poles held Kiev, the great Russian city on the river Dnieper, the metropolis of the Ukraine, the stepping-off place for an expedition down to Odessa on the Black Sea, if Polish military strategy and other national considerations held wise such an extension of the supply-line, even farther beyond the boundaries of Poland than this Russian-Ukrainian city of Kiev. The train of President-Marshal Pilsudski — or, for this season of fighting, perhaps it should be Marshal-President Pilsudski — passed back and forth between Kiev and Warsaw — two days' fast journey, through stations thick with the young

spring green of birches and poplars, with the eagle and the new red-and-white flag among them. The troop-trains passed, with young soldiers singing in the night. They sang in the dust of Russian roads out beyond Kiev, after they had detrained, had been marched through the city, and were getting to the thin line at the bridgehead, just at that time held by an average of thirty-six men to the kilometre, seventy men to the mile. Grim hospital trains of the Polish Red Cross waited; pontoon trains for handling the river passages were numerous; groups of dust-covered Bolshevik prisoners came into the city constantly.

It was odd to discover, then, that the Poles were not fighting the Bolsheviks. Doubtless a great many people had known that all along; but it was a new fact to me. I had supposed they were. They are fighting the Russians. Just outside of Kiev I walked for two hours along the railroad track, with a Pole nineteen years old on his way to a sugar factory. He could understand my French and I could understand his. Finally I said what had been in my mind. 'The thing that surprises me, my friend, is that you people here and in Warsaw and all along the line down here do not speak of the Bolsheviks with the same moral exasperation and horror that I am used to among my friends in Paris and in New York.'

He turned my remark over in his mind. Then he said, 'I detest them with all my heart. Why should n't I? They have taken everything away that my family had, except this one sugar factory. I know my father died because of the worries over our altered state of affairs. But a Bolshevik is only a Russian and a peasant. What can you expect of that combination? You can't specialize in hatred of Russians.'

A lady I walked with one afternoon in Kiev unwittingly illustrated his re-

mark. Her husband had been carried away by the Bolsheviks as one of the hostages, when they withdrew from Kiev five days before. She had lived through seven months of Bolshevik control there. She described their outrageous intrusions into homes, their constant demands, their thieving. But she added, 'Denikin's men were as bad when they were here, just before the Bolsheviks. The Russians!'

I took a droschky ride with an American who had been operating in South Russia for two or three years. He said he believed any government would forfeit its self-respect that entered into any relations with Soviet Russia, economic or diplomatic. He would prefer to see Europe and America unsettled for years, and populations suffer from lack of food or labor, rather than accept contact with that unclean thing. He told a host of things he knew at first-hand, or believed implicitly on the intelligence and good faith of his informants. I listened closely. I found him telling me of how the Ukrainian General Petlura had asked him personally, in the course of one of his missions between the lines, to protest to the commanding general of the Russian forces against shooting helpless prisoners that he captured.

'But who did you say this general was who was doing the shooting of helpless prisoners?' I asked, fearing that by listening too intently I had confused his narrative.

'Why, I told you — Denikin. I saw him the next day.'

'The anti-Bolshevik general,' I said.

'That's so,' was his surprised comment. 'I had forgotten. It is the Bolsheviks you were inquiring about.'

Old Tsaristic days, Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik armies and populations, the medley, the composite, is straight Russian in the Polish mind. I saw a poster in oils, *The Storm out of the East*, done by a Polish army officer: a

great hulking figure, with dripping hands and a Mongolian face, coming up out of fire over a peaceful Polish landscape low on the horizon. I bought it for more than I could afford, because I felt that it was a picture good for more than my generation; good for a time when the Bolshevism of our day has long been an historic reminiscence; good for so long as there is dread of Russianism and Mongolism in Poland.

'The Storm out of the East' was not simply Bolshevism in the mind of that Polish soldier-painter, and it is not Bolshevism primarily in the Polish mind. They were fairly careless about Bolshevik economic and social theories, and very general in attributing atrocities. The Poles circulated a poster of Bolshevism as a red Semitic devil, sitting on a pile of skulls and holding a heavy revolver in a bloody hand; but their other most impressive poster depicted, from a photograph, a Polish soldier whose head had been gouged, his knuckles broken, the web between all his fingers slashed, and red-hot pins driven under the nails — all of which was attributed, not to the Bolshevik Russians, but to the Czecho-Slovakians on the other side of Poland, in connection with the plebiscite to be held in the summer of 1920 for control in Silesia.

A young Polish count whose family has holdings in the Ukraine told me of ingenious tortures by the Letts, in the republic to the north of Poland. Somebody else contributed the undoubted stories of the Semenoff Cossacks out in Siberia. Nobody questioned the facts, but nobody emphasized Bolshevism in connection with them; or, if they did, they attributed the blame to the Russian peasant, as the worst combination of cruelty and stupidity the world could produce. A young Polish Uhlan from Posen pointed out a group of Bolshevik prisoners and laughed. 'They said they had been forced to fight by the

Bolsheviki,' he said, 'and looked for better treatment because of that. But they fired into our men when we were almost upon them, only fifty metres away. We asked them, if they were forced to fight, why they kept it up when they had so good a chance to surrender. Trust no Russian.'

In Poland everywhere, so far as I could talk with different kinds of people, and so far as my reasonable supply of French and my twenty words of German could carry me, and so far as my interpreter in Polish and Russian was reliable, the term Bolshevik was interchangeable with the term Russian. The Bolsheviki were to them the Russians, at this time in the saddle. Racial antipathies, not moral horror; resentments and revenge for long generations of Tsaristic oppression and torment were their incitements to fighting. They did not fight as the defenders of an outraged world-civilization against a new system of physical torture and property perversion. Their high hopes for Poland swamped even their hate of any enemy whatever.

That is the glorious thing about Poland to-day. A great love is its dominating motive. But the great hate is Russia in general. Even a Bolshevik would resent their ignoring of Bolshevism. By the time a Pole has exhausted the possibilities of aversion in the nature of a Russian and the nature of a Jew, he would have to drain his being to find bile for a Bolshevik simply as a Bolshevik.

At Jitmoir there is the room where the fourteen-year-old girl who ruled the city for the Bolsheviki is said herself to have shot down more than a hundred citizens of the town. I do not disbelieve this. They picked up a Bolshevik soldier in the back-country and stationed a young Polish soldier to guard him. They sat in a gulley near the railroad track. After a while I passed that way

again. The Polish soldier was fast asleep, one arm under him to keep his face out of the dirt. I might have thought him dead as he lay. The Bolshevik prisoner was sitting beside the gun and motioned me to approach carefully, not to wake him up. His occasional snores further reassured me. They were both about twenty years old. The Bolshevik could ponder the buttons on the army jacket of his guard. It was a United States army jacket, buttons and all. The United States eagle did very well as the Polish eagle emblem, and the 'E Pluribus Unum' on the scroll above it meant nothing in their young lives. Half the Polish soldiers along that stretch of track had United States army jackets and buttons. Large letters, 'U.S.,' were on the haversacks of the men streaming out of Kiev after the retreating Bolsheviks. I left these two philosophers to muddle over their own puzzle of a world, or just ignore it, and put up with it, as they seemed disposed to do. But no dread of a Bolshevik outrage seemed to pervade the dreamless sleep of this young Pole.

Confused as I found myself by this unexpected attitude of the Poles, which itself confused all kinds of Russians into one kind of Russian and was confused if you tried to allege any fundamental distinctions among the kinds, my aversions and likings, my antipathies and associations growing out of war feelings, were strangely confused among the Poles themselves. A Posen Pole of twenty-three sat on my cot-bed in a box-car and admitted that he had served at Verdun, at Ypres, at St. Mihiel—had been for three years a soldier in the German Army. An American Polish lad, who had served with Lord Strathcona's Horse, enlisting in Canada but claiming Lexington Avenue, New York City, as his home, sat on the bed across and talked with the ex-German

Uhlan, now a courier from the War Office in Warsaw down to the fighting front. To palliate the situation, which one could easily see both felt a little, the American told of another Polish-German soldier in the battle for Mt. Kimmel, who, with both legs shot off, begged him in English to stop a minute and give him water, and when he had got it, said, 'I'm a Polish soldier. I've never fought with any vigor against you.' 'I'm a Pole, too—from America,' the other replied. These two became very good friends. I saw them together at a little table a week later in Warsaw. Yet this Posen Pole broke into the goose-step with exultation when he heard good news of an advance of the Polish Army beyond Kiev against the Russians. We struck his leg and forced him to stop it. We liked him, but could not stomach that relic of his old military training. We felt that we could not bear him, in spite of liking everything else about him, if he could not avoid a reversion like that.

## II

The great thing about the Poles is their sense of a vivid and noble tradition. Life must be a glory to them, or it is nothing. To be fed and housed hardly counts. The Polish mark had fallen to two hundred for a United States dollar; there was ominous news of a Bolshevik advance from the north, now that so many Polish troops and trains had been drawn far south to Kiev; Lord Robert Cecil over in London was moving for an appeal to the League of Nations against Poland, because of this campaign; but all that could be straightened out later. Ten women were in sight, working the fields, for every man; road-gangs of boys not more than twelve or thirteen years old were frequent. The army was a very young army, consisting of youths of sixteen

and seventeen. I knew personally one boy of fifteen, with discharge papers from the Polish Army covering a year and a half of service. Poland was using her very first supply of manhood after the drain of the world-war for this new fighting, instead of having them in the fields, the mills, and the higher schools. The glory that had been Poland was still Poland, would always be Poland, was re-created, was sure. The future, the present, the past were all one, a live flame. There had been rain and warmth and the crops were very promising. Wheat had headed out a month earlier than usual. There was assurance of final abundance in the air, abundance of food, abundance of territory, abundance of glory. The world was young in springtime, the army was young, new Poland was young, the campaign was in its promising beginnings. The youth of the army and the very new nationalism and the uncertainties of the developing campaign had hints of possible tragedy in them that the rate of exchange reflected. But nothing else reflected it, except, perhaps, a few dubious groups in Warsaw, a little suspicious of Marshal Pilsudski as possibly too nearly 'Red' in his sympathies.

I had come from New York and Paris. I had exulted with my friends there when shiploads of 'parlor Bolsheviks,' or 'alley Bolsheviks,' were shipped out of the United States back to Russia. They had wished that all Bolshevik apologists might be shipped to Russia, too; and I had heartily agreed with them. It is right and pleasant to have people take practical part in the ideals they profess, participate in the actual physical struggle of the ideas for which they have sympathy. The fighting front, or the army hospitals, or the cities held by the Bolsheviks were the proper places for more than one comfortable person we knew, with over-liberal and over-careless ideas regarding the

tenure of other people's property. After Denikin collapsed in South Russia, the quiet word around New York and Paris was to wait for Poland in the spring. The waiting was rewarded. But as these troop-trains of Polish boys seventeen years old, and of Polish girls nineteen years old going along to nurse them, drew into Kiev, headed for sure privation, for possible death, for disease that might affect their whole long lives, I thought that those friends of mine who were leading no indispensable lives in the States and in Paris, if they would have license for their exasperated utterances and exhortations against the Bolsheviks as Bolsheviks, should be in these troop-trains and hospital-trains; and I longed within myself to see them there.

In Kovno, a Massachusetts American lay in a Polish army hospital, with his right arm splintered at the elbow and a septic condition developing—Lieutenant Noble, a flier, one of the Kosciuszko squadron. But I think he had come to such a pass because he was an inveterate flier, looking for his flying where it could still be found—not because he was inspired by any deep moral horror of Bolshevism. He had attacked alone and three times a Bolshevik armored train that was holding up the Polish advance into a town. At the third attack he made, the train started away; but a rifle-ball caught his elbow. He piloted his machine seventy-five kilometres back to camp, and saved the machine to the Polish air force; but his flying days are over. The Kosciuszko squadron has been building an enormous sentiment for the United States among the Polish troops, flying German aeroplanes in the Polish service, at a rate of pay that equals twelve dollars a month.

All along the route from Warsaw to Kiev, I met the Haller's Army men, Polish-Americans, on their way back to the States at last; men who volunteered



before the United States ever entered the war; who fought on the French front for the sake of what Poland might get out of the war if the Allies won; who then resisted home longings and came on into Poland itself for the fighting that had to be faced when the world-war with Germany was over. Czechoslovakians, Ukrainians, Bolsheviks — three little wars she had on hand a year ago, on practically all her frontiers. The best of Poland and the best of the United States was in these men, and neither country had been very mindful of them when their immediate usefulness had been accomplished. It made one just a little tired of excessive talk about speaking an inherited foreign language necessarily making a worse citizen of the United States. These Haller fellows had been in the United States five years, three years, — one of them whom I met, seventeen years, — before they volunteered to come back and fight. They had barely mastered English in the United States. For three years they had heard their old language and never any English. One spoke to them abruptly at Koval: 'Do you know when your train for Dantzig pulls out?' or something like that; and they fumbled in their brains to understand you. It was their first resumption of an old and nearly lost attempt at United States citizenship. They thought in Polish of their love for, their identification with, America. Their hearts as well as their keen sense of financial and social advantage were five or six thousand miles away, the width of the greater parts of two vast continents and a great ocean, in Brooklyn, Cleveland, Akron, Detroit, St. Paul.

They liked Poland, too, — loved is the right word to use, actually, for once, — indorsed your good words for the Polish people, were glad they had come, were glad you liked Poland, were hopeful about the soil, — a little thin in

many places, they reminded you, — looked forward to increasing manufactures. 'Give her five years,' they would say. 'Get the fighting done. Get the material in. Then see.' But they would not stay any longer. And it was more than the money they would earn in the United States, more than war-weariness in a still-warring land, that was taking them back.

I would like to trade these men, with their deficiencies in our language, and with their fighting record and their mood of United States citizenship, for some voluble English-speaking United States citizens I know. They had had a raw deal, but had little to say about it. Their mood was sturdy and high. It did not blink the deal they had had, but it did not think of capitalizing the grievance in pathos or resentment. The United States, wet or dry, was what they wanted for themselves, and 'God bless and preserve and prosper Poland!' was in their hearts, as in the days of early 1917, when they left good jobs to come over and fight for her; and then to be forgotten, overlooked, neglected, unaccommodated for a long time anywhere by anybody, Polish or American, their rights forgotten as much as their comfort or well-being. A few cigarettes and some underclothing would reach them between Warsaw and Dantzig — the gift of the American people through the American Red Cross'; but it was little enough, though they did not say so; and they were still uncertain whether they would get passage to New York only and have to pay their own way from there to the towns in the United States that they had originally left.

I told them that I guessed they would be seen clear through, now. But the word 'guess' was careful English, not the United States vernacular, and their eyes, after all their experiences, seemed inclined to treat it that way, too.

## III

Kiev was intact. Its population of more than a million was underfed, but by no means starving. The metropolis had had six governments in three years, old Russian, German, Ukrainian, new reactionary Russian, Bolshevik, and now Polish. One business building was razed to its foundations, near the Opera, and five others had been gutted, apparently with hand-grenades, at one time or another during the three years. The façades stood. Much window-glass was gone, and had been replaced with veneers of board, and there were frequent bullet-chips in the brick.

Breakfast the first morning in the town was fresh milk, ice-cream, sugar, and radishes. You started up into the town that had endured so much, and ran into ice-cream freezers full of their good stuff on every other street corner. The freezers stood two together in most places, with two flavors of ice-cream for your choice. The district had a good deal of fresh milk, and it had an over-supply of sugar. They served it with a shovel, or by the handful. In a restaurant where no bread could be bought, the great sugar-urn stood level-full always, and open to anybody who cared to help himself. A Polish colonel told of one town nearby where the owners of the sugar warehouse had placed seals on the doors when the Bolsheviks occupied the town. The Bolsheviks never bothered to break the seals; though just what good the owners expected the seal to be is a matter of puzzlement. At that time, according to an officer of the Polish Red Cross, the sugar ration in the Bolshevik army was half a pound per man per day, to a quarter pound of bread. There was talk of sending some of it to suffering America. You could get a ton of it for a few pounds of salt or some flour. All the way down from Warsaw, for several hundred miles,

white bread excellently baked had been plentiful in the little shops; eggs too, and excellent sausages. Near Kiev, bread died out and sugar became the staple.

Women at the stations offered great plates of butter for a little salt. Salt had been supplied to this part of Russia from Poland, and the supply had been cut off during the fighting with the Ukrainians a year ago. In the public market I bought two large potatoes, boiled first and then fried a rich brown all over, piping hot, for five marks. The ice-cream between wafers was eight marks. Eggs were five marks apiece, and rather scarce. Pork and rabbit and some beef, a few geese, and a few chickens were on sale at possible prices. Fresh radishes sold at three marks for a big bunch — the large variety, made as God made Hampshire strawberries, with enough flavor for the size. Young onions were three marks a bundle. Fresh milk was not expensive. Sauerkraut, beets, Dill pickles were in good supply. These things were all on sale in a cheap market, where only very ordinary people gathered. For twenty Polish marks I could make a meal there. The United States dollar was worth two hundred marks. But I do not see how a workingman in Kiev earning forty marks a day or a hundred marks — estimates varied, but never reached the hundred — could feed and house and clothe himself and his family. That is the right basis of consideration. I did not see enough in the markets to make me believe that, if everybody had unlimited money, there was stuff to satisfy all the population. Moreover, Kiev was then in the lushness of spring, with fresh green stuff just ready for market and the cows of the district coming into milk. Spring had arrived, and hoarders were loosening up on last year's stuff carried through the winter. The stores were empty. The Bolsheviks had stripped the town; and what they had not taken

had been hidden. But the people were not emaciated. They did not look as the Viennese look; their reserve fat, their marrow, was not all gone. This was true of the Kiev residents, the refugees about there and on up into Poland proper, and the prisoners from the Bolshevik armies. There was both color and substance to their bodies.

But just as careless deductions from one full market and one full pocketbook might utterly mislead the visitor in such a city, so merely walking about the streets gathering a general impression gives no clue to the orphanages, with only a day's supply of food, the bins empty, and no clear prospect or much hope of finding even another day's supply when the one on hand should be gone; nor any clue to the reticent suffering of proud people. A family of standing, who desired to give their utmost hospitality to an American, furnished a meal of soup made from some long-leaved plant, a second small course of potatoes, and a dessert apparently made of seeds and toothsome roots that one would ordinarily not regard as edible. They stuck in my throat, not because they were not good, — they seemed right enough for once, — but because I felt that somebody was being robbed in the family for my unnecessary table entertainment, and because meals day after day like that (and I knew it was an extraordinary achievement) must leave pangs of hunger and a sense of under-nourishment even at the moment of repletion. Similarly, at Lwow (Lemberg), on Sunday, about half-past eleven in the morning, just when church was out, I think I saw more silk dresses in half an hour than I had seen before in all my life, certainly more than I ever had seen anywhere at one time in any street before. A man long resident in the city called my attention to them. It seemed to indicate, not comfort only, but luxury. I am sure

that seven out of every ten women and girls who passed in that after-church promenade wore silk. But it was reasonably apparent, also, that the dresses were years old, had been worn this one precious hour of the week, and on a few other fête-days, even before the war, had been remodeled by the skillful fingers of those I saw wearing them, and had been unsalable, because nobody was buying silk dresses after the war was on, although the careless impression might have been that everybody had been buying them.

#### IV

There were many refugees. But they were not tragic figures. They were not acutely miserable. More than anything else I knew at first-hand, they resembled a group in Michigan after a forest-fire has wiped out a town. There were destitution, discomfort, hunger now and then and here and there. But there was a reasonably well nourished immediate past to go ahead on for a little while, and a fair prospect of pulling through to as good a condition as known before, though with a longer time to hold out than would be the case in the United States forest-fire, and with systematic relief not so sure to come. But refugeeing in the early summer in Russia is not so bad a business — just a little worse than gypsying, if you have not the instinct for it. In the winter, and at night in rainy weather with restless babies, it is a different proposition. Weeks of it drag the life out of men and women, and even boys and girls; and the horrible uncertainty of the future, the waiting for the fighting to stop, cause a fearful mental tension in those who have any feeling of responsibility.

These refugees are the one-time residents of Poland — Poles, Little Russians, Russians, Lithuanians — who, in

the autumn and winter of 1915-16, fled into Great Russia ahead of the retreating Russian armies. They are headed back at last, to accept such changes as four years have brought about, and to reestablish life as it was, so far as possible, in the old accustomed places.

The Polish authorities in Kiev gathered the Bolshevik civilian sympathizers together, and kept the railroad yard clear of all refuse by their labors. Most of them were Jews and of middle age — a greater proportion of Jews than one saw anywhere among the prisoners from the Bolshevik army. A number of them swept up or picked up offal, dressed in frock coats. Some of them were young. I remember one who stood stark upright always when he was not forced to bend to his work by a watchful guard, and whose face blazed with hate and defiance of his keepers. I wondered why he had not left the city with the Bolsheviks.

The youthful soldiers of the Polish army stood over these men with guns, and satirically, but half good-humoredly, lectured them on the beauties of Bolshevism. It was a race mocking a race, a soldier getting even with civilians, youth enjoying its chance for unpunished impudence to old age. It struck me that some of the more intelligent and prosperous older Jews bending their backs to unaccustomed toil felt this, and were a little amused and, within themselves, a little tolerant, with a humorous appreciation of the situation in their glances at one another. But they kept at work. There was no other way out. Perhaps they set themselves to reading with new sympathy the only United States book to be seen in the shop-windows of Kiev — *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in a German translation. It was in the windows of Warsaw, also, along with Emerson's essays.

The attitude that the United States Jews in the region assumed toward

these fellows of theirs in race (though not their fellow countrymen) was usually one of frank dismay. I talked in Kovno with a New York Jew who had been living in this district for seven years, having returned just before the Great War. 'What my people need here,' said he, with a wry movement of the mouth, 'is a regiment of ten thousand barbers as shock troops, several gangs of American college hazers to tear the long, greasy black coats, or nightgowns, or whatever you call them, off their backs and the little round caps off their heads, and a whole army of plumbers to build baths for them.'

A younger United States Jew from Vilna said to me: 'Twenty-five thousand American Jews, real Americans, who would live over here and force the change by their example and influence, would go a long way toward solving the hatreds and alienations that threaten the stability of Poland and the little new republics to the north.'

Meanwhile the American Jewish Distribution Committee is doing good work in that direction, as well as with its supplies of clothing and medicine. The little old red schoolhouse of the little old United States, the country schoolhouse, and the schoolhouse of the polyglot tenement districts, would apparently do for both Poland and Russia the biggest job that they need. It would take five generations, but that would break down the ridiculous and yet almost insurmountable barriers to national unity and the individual's sense of his own freedom. And Poles and Jews and Russians will have to live alongside each other long after Bolshevism, as Bolshevism, has become nothing more than a military, political, economic, social, and moral reminiscence.

Poland is hurrying the work of restoration. Everywhere in Warsaw and Lwow new paint was being put on store-fronts, old cornices were being

repaired, factory chimneys were being built, and outside, in the country, new peasant houses and barns were going up. Hospitals that the American Red Cross had established or largely developed were being taken over and maintained by the Poles, in accordance with the best modern standards. The presses are turning out an abundant supply of ancient and modern Polish literature, and technical books. Excellent lithographs of Polish historical events or of Polish scenery fill the shops. There are interesting new paintings by Polish artists. A young nation with a dangerous war in progress, which, none the less, has forty boys in an architectural school and many more in other technical schools; whose medical men, albeit all too few in number, have an established reputation; and whose engineers and mechanics are increasing steadily — a nation which believes so much in the wine of life, but takes care to have the stable bread of life assured; which realizes better than ever before that spirit needs flesh really to make itself manifest — is a nation pretty sure to work its way through to full and safe nationality.

## V

Poland's concern with things maritime, her reaching out to the sea, is another unexpected indication of the scope of her national imagination. I am always under suspicion of reading sea-significance unduly into national situations; and what I saw in Poland may be chargeable in some degree to that obsession; but certainly, along with the map of old imperial Poland, dated 1772, which was found in unsuspected corners of western Russia, and was hung on the walls in Poland, as an incitement to further and further penetration by a victorious army, there was perfectly apparent a tremendous interest in the sea. Polish sailors, following the Russian

custom of wearing long ribbons hanging from the back of their caps, walked the streets of Warsaw. They told me that, when the Peace Conference gave Poland her ancient access to the Baltic, the Polish government held a very impressive service, wedding anew the Polish nation to life on the water.

Poland had seemed like Shakespeare's Bohemia, or like Switzerland, so far as seafaring possibilities were concerned. I remembered that Joseph Conrad had to leave his home in Poland as a boy and make his way to England, in order to become a sailor. 'We don't often meet a man of your nationality in ships,' he records that the old examiner said to him when he got his license. Marine paintings and lithographs and post-cards were in a great many shop-windows. Down in the old quarter of Warsaw, near the market, there is a very ancient doorway, and over it, in colored stucco, a great frigate under full sail — a huge thing, very vigorously expressed.

But at Lwow, which has not even a navigable river, there stands an image of the Virgin in the seclusion of a count's garden, back among the trees. A veil of cobwebs is over her face, though pious hands keep them cleared from her arms and her robe. The image rests upon a pillar, and standing out upon this pillar there is an anchor, with a dragging piece of rope and a date in July, 1810, below it. The Virgin of the Anchor, in her remoteness from all matters maritime, seemed to me a persistent embodiment of that new-old dream, which Poland seems to have, of an expanding life on the water for her citizens. One of the posters most widely circulated in the city, and all over Poland, showed the first Polish merchant-ship swinging away from her moorings in the harbor of Dantzic for a voyage to America. The Polish admiral, a man, I am told, with no ship to speak of, but with dreams for his country, maintains his head-



quarters at Dantzig. I suppose that Poland sent representatives to the second International Labor Congress at Genoa in June, 1920, which devoted itself exclusively to problems of merchant-shiping. If she did, how I wish that Joseph Conrad might have been called back from his long, enforced residence in England, to go as one of the delegates!

And after I had written all this, I found, when I got back to Paris, in a French magazine, an article ten pages long, by General Boucabeille, on 'The Maritime Future of Poland.'

I looked carefully at many faces of Bolshevik troops and Bolshevik civilians, in snapshots taken by Red Cross men, in prison camps, and in prisoner groups as they came along the roads before they reached the camps; at full sprawl in the afternoon sunlight before Polish general staff headquarters in the city of Kiev; in numerous hospitals. I sized up their faces and their bodies. They seemed to me much like the general run of men: about the same proportion of obvious louts, of fairly intelligent and of quite intelligent young men, that one would see anywhere in central Europe. Their bodies seemed, in about equal proportions, of the draught-horse and the race-horse types. They were warier in war than the young Poles, older by a few years as a general thing, and had been longer in the ordeal of campaigns. But my belief in the Russian, which has to run hand in hand with my belief in the enormous slapdash efficacy of the American public-school system as it might be applied to run him through the hopper, was not affected, or, rather, disaffected, by anything I saw of Bolshevik Russians, or by any reasoned contrast I drew between them and the Poles who were fighting them, much as I have always liked and respected the Pole.

In the United States district I come from there are a good many Poles, and the young Pole, man or woman, is singularly apt to be finely and yet strongly moulded. I did not see any such large proportion of Poles like that as I had expected, judging from those I knew in my home across the Atlantic. Many, very many, more of these in the homeland seemed to be the victims of heavy manual labor by their fathers and mothers, of generations whose education was *nil* or very limited and speedily forgotten, of many results from Tsaristic tyrannies and class domination of upper Poles and Russians alike. I looked at Bolshevik Russians, and a couple of weeks later, when I had the chance, read some of Mr. Stephen Graham's confident and delicate enjoyment of all Russians over many years in all parts of their vast domain, with no sense of hopeless incongruity.

The condition for the world to consider is Polish-Russian antipathy, not Polish-Bolshevist antipathy. The disappearance of tyranny may mean, more readily than now seems apparent, the disappearance of racial hatreds. But in a Polish school out near Brest-Litovsk in the year 1920 the children have to learn a song of hate of all Russians. Its words are very vigorous and the music stirring. Russians are human beings. They are loved and believed in for both their future and their past, and even for their present. Jews are human beings. We have Shakespeare's assurance of the latter fact. For the Russians, the more popular notion in Poland is Kipling's idea of a bear that walks like a man. Kipling may have outgrown the notion, probably has, but it is part of the fate of influence to find one's outworn ideas still living realities in somebody else.

There is the problem that will have to be settled before Poland or the world can settle down to stable peace.

# INDUSTRIAL LEADERSHIP AND THE MANAGER

BY SAM A. LEWISOHN

It is but recently that as much emphasis has been put upon the everyday relations between employer and employee as upon the more dramatic phases of our industrial problems. In the past, probably more study was devoted to means of composing differences after they had arisen than to the more complex and fundamental task of creating a healthy *esprit de corps* at our plants. Arbitration, conciliation, and adjustment were the main topics discussed by industrial specialists a few decades ago; but at present as much attention is being focused upon such subjects as shop committees and personnel management. As in other fields, it has been found that the judicial and investigative phase is only a fraction of the problem, and that the continuous administrative questions are, if anything, of greater importance. We have found that an industrial 'domestic-relations court' does not necessarily mean a healthy industrial 'family life.'

One of the most promising results of this new insight is that employers are coming to realize that, in view of the administrative position they hold in industry, they are the natural leaders and have the corresponding responsibility of leadership. At least, some of them are beginning to appreciate that they must approach their relations to their employees with the same poise and perspective with which they treat other problems of organization. Such employers appreciate that, if they approach the subject in the traditional combative spirit, they will be about as

helpful in the future industrial development of the country as an angry father is in the moral development of the rebellious child.

Now in speaking of employers we must, of course, discriminate between two types of industries. On the one hand, we have the small business run by the owner, who is himself the manager and has relations directly with the superintendents and foremen under him. On the other, we have the large business in which there are, roughly, three groups: the directors and executive officers on top; salaried men who have actual charge of the local plants; and the foremen and superintendents under the manager.

The latter type of organization is each year absorbing a larger proportion of our industrial activities, and we will therefore consider the problems which face the executives and directors in a large industry. Let us suppose that they have passed the stage where they feel that mere railing against the closed shop and petulant complaining against restricted efficiency will solve their problems. They decide to liberalize and modernize thoroughly their labor policy. Having defined such a policy, they endeavor to discover the means of putting it into effect. At the very start of any such attempt they will almost always find themselves confronted with the fact that it is necessary for them to convert those in charge of the local plants. If they find the local manager sympathetic, they are apt to find him untrained to under-

stand and adopt newer methods. Just as in endeavoring to effect any other reform, it is a matter of securing and training the proper personnel to put it into effect.

It is therefore particularly interesting to note that more and more those who are given the responsibility of managing our local plants are graduates of technical schools. It is becoming each year increasingly evident that a large part of the industrial leadership of the country must come from such engineer-managers, who have succeeded the old owner-managers.

These men, with the foremen under them, are in the 'key positions' so far as the handling of the everyday labor-problems is involved. Most directors and executives on top, even if they have the inclination, time, and sympathy to study the details of the local labor-problems, feel that it is wise not to interfere with the work of the manager in charge, because such problems are so interwoven with the daily routine of other operating problems, that they have not the intimate knowledge of the *nuances* of the situation which would justify them in interfering. Progress in securing better *esprit de corps* will depend upon the skillfulness of the local manager in handling human problems. We have heard much of employee-representation schemes under the name of shop committees and works councils, — and they are an important development, — but the success of such schemes depends primarily on the quality of the leadership which the local management affords. Leadership is, after all, the essential in creating a good morale in industrial establishments, as it is in any organization, military, social, political, or other.

A great deal has been made of the possibilities of the new profession of employment manager; and it is true that in the development of this pro-

fession we have made a long step in the right direction. But the employment manager is helpless unless the general manager in charge of the entire plant has sufficient background to make him sympathetic with the purpose and operation of the personnel department. If he is not sympathetic, he can block any efforts at modernization that the personnel manager attempts to introduce. It is argued, it is true, by some, that the industrial specialist should have coördinate jurisdiction with the man in charge of physical problems; but in many establishments, if not in most, this is impracticable from an administrative point of view. It is usually most undesirable to have a house divided against itself. Another obvious suggestion is that the industrial specialist should be put in full charge. But this does not take into consideration the fact that there are many plants in which the nature of the problems renders it essential that the technical man occupy the titular position.

In this connection, to quite an extent the foremen are being recruited from graduates of our technical schools. Unfortunately the evidence is overwhelming that the training that our engineering schools have given does not adequately equip a man to handle so-called 'human engineering.' This is a matter of common experience; but an excerpt from the report of the President's Mediation Commission (which, under the chairmanship of Secretary of Labor Wilson, in the early stages of the war, visited a number of our Western communities in which there was industrial unrest) may be of interest in this connection. Referring to their observations in the mining districts of Arizona, that Commission said: 'The managers fail to understand and reach the mind and heart of labor, because they have not the aptitude or the train-

ing . . . for wise dealing with the problems of industrial relationships.' The managers in this case were mostly engineers.

Of course, the capacity for handling human beings depends, to a large extent, upon a magnetic personality, and there are many engineers with this native capacity. But such a capacity alone will not solve the problem of handling the organization of employees of a large plant. I know personally of several instances of graduates of technical schools, who had become managers of important plants and had all the temperamental qualities necessary for leadership, but who failed to make a maximum success in the handling of their employees because of their lack of interest in the personnel problem — a lack of interest which they frankly acknowledged. The evidence, in fact, is overwhelming that the usual practice in the past of confining the training of the engineer solely to studying the reactions of dead matter has tended to cripple him in his handling of human relations. A purely technical education in problems which require quantitative methods does not equip a man to assume leadership of men. We have not yet come to the point where human reactions can be weighed and measured.

Quite a number of engineers realize this. For example, Mr. Corless of the Mond Nickel Company, in a paper which he read before an engineering association says, 'A question that deeply concerns us as engineers, managers, or superintendents of industrial enterprises, is that of efficiency. In this matter, I fear, we have much blame to accept for narrowness of view. Because of our special training in the material sciences and their application to industry, we have confined our attention altogether too exclusively to machines, to processes, to arrangement of plants, and to the external forms of

organization. We have paid far too little attention to the "imponderables" — to ethical standards, to psychological conditions, and to the mental attitude of those on whom real efficiency must finally depend.'

I quote this because it is rather exceptional. There are some engineers who do not seem to realize that there is any distinction between physical and human problems. On the other hand, the substitution of the technical manager is not necessarily undesirable from a social point of view. If recognized and utilized in time, this substitution may be a blessing in disguise.

The so-called broadminded owner-manager was no doubt more a man of the world and preferable to the type of narrow specialist too often turned out by our technical institutions — men dehumanized by the very intensity of their application to routine studies. But, on the other hand, a man who takes up engineering does learn to be dispassionate and objective, and is taught to seek the truth undisturbed by prejudice or preconception. The old-fashioned owner-manager has too often been hampered in the handling of his employees by the conventions of his class. He may have been human, but surely it has been a dogmatic humanity. On the contrary, the scientific approach of the engineer is unfriendly to intolerance. Above all, he is taught to be thorough and open-minded. Engineer-managers who have combined with their knowledge of the material sciences a scientific study of human relations are usually superior to other industrial managers in their approach.

The opportunity is thus offered of developing an improved type of industrial manager, and those primarily responsible for making the most of this opportunity are the members of the trustees and faculties of our technical schools

who have the task of planning the curricula of those schools and of furnishing the inspiration to the students. If, in planning the work of those students who by any possibility may in later life have charge of men, such trustees and faculties are willing to sacrifice a certain amount of instruction in subjects involving purely physical problems, and devote an adequate number of hours to social economics and the modern technique of handling labor, we may develop a type of industrial leader who will do much to solve our industrial problems. In order to achieve the desired results there must, in addition to a revision in the formal curricula, be modifications in the practice-work conducted in the summer months, so that the students will supplement their civil engineering, geological expeditions, and other field-work by actually working in industry with the men they will handle in their future careers.

In order to arrive at a real understanding of just what type of training a manager must have before he is able to master his industrial problems, we must more closely analyze just what these problems involve. Curiously enough, in human engineering itself there are both technical and human, we might say 'political,' sides, which must have their proper place if success is to be attained. To illustrate: the technical side comprises all such devices as scientific management, time- and motion-studies, labor-saving devices, and the like, while the 'political' aspect includes the installation of employee-representation schemes, popularly known as works councils or shop committees, the entering into relations with trade-unions whether in the form of collective bargaining or otherwise, and, generally, the maintenance of a good morale through personal leadership.

There is already an imposing literature and a group of specialists on each

one of these subjects, to all of which engineering students should be given an adequate approach. I say approach, because it is obvious that it is impossible to give the student more. The subjects are necessarily empirical, and only trial and error and actual practice will furnish a thorough grasp of them. We need not give much heed to the usual objection which we hear conservative members of the faculty of technical schools advance, that only a useless academic training can be given in such subjects, and therefore it is futile to give any at all. As with any other problem, the first essential is to indicate to the student that there is literature on the subject, teach him where he can find the authorities, and finally, what is most important of all, awaken his interest, so that when he is graduated he will be anxious to use the most modern technique. Just as in any other field, the professional graduate is apt to follow the interests awakened while he was a student. An approach is, after all, in a large measure all that a student, except perhaps the narrow specialist, gets in his main professional courses.

On the 'political' and human side particularly it is of especial importance that the technical student have his understanding and interest aroused. The usual practice of confining his training solely to studying the physical problem necessarily has a tendency to cripple him in attempting to handle human relations, unless there has been some neutralizing influence.

One of the main benefits to be achieved by a proper training of the engineering student is that he will convert the man on top, rather than be converted by him. In any event, he will, when he becomes a manager, proceed with plans for the modernization of methods of dealing with his employees upon his own initiative. He will adopt without prodding from above any modern



device which he thinks will bring about a better morale — such as individual production-records, job-analyses, shop committees. He will persuade his directors and executive officers to let him go ahead with such plans, just as he has been able to persuade his directors in the past to allow him to install experimental improvements in metallurgical and mechanical processes.

A manager with such a background and a persuasive personality will go further and persuade his directors to allow him to raise wages and cut down hours, realizing that it may mean more rather than less profits. Where the union leaders show a disposition to be constructive and coöperative, he will exert his influence in favor of the recognition of the union and of a collective agreement, realizing that there is no necessary incompatibility between national unionism and any works-council plan that may have been installed; knowing, in fact, that the authority of the national organizer may be useful in holding local trouble-makers in line. Of course, it may be the man on top who will have the final decision in such matters, but the local manager is always a powerful influence.

We have heard much of the necessity of the proper education of trade-union officials. But, after all, trade-union leaders are, by virtue of their position, perpetually in the rôle of opposition. This is at the bottom of much of the instinctive antagonism toward unionism on the part of even the more progressive managers. They feel that loyalty on the part of the men to their trade-union leaders means disloyalty to themselves, and thus is certain to be destructive of any *esprit de corps* they have attempted to build up. Of course, with less en-

lightened managers such opposition is nothing more than autocracy's natural jealousy of interference with its dominant position. As a matter of fact, there is a natural suspicion on the part of many organized labor leaders of any attempt of the management to build up loyalty to itself. This has particularly manifested itself in the antagonism of many representatives of organized labor toward the shop-committee system. There is sometimes justification for the plea on the part of the national leaders that the shop committee is merely a device on the part of the particular employer to prevent the intrusion of the national union. Just as often, however, experiments in employee representation are *bona fide* and sincere, and in many cases a liaison with the national union has been established. One may therefore be pardoned the suspicion that indiscriminate opposition on the part of an influential group of union leaders to constructive experiments of this character is inspired by a fear that the allaying of the unrest of the rank and file of workmen will impair the very incentives that hold their national organizations together. This is not gainsaying that many of the more progressive leaders have shown a real desire to be coöperative and to assist in production; but experience in trade-union leadership is necessarily mainly political and forensic — not administrative. It is, after all, the manager who is in the position of continuous administrative responsibility, and it is to him that we must look primarily for constructive development in the everyday problems of our industrial life. Whether he be engineer or layman, he should be properly trained to assume the leadership that is rightfully his.

## THE SIXTY-TWO-DAY SIEGE OF URFA

BY CHARLES F. WEEDEN, JR.

THE Land of Abraham has recently witnessed in these reconstruction days a notable and thrilling event, in the siege of the city of Urfa, Mesopotamia. From the diary of one who was the American representative, and who has spent eighteen months in Near-East refugee work, we cull the following.

Here we are in Urfa, without communication with the outside world, for the Arabs and Kurds have broken up the railroad and cut telegraph wires, and we are prisoners. The more I see of this country, the better Mexico seems. The French, who have a garrison here, are now attacked by forces of the Nationalistic army under Mustapha Kemal Pasha. We have raised Red Cross and American flags on our orphanage, which has sheltered over a thousand refugees; but the Turk does not bother about such a little thing as a flag. The first French soldier has been killed and the water-supply cut off. Intermittent shots are heard about us. *C'est la guerre maintenant*. The Armenians, short of ammunition, have been making bombs out of condensed-milk cans. They knew what to expect from the Turks.

We have fortified the orphanage by digging a hole to the cellar and barricading the windows with a hundred cases of condensed-milk cans. The French are expecting reinforcements. Bullets are rattling around the house and occasionally zip inside close to one's head. We put out all lights, and things quiet down. It is snowing and extreme-

ly cold. Have a one-log fire in the house. The Turks are continually firing on the hospital. A bullet passed through the doctor's apron one day. Our supply of oil is gone and we use candle-light. This is our worst night yet, and the passing hours seem years. The Turks have captured 'One Tree Hill' behind our house. It was important in the control of the fire upon the city. We watched several detachments make their way toward our grounds across the field, and saw four men shot down. A score or so of French soldiers have come to the house for our protection, some of them Verdun veterans. Things are getting serious. It was dangerous to go outside, and when a soldier did have to go, we gave him a white sheet as a camouflage against the background of snow.

The siege drags on. It is terribly wearing and distressing. I've just had the first bath in sixteen days, and have changed my clothes the first time in five days. We lost track of the days yesterday and it took a long time to figure out the time. Believe me, these are the longest days I have ever spent, and the word week is a thousand years. Have slept in the cellar for the last five or six nights and am getting the characteristics of the cave-man. If ever I see any canned stuff served on our home table, I'll vamoose.

A wounded soldier was brought in today. It was pathetic to hear him calling to his sergeant, asking for his tin hat, though he was dying. We are barricading now with bolts of unbleached muslin, blankets, flannel cloth, boxes of

shoes, books, cases of provisions, stones, anything we can find. It's a little affair compared with the great war, but a tricky situation. We wonder if anybody in America or outside of Urfa is thinking of us. The siege has been on for three weeks, and no sign from outside. Our cook is so scared that he can't cook, so we have a sort of cafeteria.

Still we go on. Sometimes the suspense and confinement become unbearable. We were excited, however, to-day by the appearance of a French aeroplane flying over Urfa, the first sign that the people outside are remembering us. It will hold up our morale until help comes. The plane came in the midst of a shelling attack by the Turks. Everybody, soldiers, maids, kids, women, cooks, flew to the windows to see that big beautiful aeroplane in the blue sky. 'Teerha-teerha!' — 'Avion français!' — and everybody fell all over everybody else, so great was our joy. The Turks had seen it, too, and were running in all directions.

The American consul at Aleppo has sent a note, expressing solicitude for our welfare. A messenger has arrived from Admiral Bristol, to make an investigation of the killing of Messrs. Perry and Johnson near Aintab. The Turks have fired some 400 shells around headquarters and have made some effective shots. All this morning we could see big detachments of cavalry riding to and from the city. We would hear the boom of cannon, and a fraction of a second later we would see the dust and stones rise in the air, or else note the crumbling of a wall. The Turks very nearly got into the biggest French barracks. One shell whizzed into our bathroom and landed in the tub, but did not explode. Twenty-seven days of siege, and America does not seem to care. Our flag affords us no protection. It was about a year

ago when the first relief-train started from Derindje with Dr. Barton. The shell-caps that we have picked up around are all German.

The French cavalry will have to walk hereafter. Horse-meat is not so bad, after all, — some fresh every day, — roast dogs, cats and donkeys to vary the menu. We were five weeks without meat. *Cheerio et bonne chance!* Old Noah had nothing on us. We're sending out a sparrow with a bit of pork and beans in his mouth, to see if he can find peace anywhere.

Attacks are frequent. The Turks are clever and walk like cats, but machine-gun-fire drives them off with weird and jackal yells. After fifty-four days we are still alive, without reassuring news or any *secours*. Food is getting low, especially wheat for bread. The French have the whole headquarters fixed up with listening-posts, trenches, dugouts, and *abris*, just like the big war. There are supplies for eight days more. We reflect whether to start crawling to Aleppo, turn Mohammedan, be hung, become prisoners, or commit suicide. Captain Perrault says an aeroplane will come Sunday and the *colonne* will be here for Easter.

We are making an American flag to fly over our house. The other one is shot to shreds. The Algerian soldiers will not eat vegetables cooked in horse-meat fat, so they're hungry, although their morale is good. We sometimes laugh, and get along. Every day we pray for courage, patience, faith, and often quote from the Arabic: —

'Say unto him weighed down with care,  
It will not last;  
For joy doth vanish quite away,  
And so does care.'

We feel pretty sore at the way the French outside of Urfa have treated

their post here. No word or help for two months. As if the lives of five hundred Frenchmen did not amount to much in France. Maybe we don't amount to much to America either.

The Turks seem, after fifty-nine days of besieging, to be fortifying the big hill back of us, and adding a bit of color to the scenery by hoisting up their flags — red, with a white crescent — all over the fortifications. They have sent another *parlementaire*, demanding that the French leave. Hauger of course refused. Water scarce, no fat for cooking. We'll wait till the flour-barrel is empty and the Turks rush in.

For sixty-two days we have been a besieged house — the rain of bullets our daily music. All this time we learned to know and love our French allies. Chagrined and starved, the French could do nothing but surrender. They did so, and

one of the conditions was safe-conduct to Jerobalus. They left Urfa at midnight (April 10), and not more than ten miles from the city were attacked by over three thousand Kurds and massacred, only two officers escaping. Three hundred and fifty were killed, and the rest as prisoners were marched naked through the streets. The Mutasarif finally allowed us to take clothing for them to the prison. The Turk professed ignorance of all treachery, and in the next breath said he could n't help it. An armistice of twenty days was signed, and thus the party of Americans who had accomplished all that was possible and withstood the terrible siege, ran the gauntlet and reached Beirut.

You cannot imagine how much more we have learned to love America since we have been out here, and how we want her to do and be all that is just and Christian.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE CHAIR OF METAPHYSICS

THE one requirement I make of dentists is that they shall be able to administer the consolations of philosophy during the prosecution of their researches in physical torture. A dentist may have all knowledge and all charity, together with all the latest textbooks and a surgeon's case full of the most perfected and lethal implements of his trade; he may have a resounding reputation and a clientele of the most distinguished impressiveness; but if he have not philosophy, all the rest is as nothing.

On the other hand, let him beguile the hours of torture with impersonal discourse, tending from my immediate pain to the secrets of anatomy, and thence through psychology to cosmic themes, and I forgive him everything; nay, I remember my hours with him as among the pleasant ones of a variegated personal history, and value his ministrations above those of the more knowing efficient ones who, I realize, are later to criticise his technique, damn his methods, and undo his work, as a preparation for doing it over in their own more expensive ways. For to me the chair of dental torture has always

been, essentially and inherently, the chair of metaphysics.

There must be many who find that the body's pain unbars curious doors of speculation, admitting the mind to broad halls and chambers of impersonal thought which, in the hours of normal comfort, remain unvisited. Pain is an elemental thing; it knocks and pries and twists at the very root of individual consciousness, and strikes so much deeper into the mysteries of being than anything else does, that it forces one to the brink of startling discoveries about space, time, and the ultimate secrets of things. Extreme pain forces us to the wall, the limit of the personally endurable; and we grope for the one possible way out, which is the way of impersonal thought. Many, I say, must have learned this fact — by living it.

But I dare say there are not so many who, like myself, find that the door yields more readily when another helps one push it open, and who can fare farther along those strange dim cosmic highways companioned than alone. It is, if you like, paradoxical and perverse. Yet the fact remains that, at odd times, I have positively relished the nibbling of dental instruments at an exposed nerve, and used it as the point of departure for the airiest philosophic flights — granted only a practitioner who spoke my language and was always ready with a theory for my facts or a criticism for my theory. On the other hand, with a dentist whose mind was only on his work, I have found in a mere painless cleaning of the teeth the most prosaic and unredeemed torture, and cursed each crawling minute, together with the dial that recorded it. Give me, every time, the physician who is also a metaphysician.

My first dentist I may be said to have inherited. At least, as a young man he had attended my grandfather, and in middle life my father and my uncle.

Then, as a sallow, dignified, rather frail old man, he attended me — just once, when, a gawky lad of seventeen, I went to him because a certain molar and I had come to the parting of our ways. He was a stiffly dignified old gentleman, in both mind and outward appearance. His mental operations were chiefly Calvinist, strongly and very oddly tintured with science.

I went to him in vacation, and found him in his dingy office at the top of a three-story 'block' in the little home town. He received my name with a patient abstractedness. It was manifest that he had forgotten me. He was, in fact, so aged that he was fast forgetting everything merely personal.

He seated me in the operating-chair facing the two windows above the street, prepared the tank of gas, and began slowly administering it. Remembering my last previous experience of an anæsthetic and my writhing struggles with black and demoniacal shapes, I had resolved that this time I would be the most tractable of patients. Accordingly I gripped the arms of the chair and braced my whole body rigidly, in the intense effort of self-command. Presently I heard the gentle voice of Doctor Zachary, heaving toward me in hollow waves from across a black void: 'There now, there now; relax, just relax.' I relaxed; and further, to show him the docility of my compliance, patted the arms of the chair in a soothing and reassuring gesture, as if to say, 'Have no fear of me, my good sir!'

To my astonishment, I could by no means stop doing this, once I had begun. I went on increasing the amplitude and the velocity of my gesticulations, until I was swinging my arms through the air like great flails, beating him away from me, striking down his apparatus, and behaving like an insane demon generally — all in pure good-nature gone daft, like that of the



trained bear who crushed his sleeping master's skull in killing the fly on his master's forehead.

We began over. This time I just relaxed, without any urbane attempt to demonstrate the completeness of my relaxation. And this time the gas accomplished what was desired of it, or at least a part thereof.

I drifted out among star-ways, and a galaxy of saffron constellations whirled about my head. In some outer void of space I took my station on a base of infinite nothingness. Presently a great yellow world sped by me with the speed of a cannon-ball, yet deliberately enough so that I could read, in characters of flame, against its black equatorial belt, the figure 1,000,000. Another world sped after it in the same track, similarly inscribed, but with a figure of still huger magnitude. After this one came another; then others still, the series increasing in size and speed, and each world marked with a figure greater than any that had appeared before, until they had mounted to sums for which there is no designation in human speech. And as they receded and fled away, diminishing down the appalling void, and I felt myself blown upon by the cosmic winds of their passage, it was borne in upon me somehow that I was now contemplating the cycles, not of time, but of mortal sin. These that sped by me were the æons upon æons of sin through which the stellar universe must win to its ultimate purification. Eventually there was to come, in the wake of all, a world white and lustrous, gleaming like the plumage of an angel's wing. It would mean that the planetary system had won through tumbling cycles of sin to its redemption. There rang in my ears an immemorial phrase, 'The Blood of the Lamb,' and a surge of cosmic music, somehow crimson, was to engulf me.

But alas! this white and splendid

consummation depended on my fully taking in, with my one poor finite unarithmetical brain, each and every one of those staggering figures. If I missed so much as a single cipher, the whole universe was lost to darkness and dissolution, it might be for ever and ever.

Suddenly I had come against a purple veil — the uttermost firmament of all things that ever were. Only, a part of me seemed to be on one side of the veil, and a part on the other. The part on the other side was the supernal part which, if I could but get at it, flow into it, could take in those colossal figures, and by comprehending them save the universe from lapsing into aboriginal chaos, perhaps to begin its weary cycle all over. Somehow I must make the two sundered parts of myself fuse and coalesce — the part which was mortal and finite and baffled, and the liberated and untrammelled part beyond. To accomplish this there was no way but to rend the veil. When I had done this, I should comprehend within myself all that has ever been, is, or shall be.

With a convulsive and superhuman effort I laid hold of the veil with both hands and strove to tear it. At the same time something seemed to tear madly at the fabric of my own being. A dull explosion shattered the universe about me — only, in some curious sense not open to definition, it seemed to be the inside of my own head that had exploded. There came a sudden silvery tinkle of music, incommunicably sweet, and —

I sat bolt upright in the dentist's chair. An unusually tall person, I had contrived to thrust a foot firmly through each of the pair of windows in front of me, and from the street below came the last tinkles of the falling splinters of glass. In my two hands I still clutched the two halves of Doctor Zachary's glossy Prince Albert coat, which in my final paroxysm I had

seized by the tails, reaching behind the old gentleman, and split clean up the back by the simple act of spreading my arms apart as far as they would go.

Doctor Zachary stood there panting and disheveled, but not abating by one jot the mild dignity of his usual air. In the ruin I had created, the first aspect to come uppermost in his mind was the foolish circumstance that his forceps, on which he had not for an instant remitted his grip, had miraculously come to light at the wrong end of his sleeve.

The nerve of the misbehaving molar, barely loosened from its hold on my lower jaw, jumped in a savage rhythm, as an infuriated beast springs to the length of its chain over and over, or as your heart pounds in a sudden deadly fright. I was maddened with the pain — but I was more maddened by the interruption of my all-but-consummated dream. The *dénouement* was unspeakably prosaic. But I was unspeakably above prose.

Doctor Zachary reasphyxiated me, and the extraction was achieved in short order. When I was conscious again, he quizzed me, not without an effort of sympathetic understanding, about the sensations which had dictated my grotesque behavior. And as I went on groping for the words to recreate my cosmic vision, he began to nod more and more frequently. And then, for something like an hour, we discoursed together on the various philosophies of sin and judgment, coming round in the end to the problem whether there can be, modernly, any such thing as direct revelation.

I see now that many of his ideas were old-fashioned, out-moded; if I heard them restated, I should doubtless be filled with abhorrence. But to a boy just beginning the painful processes of thought, it was a famous dialogue — the first halting parasang of an intellectual anabasis which may perhaps be

cut off when this machine stops, but which I trust is never really to be completed. Anyway, this talk laid the foundation of my permanent requirement that the dentist's operating-room contain the chair of metaphysics.

When next I had need of Doctor Zachary, he was dead.

His successor in that same office, a profoundly reflective young man just out of dental school, carried me through several successive developments in metaphysical rationalism. He was withal a person of delightful tact. He knew how to make me laugh at my own grotesque attempts to converse on lofty themes through, or round, a rubber dam, without in the least degree laughing at them himself; though the language I spoke must have been practically devoid of consonants, and in fact more than a little like that of a man remembered from my early childhood, who was whispered to be without a palate and almost without a tongue. His ideas touched the central problems of consciousness exactly when his burr touched the central nerves of the tooth. Altogether he was a most gifted and indispensable young man; and never a session with him so painful that I could not have wished it longer. When he went to Colorado, — for a month or two, — I waited and let my teeth go to pieces for two years and a half, because I could not force myself to go to anybody else.

But he never came back.

There was a succession of others, of greater and less expertness professionally. I valued each according as it had or had not pleased his Maker to endow him with philosophy.

Latterly, I parted with a wisdom tooth, as hard-earned (and as useless) as wisdom itself is often said to be, at the hands, or forceps, of a very modern, very efficient young dental surgeon of absolutely no capacity for generaliza-

tion. He has — you know the sort — one of those utterly concrete minds.

He injected a local anæsthetic with the hypodermic needle. Then he stared out of the window and drummed with his knuckles on the sill for a minute, in impassive silence, waiting for the stuff to 'take.' Then, with a pretty little blued-steel knife, he slashed the gum here and there to make sure that there was no feeling left in it. There was indeed none. In its incapacity for sensation, it was precisely like his own mind.

His forceps closed on the tooth. He rocked it gently this way and that. Then there was a barely audible *spat!* of some hard particle falling upon crumpled paper. My contemptible wisdom tooth had somehow got into his waste-basket.

It was a triumphantly perfect job of its kind. Considered purely as a technological achievement, it was immense. The whole transaction, from my arrival at the office, could hardly have taken six minutes. It was as devoid of ugliness and pain as of philosophy. There could have been no greater contrast to the methods of old Doctor Zachary, locked with his patient in a prolonged and seemingly deadly struggle over the possession of one insignificant bit of white bone with a jumping hot pain at the centre of it. And yet —

Well, others may elect bare science as they will. But as for me, give me philosophy every time.

#### ON DYEING

Men are warned not to read this dissertation on dyeing. Only women will recognize the truth of an experience common to our sex.

WHY is it that people who are employed in dye-house agencies are invariably confirmed pessimists on all questions that touch their own profession? Their spirits seem to have been subdued

to that they work in, to have been dipped in the blackest of never-fading gloom. Melancholy has marked them for her own. Assuredly there should be inscribed over the door of the dye-house as over the door of other death-cells the classic phrase of doom, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

My thesis is that the women employed in these mortuary temples have only one human trait, which is, that in spite of their profession, *they do not want to dye*. In order to prove the truth of this conviction, I started forth a few weeks ago on an investigating expedition, carrying a large bundle under my arm. My package contained clothes, not old so much as middle-aged, some being really young, a baby's coat of spotless purity being among the more juvenile members of the hand-picked collection.

Before entering the dyeing establishment, I paused to look in the cruelly deceptive shop-window. It presented a gay scene of headless ladies exquisitely gowned in every shade of delicate pink, blue, yellow, and lavender. A placard bore the legend (I use the word advisedly), 'These dresses have all been dyed.' Almost fearing that my theory was to be disproved, I entered and, placing my package on the marble tombstone of a counter, displayed the contents to a woe-begone female in black. Before I could explain what I wished to have done, the sallow saleslady summoned another human vulture from a hidden recess, and together they looked, with stricken faces, at my articles of apparel, shaking their heads ominously as I displayed my various exhibits.

'I have brought in a few things to be dyed,' I began cheerfully. 'Now, this little coat — which is perfectly clean, you see — I should like to have dyed light blue; this pink chiffon waist, which is a trifle soiled, I want to have dyed

black; the little negligée I want pink, and this scarf lavender.'

While I was talking, the leading lady quietly removed the garments from my grasp and began rolling them up in the bundle again.

'It is perfectly impossible, madam,' she said in a tone of finality. 'Your things cannot be dyed.'

'May I ask why not?' I inquired with quiet control. 'My garments are most of them white, and many are practically new.'

The undertaker's assistant now stepped forward, and in sepulchral tones made these disconnected announcements, which sounded like texts from a free-thinker's burial service:—

'The infant's coat has too much wool. We do not recommend dyeing chiffon. The morning sack [she pronounced it 'mourning'] is made of taf-feta, which rots. The gauze scarf might *possibly* take a very dark—'

But at this moment the tragedy-queen broke in.

'We will take no responsibility even about the scarf.'

The weird sisters had almost finished tying up my bundle again as I feebly protested, 'But *why* do you advertise dyeing, *why* do you exhibit these dresses in the window, *why* do you —'

One of the women held up a warning hand. 'Your garments are not fit to dye' (I blushed for their evil lives); 'we could take no responsibility for the result.'

'But if I am willing to take the responsibility,' I protested in desperation, tearing open the bundle again, 'how much should I have to pay for the experiment?'

The mutes exchanged a look, and in the character of pall-bearers carried the *corpus vile* to some distant cave, whence, after a muttered colloquy held over the remains, they returned with the verdict:—

'The scarf is the only article we are willing even to attempt. We are much rushed with business.' (The receiving vault in which we stood was perfectly empty.) 'We shall have to keep it seven weeks, and the only color it can take is a brownish-red. Even that we do not advise.'

I almost smiled, they were so true to type. I had been waiting for that brownish-red suggestion.

'That will be perfectly lovely,' I said hastily; 'and will you please charge the scarf and send it when it is finished? I have no account here,' I added lightly, 'but I can give good references.'

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound. A masculine voice from behind the scenes proclaimed, 'We never charge. It must be paid for C.O.D.'

My saleslady took her cue. 'No, we never charge, and we cannot tell the exact cost. It will probably not exceed four dollars.'

'But the scarf cost only \$2.50!' I gasped.

Silence and stony indifference on the part of the officiating executive.

'I think I will take my things somewhere else,' I announced. And with no help this time from the affronted attendants I made my exit, trailing clouds of paper and string as I departed to continue my investigations.

It is unnecessary to recount my experiences at the five other establishments I visited, so similar were my reception and dismissal in all. There were slight variations on the original minor theme: sometimes my test-cases had too much wool in their composition, sometimes too much silk; the heaviness of their material would cause them to shrink, or their flimsiness would cause them to dissolve. The fabrics seemed doomed to perish if subjected even to that arid process known as dry cleansing. There were faint glimpses of brownish-red on the horizon, but even they flick-

ered out, leaving me in utter darkness.

At the sixth and last dyeing establishment I investigated, my cynicism received a slight set-back. After the usual preliminary discouragements and refusals and whispered consultations, the shop-girl, who had not fully developed into the usual shop-ghoul, betrayed unexpected symptoms of compassion. 'I tell you what, lady,' she at last conceded, 'there ain't a thing in your collection that's worth coloring; but if you want to leave the bundle at your own risk, we'll do the best we can, only we're so busy that you can't get your things back for two months.'

'Very well,' I replied, 'I will take all risks. I'm very much obliged to you for consenting to do something that you advertise to do — it is unusual; and I will give you my name and address and pay C.O.D., if I am still living when my things are dyed.'

I thought I had really found the rare establishment that does what it advertises to do; and when, at the end of one week instead of eight, a letter came bearing the name of my dye-house, my hopes rose high. Was I to hear that the firm had undergone conversion and would finish my work in a reasonable time? Was I to read some message of encouragement, 'We who are about to dye salute you,' or some such appropriate word of cheer? No. The note stated that after grave consideration it had been decided that the risk in dyeing any of my articles was too great — accordingly they were holding my bundle for further instructions. If I cared to have the scarf dyed a brownish-red instead of lavender — That day I read no more. I saw scarlet — scarlet untinged with brown. I vowed then the act of vengeance I am now perpetrating. I would creep up unawares among these dyers who lie — and a blow from a Contributors' Club, wielded by an unknown hand, should cause these liars to dye.

### L'ALLEGRO vs. IL PENSEROSO

BROWNE is an ambitious young student-soldier taking educational work at one of our army hospitals with a view to entering college on his discharge. I had the privilege of guiding him down the great stream of English literature, and enjoyed always his fresh point of view. Whether bored but conscientious, or genuinely enthusiastic, he expressed himself, soldier-boy fashion, briefly and to the point.

'Il Penseroso' he did not like because the guy that wrote it had a grouch; and he was relieved to exchange the rarified atmosphere of Miltonic heights for the glades of the Faery Queen. Spenser's frequent tributes to royalty, such as, —

And great Eliza's glorious name may ring  
Through all the world, —

brought forth the comment that 'the queen sure got the handshake from that poet.'

'Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music,' found him in more receptive mood. He plays in the band himself.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the Fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked and sighed again.

Here Browne, with a chuckle exclaims, 'Soaked!' anticipating the poet, who goes on more ornately —

At length, with love and wine oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

I should say, on the whole, that Browne put it over on Dryden.

When he came to Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard,' his appreciation of its sombre music and its peerless if stale and hackneyed lines communicated itself to me, and I, too, read it as for the first time, seeing it with his fresh young vision.



The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Enviably youth, to whom worn coin  
is still lustrous.

We read *Julius Cæsar* together, and from the first scene, where the cobbler does the 'kidding,' to the last act, we enjoyed it all.

Shelley he called a sissy. 'I know that kind. I've fought their battles for them in school when the other fellows bullied them. I'm rather a fighter myself. But inwardly I despised them.' When he found that Shelley was a bit of a radical like himself, he thought better of the poet. 'But he must of been very little known, for not a man in my barracks had ever heard of him.' 'Anyway, he was n't a good mixer,' was his final verdict; and we let it go at that.

Many were the graphic phrases my young soldier-pupil 'handed out' to me in the course of our work together. One very stormy session we had over a paper in the Contributor's Club called 'The Reactions of a Radical.' On it was based one of his daily exercises for drill in commas, spelling, and the like. He sought to demolish that gentle paper. The humor of it passed over his head, and he knocked down arguments where arguments existed not. I think the writer would have enjoyed him.

Well, he has had his discharge now. I get letters from him occasionally that are full of conscientious semicolons,

but I miss the color of his spoken word.

Johnson is another of my soldier-boys. He has the real student type of mind. 'Do you know what I would like when I get out of this hospital? A room all to myself where I could study and study and study.' And he rooted down in the lower story of this bedside table to find his spelling-book. He had asked me to teach him spelling. 'Please go to the library and get me the hardest speller you can find.'

I brought him a choice, of which he selected one. Now Johnson spells well; but such is his methodical, orderly, and thorough brain that, until he knows every rule and every exception to every rule, he is not content.

I gave him spelling three days in succession, then shunted him onto Latin, which gave him more nearly what he was blindly striving for. He loved words. And words he should have, in their making and from one of their fountain-heads. So we learned *agricola*, and were charmed to find that it meant a dweller in the fields, and we wrote romances on the blackboard about the sailor and how he loved the daughter of the farmer.

Johnson was slow, inconceivably slow, but of a terrifying thoroughness. However, he will never have the strength to study all he wants to. He, far from feeling that Milton had a grouch when he wrote 'Il Penseroso,' thinks that is the only point of view to take. Will he, one wonders, ever find out his peaceful hermitage, where he, too, may sit and rightly spell?

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

**Louis Bartlett**, a new contributor, is a practising lawyer in California, at the present time Mayor of the city of Berkeley. **Arthur Sherburne Hardy**, once Minister to Spain, is a novelist of distinction whose too-infrequent appearances in print are always welcomed by the discerning. How many of our readers, we wonder, followed the alluring chapters of 'Passe Rose' as they appeared in the *Atlantic*. **John F. Carter, Jr.**, a recent graduate of Yale, was in our diplomatic service during the war. His is one of the earliest voices of a very new generation.

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**William James's** letters, of which the *Atlantic* unhappily can publish but a few, will appear this autumn in two large and handsome volumes, forming an autobiography as interesting, we think, and as charming, as any that has appeared in our time. **Joseph Auslander**, a newcomer to the *Atlantic*, is a young American poet whose first book of verse is soon to be published. **Charles Bernard Nordhoff**, after his full quatum of service in the United States Air Service, is taking his *dolce far niente* in the South Seas. **A. Edward Newton**, doctor and ornament of letters, is doing as much, perhaps, as any man of his American generation to induce the public to read books. The present stray chapter of his autobiography was lived in days when he could have crept more readily through 'an alderman's thumb ring,' but the passions of his life were then quite what they are to-day. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** is getting together the chapters of her biography of 'The Fortunate Youth,' which, with enlargements, will, we hope, be published this autumn by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Wilfrid Wilson Gibson** is an English poet whose close observation of life and character gives to his verse the flavor of a peculiar excellence.

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**Leighton Parks**, long rector of Emmanuel Church, Boston, has for sixteen years been in charge of the 'preaching' church of Saint

Bartholomew in New York. **Margaret Lynn** is a professor of English in the University of Kansas. **L. Adams Beck**, a widely taught and traveled Englishman, contributes to this issue the second of his 'scenes from the lives of the Wives of the Kings.'

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**Edward Bok**, who has recently retired from the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, was the creator of the popular women's magazines in this country. **Edwin Bonta**, an architect of Syracuse, was engaged during the war in relief work in Russia, where he learned to know both the people and the language. **John Burroughs**, indefatigable champion of the rights of nature to a scientific interpretation, is living at his Catskill farm, 'Slabsides.' The present discussion conducted by the *Atlantic* concerns a vexed question, and the theory postulated by Mr. Clough in a previous issue has called forth a number of interesting replies, one of which appears later in the Column.

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**Charles H. Grasty**, foreign correspondent of the New York *Times*, and a journalist of long and wide experience, has at our request made this impartial, careful, and important survey of the actualities of the Irish situation. **Samuel W. McCall**, after a service of two decades in the national House of Representatives, was Governor of Massachusetts for three years. He has always been a conspicuously independent figure in Republican politics, and his article shows a national point of view rare and tonic in these days of partisan discussion.

Read it, not as Republicans or Democrats, but as Americans all.

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**Nelson Collins** was connected with the United States Shipping Board during the war, and has since been working with the American Red Cross. He is the author of *Opportunities in Merchant Ships*. **Sam A. Lewisohn** is a member of the firm of Adolf Lewisohn and Sons, of New York. A grow-

ing figure in the mining industry, Mr. Lewi-sohn has lent the whole weight of his influence to the promotion of scientific coöperation between employer and employed. Under his management the 'social engineer' has become a pivotal factor in industrial development.

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With the signing of the armistice certain territory in the Near and Far East was assigned to the Allied armies. The article by Lieutenant Charles F. Weeden, Jr., who was an aviator in the war, has to do with conditions in the Near East or in that portion of Asia Minor which includes Mesopotamia, and is typical of similar strenuous situations.

At first the military in charge at Urfa were British under Major Barrow — an excellent officer. They tactfully allowed the Turkish Mutasarif still to hold nominal office while the real director was the English commandant. Under this wise protection the American workers gathered over a thousand pitiful refugees, erected an orphanage, built roads, ran 'bus' lines to Aleppo, established a bakery, repaired aqueducts, clothed, fed, and reunited families, and ministered in a score of ways to the hapless populace.

Early in 1920 there was a reassignment of territory. The British retired and the French took military possession. While the French proved loyal friends to the American group of workers, they deposed the Mutasarif and trouble began. It should be known that in almost any month during 1919 the conflicting forces in the Near East would gladly have welcomed an American policing of the entire country. France agreed, if America would assume charge, to withdraw from disputed Cilicia, rich in farm lands and metal ore. The Turks, down and out after the war, and the Armenians — all elements — would have been pacified, for they trusted America alone and believed that our government would deal fairly with everybody without seeking national aggrandizement. But America hesitated and lost her opportunity. As months passed, the opposing forces, especially the Turks, gathered courage and arms and were ready to resist French occupation. Hence the long siege at Urfa and the fighting at Aintab and Marash and the unnecessary bloodshed. It would have required but a corporal's guard of American boys in khaki to control peaceably the whole situation, so unbounded was the faith in the United States. Two divisions, General Harbord reported, and the \$850,000,000 invested in developing the country, building railroads and furnishing modern implements of agriculture, would have been in fifteen years a splendid business proposition for Uncle Sam. Washington could then have retired with differences adjusted, as we did so creditably in Cuba and will do in the Philippines. But American ideals drooped and politicians lost their moral

vision when they could have controlled affairs with little danger or trouble. Would it not have been better for America, since she can never be a recluse nation, again to have responded to the call, accepted the opportunity and guided the affairs of the Near and Far East to what promises to be a happy solution of the vexed problems in Asia Minor? Left to the old elements and suspicions of the past, conditions at present in Armenia have become intricate and threatening. It would appear that the United States is responsible for the whole horrid mess.

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Reader, it is not for a Bostonian to answer this letter. Gath may answer it; Askalon may ridicule it. Ours is but to record it.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Please tell me if my experience was extraordinary, or if, as some of my Boston friends have implied, it was quite to be expected.

I was at a bargain sale of books. Never before have I attended a bargain sale of any kind, and I should not have done so then except that a book I long had coveted was advertised at a tempting half-price. What could a college teacher on sabbatical half-pay, with expenses doubled, do otherwise in the circumstances? I went; I scrambled with the crowd, and I secured the volume, Henry Adams's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*.

As I hugged the treasure under my arm, and turned to leave the shop, a policeman confronted me. I could think of no law I had violated though I was very conscious of having saved three dollars and a half.

'So you got it?' he queried.

'Y-yes,' I admitted.

'Good; I got the other one, *The Education of Henry Adams*.'

I hope that I had presence of mind enough to suppress my surprise and to recollect that this was Boston — a little under five feet eight, compact, muscular, with fine blue eyes set in a full, rosy face, and five-and-fifty if a day.

'Yes,' he said, 'one of my girl's friends brought a copy in the other night. It lay around for a day or two, but before I finished it, it disappeared. So I bought it. I thought of getting the one you have, too. Tell me what it's like.'

I did so.

'Well, now, I must have that; that's the kind of reading I like. My specialty is the period just before the French Revolution; but you know, when a man gets interested in one thing, he is a little apt to read that and nothing else. I have read pretty much everything I could find on that subject all my life, read and reread it. Just the other day I was going through — pshaw! I'm coming to forget names — that man who came over here about a hundred years ago —'

'De Tocqueville?' I ventured.

'Yes, of course, De Tocqueville. He interests me; he's worth while. Of course, that is n't all I read,' he continued, as we turned up toward Park Street. 'Now, there's Mr. Howells. People don't seem to read him as they used to; but I like

him. I like his style. He talks to you just like some nice old gentleman who sits down beside you on a bench in the Common, and tells you about things as they used to be. To me that's delightful. I don't care about this cheap kind of writing you see so much nowadays: sensation, all sensation. Now I've been down among the Italians in the North End for twenty-five years. Of course, something is happening 'most every day. Some young fellow will come along, get a few facts and write 'em up in a way to make you sick when you read it in print: all far-fetched, untrue to life, stirred up from the stuff that's just in the day's work. No, give me the old books.'

Now tell me, please, dear *Atlantic*, if such encounters are common in Boston. H. J. H.

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More than a few *Atlantic* readers will be interested to know that we have received from Manchester University, England, an appeal for funds, which derives a singular appropriateness from the suggestion for Americans made in this letter.

DEAR SIR, —

In view of the many close business relationships and other associations that Lancashire enjoys with America, I think you would be interested in the enclosed copy of a Supplement concerning the University of Manchester, recently published by the Manchester *Guardian*.

Lord Morley, better known the world over as 'John Morley,' one of the greatest friends of Ireland, is the Chancellor of the University, and Lord Bryce is very closely in touch with it.

It has been suggested that it would be a notable thing for those interested in education on your side of the Atlantic to endow a 'Lord Bryce Scholarship of Civic Sociology,' and also a 'John Morley Scholarship of Political Science.'

I should be very glad indeed, and the University would appreciate it, if you could feel free to make reference in your Journal to the Appeal of the University. Yours very truly,

SYDNEY WALTON.

The debt to Lord Morley of those who live under Anglo-Saxon forms of government is great indeed; while it is not too much to say that to be an American is to hold Lord Bryce in honor.

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'Strange fiction, stranger truth,' is an observation often made, but not often more interestingly than in this letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The strangely fascinating story of 'Willow Pond,' in your March number, recalled vividly an experience of forty years ago, when I was a pastor in an Ohio city where I conducted the funeral service of a ten-year-old girl named Lena, and later performed the marriage service of her sister Emma, who, with her husband, removed to another Ohio city, where I again be-

came her pastor. There she had a fatal attack of pneumonia, and I was summoned to her bedside. I arrived not more than thirty minutes before her death, and found her perfectly rational and radiant in the hope of life eternal.

Shortly after I entered the room, she suddenly, gazing intently, as a look of glad recognition showed in her eyes, exclaimed, 'Why, mother, Lena has come and is there at your side!' — 'Oh, but,' said her mother, 'you know, Emma, that Lena is dead!' — 'Oh, yes! certainly I know; but she has come back, and is right there at your side; don't you see her?'

Then, a minute later, she said, 'And, oh, mother! father has just come, too, and is with Lena there by you!'

'But your father died, Emma, when you were but five years old, and you hardly remember him at all,' the mother replied.

'Yes, I know, but now I see him and know him; and how strange it is that you don't see him!'

Thus to the very moment of her departure, she seemed as confident of the presence of those 'loved long since and lost a while,' as of us who were there in the flesh: and then, as if hand in hand with them, was lost to our sight and hearing, and naught remained with us but her lifeless body.

W. A. R.

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The editor, who is nothing if not diffident in these matters, enters the arena of scientific discussion with many of the feelings which animated Alice in Wonderland. Thus the multitude of explanations which have reached us since the publication of Mr. Clough's paper on the Soaring Hawk had left him in a condition of general bedazzlement, from which he is happy to be rescued by Mr. Burroughs's article in the present issue. The following letter seems to add interest to the controversy.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have a patent pending which I believe covers the principle of soaring by birds, and applies such principle to the heavier-than-air flying-machine. That a soaring hawk is using his wing-power alternately is true, but that 'the power of big motor muscles on his breast' is directly applied to the wing, I think is a mistake.

As a small, lonely boy in the Livermore Valley, California, then an open unfenced plain, I took great interest in watching the turkey-buzzards soaring in great circles. Once in a while they would reverse the curve of flight without a wing-beat, and when they did so, they would seem to jump in.

Many years afterwards, I was hunting in the Livermore Mountains and stopped to rest under the sky-line of a mountain range. While I was standing still, a hunting eagle scooped over the brow of the hill not over twenty feet in the air. He was so intent on looking for game that he did not see me until about twenty feet distant. When

he saw me, he seemed to throw himself against one wing, — not to beat the wing, but throw himself against it, — then threw himself on the other wing and shot up in the air like a bullet. It was long years afterwards that it came to me that the jump of the circling turkey-buzzard and the action of the hunting eagle depended on the same application of power, *shifting the centre of gravity*.

When this shift is made in a comparatively large area, the motion is plainly visible; but if made quickly, would be but a tremor and practically invisible; for the air, if struck quickly enough, is as rigid as steel, and the alternate wing-movement, on account of the gravity shift, would be imperceptible, and the only visible result the continued suspension of the bird in the air.

It goes without saying that a wing of exactly the same form above and below would give the same downward pressure on one side of the bird's body as the upward pressure on the other side, and that gravity would be the controlling factor and the bird would fall. But a bird's wing is not built that way — it has a downward curve; it holds and strikes the air a harder blow downward than upward. The shape and curvature of the bird's wing acts in the air as feathering an oar does in the water.

Soaring birds do not lift themselves in the air by the soaring process; for if they should attempt it, the slightest variation of the wing-surfaces would give them a slant, and the varying portions of the wind would change their position in the air. Starting with the body at rest, it would be impossible to hold a stable position in the air. If the body of the bird is in motion, by slight changes in the wing-position, helped probably by the law of inertia, a bird could maintain its position and soar on an even keel. The forward motion could be maintained either by a slight angle of the wing or an alternate rise and fall.

So we find, as we should expect to, (1) that soaring birds are large birds with long wings; (2) that they raise themselves in the air by true flying; (3) that, while soaring, they keep a swift forward motion. And I would risk the guess that an anatomical dissection would show that the position of the wing can be maintained by locking the joints, or by binding ligatures so that the bird could maintain his wing, extended by other means than continued muscular effort.

THOMAS D. CARNEAL

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Whether the laborer is worthy of his present substantial hire is a moot question. More certainly the employer's reception is worthy of the laborer. Readers of this Column recently noted with what overflow of courtesy Akron greets the man in overalls. By way of social contrast we print below a vivid portrayal of how the white collar of the middle class is greeted on its arrival.

DEAR EDITOR, —

Mr. Newland's reception in Akron, as related in his letter to the June *Atlantic*, and our own

very recent experiences here, convince me that the social classes of this country are indeed topsyturvy. Mr. Newland, for the time being, represented the labor element; my husband came to fill a responsible main-office position with one of the large tire companies. Mr. Newland, a stranger, was greeted with courtesy, given a job and comfortable rooms; for three weeks my husband hunted in vain for suitable flat or rooms. In answer to an advertisement he looked at one very unprepossessing apartment, not desirably located, which the owner offered to let to him, furnished, for \$100 per month, provided he share one of the bedrooms, without charge, with a factory foreman, then occupying it. Such conditions, he learned, were common.

At length we deemed it desirable (and necessary) to take rooms at a country boarding-house. Our first interview with our hostess, clad in overalls, showed us we had to do with an entirely modern type of landlady. Coldly she surveyed me, *condescendingly pocketed my \$200 check* for the ensuing month, told me that we must use the side door, adapt our meal-hours to the farmhands' convenience, and keep the children away from the house outside of meal hours; that I must be my own chambermaid, and assist in the preparation of meals when she herself motored to Cleveland for a day's outing. Worn out with room-hunting, I meekly assented, not daring to ask what privileges went with that \$200.

Frequently she solicited our sympathy for the family poverty — they were only tenants on the farm; they could not afford agricultural school for James. In spite of their two automobiles, we began to be convinced and to be glad that we contributed to the family purse. And yet, notwithstanding the agreement to keep us for three months, we felt that we were only on approval. We became guilty of toadying.

Last week we were peremptorily ordered out. The reason alleged was that the two children annoyed the chickens. The real reason, we learned, was that friends in Cleveland desired a place for week-end visits. Money should not be the first consideration, she was quoted as saying; she had traditions of hospitality to uphold. Whether because of the chickens, or of the unfortunate friends, or because keeping boarders had become irksome, it was all one: go we must.

Since it seems that, being homeless, as well as having a sick child in the Akron hospital, we cannot be ousted within a week's time, she has assumed the attitude of one indignant at offense. The family, taking their cue from her, maintain a sullen silence. For service we are left to the mercies of an overworked 'hired girl.'

I come to my room for solace. There I spy *Evan Harrington*. As I gratefully turn its familiar pages, I dissolve into a puddle of tears. 'Let me not again,' I pray, 'aspire to the luxury of overalls and buttermilk, barnyards and kitchens. Let me remember my station in life and stay down in it, a contented Cinderella, happy to sit beside the gas-log of a city flat, a novel of Meredith's on my lap.' Very sincerely,

D. B.